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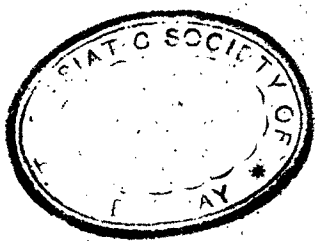
USEFUL INSTRUCTION

BY

MOTILAL M. MUNSHI.

IN THREE VOLUMES.



"If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study—not to lend,
But to return to me."

"Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more."

"READ SLOWLY, PAUSE FREQUENTLY,
THINK SERIOUSLY,
KEEP CLEANLY, RETURN DULY,
WITH THE CORNERS OF THE LEAVES
NOT TURNED DOWN."

USEFUL INSTRUCTION.

(IN MATTERS RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND OTHER.)

BEING

SELECTIONS MADE AND SYSTEMATICALLY ARRANGED

BY

MOTILAL M. MUNSHI, B.A., LL.B.
Vakil, High Court, Appellate Side, Bombay.

VOL. I.

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GOD.

My desire remains fixed on Thee (God) ... TUKÂRÂM.
Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name... BIBLE.
There is no power or strength but in God... MUHAMMED.
I long for none but Thee to dwell within my soul... TAMIL SONG.
Let us praise Him, the one sole Lord of all... RIG-VEDA.
Almighty Power, I love Thee! blissful name. WATTS.
Love and fix thy whole heart upon Him ... NÂNAK.

PURITY.

Make thyself pure, O righteous man! ... VENDIDÂD.

CONTENTMENT.

Man 's rich with little, were his judgment true. YOUNG.
Upon this earth vain, very vain, is all the show and splendour... NAVAL. (JAIN POET)
Nature furnishes what nature absolutely needs. SENECA.
Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content. R. GREENE.
Happiness may be enjoyed even in coarse rice for food, water to drink, and the bended arm for a pillow ... ... CONFUCIUS.
In nothing is such happiness as is in contentment, how often need it be said ... SÂMAL. (GUJARÂTI POET)

TO

MY DEAR NATIVE COUNTRY,

INDIA,

I DEDICATE THIS WORK,

IN THE EARNEST HOPE

THAT

HER CHILDREN MAY PROFIT

BY THE INSTRUCTION

CONTAINED THEREIN.

MOTILAL M. MUNSHI.

PREFACE.

During my stay here (at the village of Dumas, a sea-coast health-retreat, near Surat) I abstained from all professional work of my own accord, and devoted myself to the preparation of this work, which, in three volumes, I now humbly lay before the public, and dedicate to my dear native country, India. It is intended, in some measure, to supply the great desideratum, that has long been felt of some works, which might give religious and moral instruction to the young generation, and aid in the proper development of character. In order that the instruction conveyed may be as complete as possible, information has also been given therein on Human Body, Business, Wealth, Animals and Kindness to them, Drinking (Drunkenness), Temperance, and many other necessary subjects. The subject of Royalty, which refers to the noble Royal Family, that happily reigns over us, is also included; it gives not only some very important information, but is highly instructive.

Selections have been made from all available sources, (there is nothing in this work which is my own) and the materials so collected have been used in aid of the said purpose; and here I beg to offer my most hearty and sincere thanks to all those whose materials I have so used. I have stated the sources, and mentioned the names of the authors, though, in some cases, I regret, I

have not been able so to do. I very much regret that I have not been able to select from others, equally deserving of such recognition and notice.

Marâthi and Gujarâti selections had to be translated, and in that an effort has been made to have as literal a translation as could be done.

It will appear that the selections have been arranged in a systematic manner. In arranging them, though unconnected, an humble attempt has been made to connect them, as it were, so that, when taken together, they give the required information in an orderly and methodical manner. The precepts of the different Faiths and Prophets, the advice and admonitions of important persons, on a particular subject, placed in an orderly manner before young minds (*vide* Drinking (Drunkenness), Grief for the dead, &c.) will not fail to produce the desired impression upon them. Parents, guardians, teachers, and others are, therefore, requested to see that the subjects are read wholly, for it is then only that the object in view will be attained. Their attention is also drawn to the subject of "Student," and to the prayers contained in the different subjects, as also to those in the special subject of "Prayers" for Hindus and others.

As stated above, this work is intended for the good of the young generation, but I am hopeful that it will also be useful to others. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, persons of either sex, will all find therein something to interest them. The anecdotes,

stories, and episodes, included in the different subjects, will also give amusement with instruction.

Separate places have been allotted to the subjects under the headings of "Buddha," "For the Christians," "For the Jains," "For the Mahomedans," "For the Sikhs," and "For the followers of Zoroaster, the Parsees." Though this has been done, the precepts contained in the different Faiths have also been given in the other subjects. The many selections from the Hindu religious and other sources have been freely used throughout the three volumes. The quotations from the Vedas, the Upanishats. the Smritis, the Râmâyana, the Mahâbhârata the Bhagvad-Gîtâ, the Yoga-Vâsistha, and many others will be found in their proper places.

With these words, I beg to lay this work before the public in the earnest hope, that it will do the intended good.

DUMAS,
3rd October, 1904.

MOTILAL M. MUNSHI.

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USEFUL INSTRUCTION.

VOLUME I.

I. ABLUTION.

Ablution is the ceremony of washing or bathing the body in water, which has been in all ages and in all countries, but particularly in the East, resorted to as conducive in a high degree to health and comfort. But from the earliest times ablution has been also practised as a religious ceremony intended to denote that inward purity which a holy God requires of all his worshippers.

In oriental countries the people almost uniformly observe ablution as a part of their religious rites.*

The daily bath is an essential requisite in Indian life, and when the excessive action of the skin is recollected, and that in every square inch of skin there are some 3,000 perspiratory pores, the necessity of

* *From Gardner's Faiths of the World.*

attention to this organ becomes sufficiently apparent. But besides these little tubes there are large numbers of small glands, secreting an oily substance, which is conveyed through other minute orifices to the surface of the skin, which it thus insensibly lubricates, while freeing the body of material no longer required in the system. It is therefore not only external impurity but also internal waste which finds its way to the surface, to the extent of about 10 grains per hour, which has to be removed. If this oily secretion and the perspiration are left undisturbed, the pores become blocked up, a safety-valve of health is closed, and some malady is almost certain to ensue. In India, moreover, there is at all times a greater action of the skin than in temperate climates, and if more attention is not paid to this organ the health will very soon suffer. The bath is, therefore, an essential part of the ordinary daily routine, if only as a matter of cleanliness. But it may also be regarded as a general tonic, imparting or maintaining vigour and energy, and fortifying the system against the influences of climate. Whether cold, tepid or warm water is used must be decided by the effect produced. There are many persons who, after a cold bath, feel a pleasurable glow over the whole surface. To these the cold bath cannot fail to be beneficial. On the other hand, there are numerous individuals, who, after a cold bath, feel depressed, languid, and as if shrivelled, and whose cutaneous surface does not answer the shock of the cold water by any reaction. If this occurs, or if the fingers become at all cold or white after bathing, cold water must be abandoned, and tepid or even warm water substituted. * * * * *

Some persons will bear a cold bath in the warm weather but not in the cold season. The extreme of

too hot water must be guarded against; otherwise gradually the habit of bathing in very hot water will be contracted, to the enfeeblement of the skin, and weakening of the system. A child's bathing water should not be cold enough to drive the blood from the surface, and not warm enough to induce the child to stay in the water. * * * * * * * * *

The best time for bathing is a couple of hours after a meal. Bathing should be avoided when suffering from fatigue; and on leaving the bath, although the person may feel invigorated, too violent exercise should not be taken.*

Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

—THOMSON.

There is a natural analogy between the ablution of the body and the purification of the soul.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

To every act of devotion purity of heart is necessary; and to purity of heart Zoroaster supposes purity of body greatly contributes.†

Cleanliness of body and purity of mind is one of the ten qualities which constitute righteousness.

—"MANU SMRITI."

The pious in India in the morning first bathe, then perform their religious duties, and then take their food.

* *From a Manual of Family Medicine and Hygiene for India by Sir William Moore.*

† *From Horæ Biblicæ by Butler.*

2. ACTION.

Perform all necessary acts, for action
Is better than inaction, none can live
By sitting still and doing nought; it is
By action only that a man attains
Immunity from action. Yet in working
Ne'er work for recompense; let the act's motive
Be in the act itself.*

—"BHAGAVAD GÎTÂ."

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act, in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

—LONGFELLOW.

He that eats becomes satiate, and not who starves: so he who walks is said to proceed and not one who rests; and in like manner whoso speaks is called a speaker and not the silent man: thus action makes the man.

—"YOGA VÂSIṢṬHA."†

Sow an act, and you reap a habit;
Sow a habit, and you reap a character;
Sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

—THACKERAY.

---

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

† *Translated by Vihâri Lâlâ Mitra.*

Our deeds still travel with us from a far,
And what we have been makes us what we are.*

Work with boldness and with speed,
On greatest actions greatest dangers feed.

—MARLOW.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

—J. SHIRLEY.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellowmen. When he dies, people will ask, what property has he left behind him? But the angels, who examine him in the grave, will ask, what good deeds hast thou sent before thee?

—"THE SPIRIT OF ISLÂM."

The body sins not; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill.

—HERRICK.

Estimate actions not by their overt results merely, but by the real but latent power that is implied in them, and the most brilliant deeds of outward heroism will sometimes fall far short of those quiet victories over self to which the Omniscient eye alone is witness.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right. Preserve all your integrity of character in doing this. Never reckon the cost.

---

* *From Sayings from the works of George Eliot, selected by Alexander Main.*

If you always remember that in all you do in soul or body God stands by as a witness, in all your prayers and your actions, you will not err; and you shall have God dwelling with you.

—EPICTETUS.

Eager for some ungotten good
We mind the false and miss the true;
Leaving undone the things we would,
We do the things we would not do.

There are three sorts of actions; those that are good, those that are bad, and those that are doubtful; and we ought to be most cautious of those that are doubtful; for we are in most danger of these doubtful actions, because they do not alarm us; and yet they insensibly lead to greater transgressions, just as the shades of twilight gradually reconcile us to darkness.

—A. REED.

Good intentions will not justify evil actions.

Be firm, but not too hasty to decide. Weigh well before you act, but having weighed, act promptly, and abide the result. This is the test of judgment.

Think not a trifle, tho' it small appear,
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year.

Mighty things from small beginnings grow.

—DRYDEN.

Who has never done thinking never begins doing.

—ITALIAN PROVERB.

Do nothing you would wish to conceal.

—MAXIM.

Do good if you wish good to be done to you.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

Better do it than wish it done.

—MAXIM.

Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.

—ITALIAN PROVERB.

Intelligent beings are capable of observing nature and of modifying their actions. By means of their mental faculties, the laws imposed by the Creator on physical substances become known to them, and when perceived, constitute laws to them by which to regulate their conduct.

—GEORGE COMBE.

To carry out an enterprise in words
Is easy, to accomplish it by acts
Is the sole test of man's capacity.*

—"RÂMÂYAṆA."

Actions speak more forcibly than words, they are the test of character. Like fruit upon a tree, they show the nature of a man, while motives like the sap, are hidden from our view.

Words never can express the whole that we feel; they give but an outline.

---

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams*

It is better to do well than to say well.

—MORAL MAXIM.

A man of words, and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds.

The only things in which we can be said to have any property, are our actions. Our thoughts may be bad, yet produce no poison, they may be good, yet produce no fruit. Our riches may be taken from us by misfortune, our reputation by malice, our spirits by calamity, our health by disease, our friends by death. But our actions must follow us beyond the grave; with respect to them alone, we cannot say that we shall carry nothing with us when we die, neither that we shall go naked out of the world. Our actions must clothe us with an immortality loathsome or glorious. These are the only title-deeds of which we cannot be disinherited; they will have their full weight in the balance of eternity, when everything else is as nothing; and their value will be confirmed and established by those two sure and sateless destroyers of all other earthly things—Time and Death.

—COLTON.

I saw an Arab of the desert who was saying to his son, "O my son! verily thou wilt be asked in the day of resurrection, 'what hast thou gained?' and it will not be asked, 'To whom art thou related?'"

In other words, "O son! they will ask thee at the resurrection, 'what are thy merits?' and will not say, 'who is thy father?'"

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

---

* *Translated by Platts.*

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

A MAN AND HIS THREE FRIENDS.

A man had three friends; two of them he loved exceedingly; to the third he was indifferent, though he was the most sincere. One day he was summoned before the Justice for a matter of which he was innocent. "Who among you," said he, "will go with me and witness for me?" The first of his friends excused himself immediately on the pretence of other business. The second accompanied him to the door of the tribunal, but there he turned and went back for fear of the Judge. The third, upon whom he had least depended, went in, spoke for him, and witnessed his innocence so cheerfully that the Judge released him, and made him a present besides. Man has three friends in this world. How do they behave in the hour of death, when God summons him before his judgment-seat. Gold, his best friend, leaves him first. His relations and friends accompany him to the brink of the grave, and return again to their houses. His good deeds alone accompany him to the throne of the Judge; they go before, speak of him, and find mercy and favour.

—A HEBREW FABLE.*

* *From Râsamâlâ by A. K. Forbes.*

3. AFFLICTION.

To live is to struggle. This world is a world of struggle; but it is not true that to be compelled to struggle is a misfortune.

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance where they grow;
But crushed and trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

—GOLDSMITH.

Mariners are not made in smooth seas.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

—LONGFELLOW.

But ne'er the rose without the thorn.

—HERRICK.

Do you wish to live without trials? Without trial, you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table. They must go into deep water and buffet the surges.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.

—LORD LYTTELTON.

God, in His mercy, has been the author of happiness and misery ;

Just as a mother administers medicines both bitter and sweet.

Whatever God sends should be borne in good part ;

There is no being so good as God who sympathises with the helpless and who is magnanimous.

There is no person who is not subject to happiness or otherwise, be he learned or ignorant ;

The former bears it with fortitude, the latter with tears.

Misery follows happiness, and happiness misery ;
Just as night follows day, and day night.

The world could not have been beautiful had there been no difficulties ;

Why should houses have been built, if there had been no harm in being without them.

He who anticipates hardship can do nothing ;

How can a man learn swimming, if he goes not into water ?

A high status cannot be reached without encountering difficulties.

Mercury is seen to rise according as it bears heat.

If the Creator be pleased to grant one health ;

Dalpat says there is no blessing higher than that.

The greatest misfortune is to have physical pain, next to it is indebtedness ;

Be assured, all others are minor ones.

Not mere explanation but actual experience gives a man an idea as to what a misfortune is ;

Just as a child learns to dread fire when it is once burnt by it.
Tender hearts are affected at the sight of other people's miseries;
Just as the eyes are tearful when the other members of the body ail.
Kind-hearted men judging from their own experience, sympathise with others in their misfortunes;
The heartless do not care for others, when once they themselves are out of danger.

—DALPATRÂM.*

Nothing could be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.

—DEMETRIUS.

It is only through woe we are taught to reflect, and we gather the honey of worldly wisdom, not from flowers but thorns.

A man may on affliction's touchstone learn
The worth of his own kindred, wife and servants;
Also of his own mind and character.

—"HITOPADESHA."†

He who hath never war'd with misery,
Nor ever tugged with fortune and distress,
Hath had n'occasion, nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness.
Those parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express;
And only men show their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

—DANIEL.

---

* *A Gujarâti poet.*

† *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

Calamity is man's true touchstone.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

—BURKE.

By woe the soul to daring action swells;
By woe in plaintless patience it excels;
From patience prudent clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge through the course of things.
Thence Hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
Renown—whate'er men covet and caress.

—SAVAGE.

It is not the best things—that is the things which we call best—that make men. It is not pleasant things, it is not the calm experiences of life. It is the life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials.

Misfortunes are the discipline of humanity.

The school of difficulty is the best school of moral discipline for nations as for individuals.

—SMILES.

Happy those who, by the various discipline to which He has seen fit to subject them, have learnt habitually to direct their thoughts to Him as their constant Friend and Benefactor,—to live as always in the presence of Him in whom we live and move and have our being,—to be grateful, obedient and resigned.

—Rev. Dr. Carpenter.

To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

—Gray.

Great souls endure in silence.

But tears in mortal miseries are vain.

—Homer.

The longest day must have an end.

—Maxim.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

—LONGFELLOW.

Affliction is a pill which if wrapped up in patience may be easily swallowed; but when discontent puts us upon chewing, it proves bitter and disgusting.

Rest not sour because of the turns of fortune; for patience
Although it is bitter bringeth forth sweet fruit.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long.

—TENNYSON.

There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God and His over-ruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation. It is the secret of all power and success.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life; by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual.

—COLTON.

The wise with hope support the pains of life.

—EURIPIDES.

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* *Translated by Platts.*

In your worst estate, hope; in the best, fear; in all, be circumspect.

—MORAL MAXIM.

The wise and active conquer difficulties,
By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and danger,
And make the impossibility they fear.

—ROWE.

The noblest fortitude is still to bear
Accumulated ills and never faint.

—HURDIS.

Oh Nârâyana! do away with my misery. Keep my mind always at your feet, and you in my mind. Have affection for me, and let it bear fruit. Tukâ says, be submissive (have humility) and worry will disappear.

—TUKÂRÂM.*

There is no maxim of consolation more common, yet at the same time there is none which deserves to be more frequently in our thoughts, than that we ought to remember, "We are men"; that is, creatures who are born to be exposed to calamities of every kind, and therefore, "that it becomes us to submit to the conditions by which we hold our existence, without being too much dejected by accidents which no prudence can prevent." In a word, that we should learn by "reflecting on the misfortunes which have attended others that there is nothing singular in those which befall ourselves."

—CICERO.

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* *A Marâthi Poet.*

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

—MILTON.

Endure and conquer; Jove will soon dispose
To future good our past and present woes.

—DRYDEN.

We need not feel, when trials come,
Our fate is worse than others';
For God is good, and ills must come
To us as to our brothers.

"That others are as unfortunate as myself." This may be described as one of the cardinal consolations of humanity.

There is a form of consolation, which consists in a firm reliance on the general good arrangements of a wise and benevolent Providence, which makes evil only an exception from present and apparent good, and often turns evil to account for what may be called a deferred benefit. Knowing this to be the character of the arrangement of mundane affairs, and that life and all its blessings are held under an obligation to submit to that arrangement, I humbly endeavour to meet the troubles that befall me with composure and resignation. Evils I admit them to be; I see no good in seeking to extenuate them, or in looking complacently to the equal or greater woes of others. But while the great arrangement obviously does not exclude evil, it as evidently comprises

a gift to man of the power of bearing it in a rational and proper manner, and also certain moral medicaments of unfailing virtue.

—R. CHAMBERS.

If I am going to sail I choose the best ship and the best pilot, and I wait for the fairest weather that my circumstances and duty will allow. Prudence and propriety, the principles which the gods have given me for the direction of my conduct, require this of me, but they require no more; and if, notwithstanding, a storm arises which neither the strength of the vessel nor the skill of the pilot are likely to withstand, I give myself no trouble about the consequence. All that I had to do is done already. The directors of my conduct never command me to be miserable, to be anxious, desponding or afraid. Whether we are to be drowned, or to come to a harbour, is the business of Jupiter, not mine. I leave it entirely to his determination, nor ever break my rest with considering which way he is likely to decide it but receive whatever comes with equal indifference and security.

—EPICTETUS.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast, allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness; grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;

Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

—AUBREY DE VERE.

No matter how dark be thy days—
How frowning the clouds o'er the ways—
Be brave, and face every blast,
Storms come, but soon they are past.

Ups and downs in life you will meet;
Its pleasures you know are but fleet;
The best of them, then, you will make
When the good of them all you take.

Don't stop o'er your lot to repine,
For nobody ever, by whine,
Found it be to the soul release,
Or the source of comforting peace.

Be bold as a lion, and dare
Every ill, and every dark care!
Look to Heaven, in sunshine and shade,
And there find your solace and aid.

There is an allegory in the Spectator. It narrates how the human race were once summoned by a good Genius to a particular spot, and each permitted to cast down the misery which most afflicted him, taking up some one which had belonged to a fellow-creature, and which he thought he should be more able to endure. Some cast down diseased limbs, some other things, and so forth; but the end of the story is, that after the exchange had been made, all felt themselves a great deal

more uneasy under their adopted evils than they had ever felt under their natural ones, and, accordingly, had to petition the Genius for permission to take back each his own proper original misery.

Misfortune, said a celebrated Cardinal, is but another word for imprudence. The maxim is by no means absolutely true: certain, however, it is that mankind suffer more evils from their own imprudence than from events which it is not in their power to control.*

The envious; the censorious; the discontented; the passionate; the ever-suspicious; and he who lives on another's fortune; these six have misery as their portion.

—"HITOPADESHA."†

When our misfortunes have resulted—as is usually the case—from our own carelessness, or folly, or at any rate, partly by our own fault, it is a good thing to consider how they might have been avoided, and to consider it often in spite of its being a tender subject—a salutary form of self-discipline, which will make us wiser and better men for the future. If we have made obvious mistakes, we should not try, as we generally do, to gloss them over, or to find something to excuse or extenuate them; we should admit to ourselves that we have committed faults, and open our eyes wide to all their enormity, in order that we may firmly resolve to avoid them in time to come.‡

—SCHOPENHAUER.

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* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

† *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

‡ *From Counsels and Maxims, translated by Saunders.*

If you would not affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

"To miss the good which may be got by suffering evil," says an old divine, "is the worst of evils; to lose that gain, which should be gotten by losses is of losses the greatest; but to grow worse with suffering evil, is perdition itself."

The greatest evils are from within us and from ourselves also we must look for our greatest good.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

What discriminating man could have stood the blows and buffets of the world untroubled, if by the teaching of the good and the wise the mind did not enter into rest and peace?

—"YOGA VÂSIṢṬHA."

Blame neither man, nor God, nor any one in the world. When you find yourself suffering, blame yourselves, and try to do better. Those that blame others—and alas! the number of them is increasing every day—are generally miserable, with helpless brains, who have brought themselves into that pass, and having come to that through their own mistakes, blame others, but this does not alter their position. It does not serve them in any way. This attempt to throw the blame upon others only weakens them the more. Therefore blame none for your own faults, stand upon your own feet and take the whole responsibility upon yourselves. Say, "this misery that I am suffering from is my own doing, and that very thing proves that it will be undone by me alone." That which I created I can demolish;

that which is created by some one else, I shall never be able to demolish. Therefore, stand up, be bold, be strong. Take the whole responsibility on your shoulders, know that you are the creator of your own destiny. All the strength and succour you want is within yourselves. Therefore make your own future.

—SWÂMI VIVEKÂNAND.

A man forewarned is forearmed.

The wise with prudent thought provide
Against misfortune's coming tide.
The valiant, when the storm beats high,
Undaunted brave its tyranny.

—MERIVALE.

Companionship in woe, doth woe assuage.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Money in your purse will credit you, wisdom in your head adorn you, but both in your necessity will serve you.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

—SHAKESPEARE.

In deep distress certainty is more eligible than suspense.

—RICHARDSON.

A drowning man will catch at a straw.

No words suffice the secret soul to show
For truth denies all eloquence to woe.

—BYRON.

Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.

—JOHNSON.

Mock no man in his misfortune.

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!

—BURNS.

Cloudy mornings often bring clear evenings.

After rain comes sunshine.

—PROVERB.

Look back upon the days that are past. Have you never found that gloom, thickening gloom, as it appeared; has been dissipated? Have you never perceived the way of Providence become clear and bright, when before it was covered, to your imagination, with mist and darkness? In the course of nature, do days of darkness continue for ever? Does not the sunshine follow the storm? And is it not alike the case in the moral Providence of God? Wait then patiently upon the Lord.

—REV. DR. CARPENTER.

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what he gives, and what denies?

—POPE.

'Tis not for us
To question the Almighty will,
Though cloud on cloud loom ominous,
In gentle rain they may distil.*

—TORU DUTT.

In the economy of nature, there is no superfluity nor deficiency; or if there is an appearance of either, it is only to show the greatness of the scale on which nature works, in comparison with the littleness of man; and she makes it up by the average of years which she takes. We should therefore consider her works (those of her great Author) upon that scale, both in the physical and the moral world; and we should conclude, that when he afflicts the sons of men, he does it with the design of giving them useful lessons, of correcting or punishing their faults, and of teaching them their dependence on him, which they are so apt to forget.†

Now let us thank the Eternal power; convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,
That oft the cloud that wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

—BROWN.

Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

—PROVERB.

Never be cast down, O afflicted one!
For God has many secret mercies (in store).

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.‡

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* *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.*

† *From William Danby's Ideas and Realities.*

‡ *Translated by Platts.*

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from Heaven.

—SCOTT.

'Tis in the hour of deep distress,
That we religion's comfort prove;
The chastening hand we feel and bless
Of God, that scourges us in love.
Though nature sinks beneath the rod
Yet faith reposes still in God.

It is the Lord that strikes the blow,
Let every murmuring thought be still;
Oft has he made my cup overflow,
And shall I dare dispute His will?
For ever be the thought abhorred!
My soul, still wait thou on the Lord!

Wait till He bid thy sorrows cease,
Till He thy every care remove;
And though thy troubles fast increase,
Thou need'st not doubt thy Father's love.
Though He delay, yet trust His word,
For true and faithful is the Lord.*

—RICHARDSON.

O, child of sorrow, be it thine to know
That Scripture only is the cure of woe!
That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny road.
The soul, reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,

* *From Mary Carpenter's Meditations.*

Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

—COWPER.

From every storm that either frowns or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer!

—YOUNG.

Almighty Power, I love thee! blissful name,
My healer, God! and may my inmost soul
Love and adore for ever! Oh, 'tis good
To wait submissive at thy Holy throne,
To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul,
The hand of mercy is not short to save.
Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf
To mortal cries.

—WATTS.

THE MISFORTUNES OF RÂBBI AKIBÂ.

Compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, Râbbi Akibâ wandered over barren wastes, and dreary deserts. His whole property consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night in order to study the law; a cock, which served him instead of a clock, to announce the rising dawn; and an ass, on which he rode.

The sun was gradually sinking below the horizon; night was fast approaching; and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued and almost exhausted, he came at last near a small village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking where human being dwelt, there dwelt also humanity and compassion. But he was mistaken.

He asked for a night's lodging. It was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighbouring forest. "It is hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; but God is just; and whatever he does is for the best."

He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. "What," exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted even to pursue my favourite study! But God is just; and whatever he does is for the best."

He stretched himself on the earth, desiring, if possible, to have a few hours' sleep. No sooner had he closed his eyes than a fierce wolf came and killed the cock. "What new misfortune is this!" cried the astonished Akibâ. "My watchful companion is gone! Who, then, will henceforth awaken me to the study of the law? But God is just; He knows what is good for us poor mortals."

Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. "What is to be done now?" exclaimed the lonely wanderer. "My lamp and my cock are gone; my poor ass, too, is gone; all is gone! But praised be the Lord, whatever he does is for the best." He passed a sleepless night, and, early in the morning, went to the village to see whether he could procure a horse or any other beast of burden to enable him to pursue his journey. But what was his surprise not to find a single individual alive!

It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akibâ had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful

occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, "Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind, often considering as evils what was intended for their preservation! But Thou alone art just and kind and merciful. Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhospitality, from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive also that it was thy mercy, which, deprived me of my companions, that they might not, by their noise, give notice to the banditti where I was. Praised then be thy name, for ever and ever." *

* *From The Anna Library (Madras).*

4. ANGER.

Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Anger is like a ruin, which breaks itself upon what it falls.

—MORAL MAXIM.

Anger is indeed a short madness. Many a man in the fury of the moment has uttered words and done actions which afterwards he would have given worlds to recall. Be careful then to control your temper, if you wish to do well, for nothing gives a man so much power in dealing with others as a perfect command of himself.

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

A wrathful man stirreth up strife; but he that is slow to anger appeaseth strife.

—"BIBLE—PROVERBS."

A passionate man rides a horse, that runs away with him.

Anger is a professed enemy to counsel; it is a direct storm in which no man can be heard to speak, or call from without: for if you counsel gently, you are despised; if you urge it and be vehement, you provoke it more.

Of all passions it endeavours most to make reason useless.

It is a universal passion.

It is troubled at every thing and every man and every accident; and therefore unless it be suppressed, it will make a man's condition restless.

If it proceeds from a great cause, it turns to fury; if from a small cause, it is peevishness: and so is always either terrible or ridiculous.

It makes a man's body monstrous, deformed and contemptible; the voice horrid; the eyes cruel; the face pale or fiery; the gait fierce; the speech clamorous and loud.

It is neither manly nor ingenuous.

It proceeds from softness of spirit and pusillanimity; which makes that women are more angry than men, sick persons more than the healthful, old men more than young, unprosperous and calamitous people than the blessed and fortunate. It is troublesome not only to those that suffer it, but to them that behold it.

It is a confluence of all the irregular passions: there is in it envy and sorrow, fear and scorn, pride and prejudice, rashness and inconsideration, rejoicing in evil and a desire to inflict it, self-love, impatience and curiosity. And though it be very troublesome to others, yet it is most troublesome to him that hath it.*

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Rage and frenzy will pull down more in half an hour than prudence, deliberation and foresight can build up in a hundred years.

—BURKE.

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* *From Readings in English Prose Literature.*

A man's blindness to his own defects will ever increase in proportion as he is angry with others or pleased with himself.

—COLTON

Anger often has revealed the concealed thoughts of men much more effectually than madness.

In the moment of anger is a man's truthfulness displayed.

—"JAVIDAN-KHIRAD."*

Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance.

At the back of Anger standeth Remorse.

—MRS. CHAPONE

Wrath is a flame from Satan that proceeds,
And in the end it to repentance leads.

—"ANVÂR-I-SUHAILI." †

Angry men seldom want woe.

Three are the ways to Hell, which to the soul
Are ruinous—desire, wrath, avarice,
Therefore should one this triad still renounce.

—"BHAGAVAD GÎTÂ."‡

Cease from anger and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

—"BIBLE—PSALM 37."

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* *From Ancient Iranian and Zoroastrian Morals by D. J. Medhora.*

† *Translated by Eastwick.*

‡ *Translated by K. T. Telang.*

When anger gets a mastery over the heart, it changes the aspect of things and makes nectar look like poison;
The man under the influence of anger becomes deaf to all advice;
When anger predominates over reason even joy is converted into grief;
Anger is a passion that makes a man take his relatives for enemies;
Do not give yourself up to anger or the evil thereof will be a kind of self-inflicted woe;
Listen to this, O ye wise! says Sâmal, anger is the root of all sinfulness.

—SÂMAL.

A man said to the Prophet (Muhammed), "Give me advice." The Prophet replied, "Be not angry."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent days of sorrow.

Never act in a passion. If you do, all is lost. You cannot act for yourself, if you are not yourself, and passion always drives out reason.‡

The highest government is governing anger.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

† *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

‡ *From Gracian's Art of Worldly Wisdom, translated from the Spanish by Jacob.*

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS."

Forbear! wrath only kindles wrath,
And stirs up passion's fire;
While answering softly mildly tends
To check the bitterest ire.

Clemency can never exert itself more laudably than when there is the most cause for resentment.

—PLINY.

A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS."

Check your anger. Pause before you put into execution the deeds which it prompts.

It is said of Julius Cæsar, that, upon any provocation, he would repeat the Roman alphabet before he suffered himself to speak, that he might be more just and calm in his resentments. The delay of a few moments has set many seeming affronts in a juster and kinder light; it has often lessened, if not annihilated, the supposed injury, and prevented violence and revenge.*

If you are angry, then before speaking, count ten. If you are very angry, count hundred. Thereby you will not commit any sin in anger, or feel unhappy.

—"MODI THIRD READING BOOK."

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* *From The Book of Humour, Wit and Wisdom.*

One help against immoderate anger consists in the consideration of our own failings, especially in reference to Almighty God, and our duty to Him; which are much greater than any demerits of others towards us: I provoke my Creator daily, and yet I desire His patience towards me, and find it. With what face can I expect gentleness from my Creator, if every small provocation from my fellow-creatures puts me in a passion?

—Sir M. Hale.

Meekness makes any condition tolerable and easy to be endured. He that meekly bears any suffering takes off the edge of it, that it cannot wound him; whereas he that frets and rages at it, whets it, and makes it much sharper than it would be. Nay, in some cases, makes that so, which would not else be so at all, as particularly in the case of reproachful words, which, in themselves, can do us no harm, they neither hurt our bodies, nor lessen our estates; the only mischief they can do us is to make us angry, and then our anger may do us much more; whereas he that meekly passes them by, is never the worse for them: nay, the better; for he shall be rewarded by God for that patience.

—"The Whole Duty of Man."

Prayer is the great remedy against anger; for it must suppose it, in some degree, removed before we pray; and then it is the more likely it will be finished when the prayer is done. We must lay aside the act of anger as preparatory to prayer; and the curing the habit will be the effect and blessing of prayer; so that, if a man, to cure his anger, resolves to address himself to God by prayer, it is first necessary that by his own observation and diligence, he lay the anger aside before

his prayer can be fit to be presented; and when we so pray, and so endeavour, we have all the blessings of prayer which God hath promised to it to be our security for success.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

M. ABAURET, THE PHILOSOPHER.

It was said of M. Abauret, a philosopher of Geneva, that he had never been out of temper. His female servant had been in his house for thirty years, and during that time she had never seen him in a passion. Some persons, anxious to put him to the proof, promised this woman a sum of money, if she would endeavour to make him angry. She consented; and knowing that he was particularly fond of having his bed well made, she, on the day appointed, neglected to make it. He observed it, and next morning spoke of the circumstance to her. She answered that she had forgotten it; she said nothing more, but on the same day she again neglected to make the bed. The same observation was made on the morrow by the philosopher; and she again made some excuse in a cooler manner than before. On the third day he said to her, "you have not yet made my bed: you have apparently come to some resolution on the subject, and you probably found that it fatigued you. But after all, it is of no consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is." She threw herself at his feet, and avowed all to him.*

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* *From Hanwell Extracts.*

5. ANIMALS AND TALES OF ANIMALS.

ANIMALS.

ANIMALS SYMBOLICAL

The ant, frugality and prevision ;
The ape, uncleanness ;
The ass, stupidity ;
The bat (blind as a bat) ;
The bear, ill-temper, uncouthness
The bee, industry ;
The bull, straightforwardness ;
The bull-dog, pertinacity ;
The butterfly, sportiveness, living in pleasure ;
The cat, slyness, deceit ;
The calf, lumpishness ;
The cock, vigilance, overbearing insolence ;
The crow, longevity ;
The crocodile, hypocrisy :
The cuckoo, cuckoldom ;
The dog, fidelity, dirty habits ;
The dove, innocence, harmlessness ;
The eagle, majesty, inspiration ;
The elephant, sagacity, ponderosity ;
The fly, feebleness, insignificance ;
The fox, cunning, artifice ;
The goat, lasciviousness ;
The goose, conceit, folly ;
The grasshopper, old age ;
The hare, timidity ;
The hawk, penetration ;
The hen, maternal care ;

The horse, speed, grace;
The jackdaw, vain assumption, empty conceit;
The kitten, playfulness;
The lamb, innocence, sacrifice;
The lark, cheerfulness;
The lion, noble courage;
The monkey, tricks;
The mule, obstinacy;
The nightingale, forlornness;
The ox, patience, strength;
The parrot, mocking verbosity;
The peacock, pride;
The pigeon, cowardice;
The pig, obstinacy, dirtiness;
The puppy, empty-headed conceit
The raven, ill-luck;
The sheep, silliness, timidity;
The sparrow, litigiousness;
The spider, wiliness;
The stag, cuckoldom;
The swallow, a sunshine friend;
The swan, grace;
The swine, filthiness, greed;
The tiger, ferocity;
The turtle-dove, conjugal fidelity;
The vulture, rapine;
The wolf, cruelty.*

DOG.

The dog has not unaptly been described as a gift of providence to man—an aid almost indispensable for his conquest and management of the lower animals.

* *From Rev. Dr. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*

Unlike other creatures, he voluntarily abandons the companionship of his own species—becomes a deserter from their camp—and, enlisting himself as a humble member of human society, is found a willing and loving servant, the companion and friend of his master. Unlearned in virtue, or any of the ordinary actions which command popular approbation, the dog, from the promptings of his own feelings alone practises the most perfect integrity. Uncalculating as regards his own comfort or convenience he is found adhering to his master through all shades of fortune, even unto disgrace, penury, and want. Nor will any temptation make him abandon the fond and stricken object of his undying affection. A long course of domestication and peculiar treatment have divided the canine race into nearly a hundred varieties, all less or more distinct as respects size, appearance, and special qualities and dispositions; yet no kind of cultivation has altered, nor can misusage obliterate, the leading features of the animal. The character of the dog for tractability, attachment, general docility to his master's interest, and benevolence, remains the same.*

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends, and e'en his Queen unknown;
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew,
The faithful dog alone his master knew.

From Chambers's Miscellany.

Unfed, unhoused, neglected on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd he lay;
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man;
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again,
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd!

—POPE'S HOMER.

FAITHFUL DOG.

After the execution of Sabinus, his body was exposed upon a precipice, as a warning to all who would dare to act as he had done. No friend had courage to approach the body; one friend only remained true—his faithful dog. For three days the animal continued to watch the body. His pathetic howlings awakened the sympathy of every heart. Food was brought him, which he was kindly encouraged to eat; but on taking the bread, instead of obeying the impulse of hunger, he fondly laid it on his master's mouth, and renewed his lamentations, but did not quit the body. The corpse was at length thrown into the river, and the faithful creature leaped into the water after it, and clasped it between his paws, vainly endeavouring to prevent it from sinking.

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

The old shepherd's dog, like his master, was gray,
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;
Yet where'er Corin went, he was follow'd by Tray
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When fatigued, on the grass the shepherd would lie,
For a nap in the sun—'midst his slumbers so sweet,
His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
Placed his head on his lap, or lav down at his feet.

When Winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind,
If Corin went forth 'mid the tempests and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length, in the straw Tray made his last bed—
For vain, against Death, is the stoutest endeavour;
To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, closed his eyes, and ah! closed them for ever.

Not long after Tray did the Shepherd remain,
Who oft over his grave with true sorrow would bend;
And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain,
"O bury me, neighbours, beside my old friend!"*

—PINDAR.

Trust not a horse's heel, nor a dog's tooth.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

(A FABLE).

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For everything alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustained.

* *From the Poetry of Nature by H. Weir.*

Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? say the cause;
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To you sour Dog I first appeal.

Hard is my lot the Hound replies;
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies;
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.

When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight, the prey's secure;
The Hound is slow, but always sure!
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The Lion craved the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart;
The Cock implor'd the pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong and light;
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valour prized;
The Fishes wished to graze the plain;
The beasts to skim beneath the main.

Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blamed the partial hand of Fate.
The bird of Heaven then cried aloud:
Jove bids disperse the murm'ring crowd;
The God rejects your idle prayers;
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature?
What! silent all, and none consent?
Be happy then, and learn content:
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

—GAY.

ANECDOTE OF AN ELEPHANT.

An officer in the Bengal army had a very fine and favourite elephant, which was supplied daily in his presence with a certain allowance of food, but being compelled to absent himself on a journey, the keeper of the beast diminished the ration of food, and the animal became daily thinner and weaker. When its master returned, the elephant exhibited the greatest signs of pleasure; the feeding time came and the keeper laid before it the former full allowance of food, which it divided into two parts, consuming one immediately and leaving the other untouched. The officer knowing the sagacity of his favourite, saw immediately the fraud that had been practised, and made the man confess his crime.*

An elephant in Ajmeer, which passed frequently through the market, as he went by a certain herb-woman, always received from her a mouthful of greens. At

* *From King's Wonderful Things.*

length he was seized with one of his periodical fits of rage, broke from his fetters, and running through the market, put the crowd to flight, and among others this woman, who in her haste forgot a little child she had brought with her. The animal gratefully recollecting the spot where his benefactress was wont to sit, laid aside his fury, and taking up the infant gently in his trunk, placed it safely on a stall before a neighbouring house.*

HORSE.

The horse is universally acknowledged to be one of the noblest members of the animal kingdom. Possessing the finest symmetry, and unencumbered by those external appendages, which characterise many of the larger quadrupeds, his frame is a perfect model of elegance and concentrated energy. Highly sensitive yet exceedingly tractable, proud yet persevering, naturally of a roaming disposition, yet readily accommodating himself to domestic conditions, he has been one of the most valuable aids to human civilization—associating with man in all phases of his progress from the temporary tent to the permanent city. Courage and unshrinking firmness have ever been attributes of the horse.*

Professor Kruger of Halle relates the following instance of sagacity and fidelity :—

"A friend of mine was one dark night riding home through a wood, and had the misfortune to strike his head against the branch of a tree, and fell from the horse stunned by the blow. The horse immediately

* *From Chambers's Miscellany.*

returned to the house which they had left, about a mile distant. He found the door closed, and the family gone to bed. He pawed at the door, till one of them, hearing the noise, arose and opened it, and to his surprise saw the horse of his friend. No sooner was the door opened than the horse turned round, and the man, suspecting there was something wrong, followed the animal, which led him directly to the spot where his master lay on the ground in a faint." *

A king hunting in a dense forest and becoming very thirsty, looked about for water, and at last saw something dripping from the top of a tree. Thinking it to be rain-water which had fallen into a cavity of the tree, he stood up on the back of his horse, and caught the drops in a small cup. But it was not rain-water. His horse knew better. A huge cobra on the top of the tree was dashing its fangs against it, and its poison was falling in drops. And when the king was about to drink from the cup, the horse, to save his master, so moved about that the cup fell from his hand to the ground. The king with his sword struck the horse on the neck, and killed his faithful steed.†

On one occasion a farmer was returning home from a jovial meeting, where he had been very liberal in his potations, which destroyed his power of preserving his equilibrium, and rendered him at the same time somewhat drowsy. He had the misfortune to fall from his saddle, but in so easy a manner that it had not the effect

* *From Chambers's Miscellany.*

† *From Lál Behári Day's Folk-tales of Bengal, from Clouston's Popular Tales and Fictions.*

of rousing him from his sleepy fit; and he felt quite contented to rest where he had alighted. His faithful steed, on being eased of his burden, instead of scampering home as one would have expected from his habits (which were somewhat vicious) stood by his prostrate master, and kept a strict watch over him. The farmer was discovered by some labourers at sunrise, very contentedly snoozing on a heap of stones by the roadside. They naturally approached to replace him on his saddle; but every attempt to come near him was resolutely opposed by the grinning teeth and ready heels of his faithful and determined guardian.*

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

Upon a time, a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fired the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stepp'd forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning throng address'd:
  Good Gods! how abject is our race!
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends, your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.

* *From Chambers's Miscellany.*

Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combined!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, Heavens! Reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.
A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race;
With age and long experience wise,
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes;
And to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:
When I had health and strength like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase,
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?

How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps, the harvest's grain,
We share the toil, and share the gain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heaven assign'd.
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted:
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

—GAY.

The master's eye makes the horse fat.

LION.

Androclus, a Roman slave, was condemned to encounter a lion; but when the lion was let loose he couched at the feet of Androclus, and began licking them. The reason was this: Androclus one day had taken a thorn out of the lion's foot; and the beast recognised its benefactor.*

THE LION OF FLORENCE.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, a lion escaped from the menagerie of the Grand Duke of Florence, and ran through the streets of that city, spreading everywhere terror and dismay. A woman flying from his fury, with her infant in her arms, dropped it in her flight, when it was immediately seized upon by the lion. Frantic at the disaster, she threw

* *From Rev. Dr. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*

herself on her knees before the animal, and implored with all the energy and expression of a mother in despair, the life of her child. The lion stopped,—fixed his eyes upon her,—placed the infant upon the ground, without having done it the smallest injury, and departed.*

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A lion, faint with heat, and weary with hunting, was laid down to take his repose under the spreading boughs of a thick shady oak. It happened that, while he slept, a company of scrambling mice ran over his back, and waked him: upon which, starting up, he clapped his paw upon one of them, and was just going to put it to death; when the little suppliant implored his mercy in a very moving manner, begging him not to stain his noble character with the blood of so despicable and small a beast. The lion, considering the matter, thought proper to do as he was desired, and immediately released his little trembling prisoner. Not long after, traversing the forest in pursuit of his prey, he chanced to run into the toils of the hunters; from whence, not able to disengage himself, he set up a most hideous and loud roar. The mouse, hearing the noise, and knowing it to be the lion's, immediately repaired to the place, and bid him fear nothing, for that he was his friend. Then straight he fell to work, and his little sharp teeth, gnawing asunder the knots and fastenings of the toils, set the royal brute at liberty.

—"ÆSOP'S FABLES."

A story recorded of Cecco d'Ascoli and of Dante, on the subject of natural and acquired genius, may illustrate

* *From Noble Deeds of Women by Elizabeth Starling.*

present topic. Cecco maintained that nature was re potent than art, while Dante asserted the contrary. prove his principle, the great Italian bard referred to cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to d a candle in its paw while he supped or read. co desired to witness the experiment, and came not prepared for his purpose; when Dante's cat was per- ming its part, Cecco, lifting up the lid of a pot ich he had filled with mice, the creature of art instantly owed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and opping the candle, flew on mice with all its instinctive opensity. Dante was himself disconcerted; and it was judged that the advocate for the occult principle of tive faculties had gained his cause!*

A sailor once went ashore on the coast of South merica. He had with him a number of red woollen aps for sale. On his way to a town at some distance rom the coast, he had to pass through a forest, in which roops of monkeys were everywhere seen climbing among he trees.

At noon, as the sun was right overhead, the sailor to take shelter from its burning rays. He lay down t under the shade of a large tree. Taking one of s out of his bundle, he put it on his head, and fast asleep.

he awoke, he found, to his amazement, that re all gone! He heard a most unusual g the dense branches above him, and w the trees alive with troops of mon- d of each monkey was a red woollen

*uriosities.

The little mimics had watched his proceeding, having stolen his caps while he slept, had adorned th black pates with their booty. The monkeys gave heed to his shouts, but only grinned at his rage.

Finding every attempt to get back his caps fr less, he pulled off the one which he had put on head and threw it on the ground, crying out, "He you little thieving rogues, if you *will* keep the rest may take this one too!"

No sooner had he done this than, to his gr surprise, the little animals at once did the same. E snatched the cap from his head and threw it on t ground! The sailor regained all his caps, and march off in triumph.*

THE BRÂHMANA, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES.

Once upon a time a Brâhmana, who was walking alo the road, came upon an iron-cage, in which a gre Tiger had been shut up by the villagers who caught hi

As the Brâhmana passed by, the Tiger called o and said to him, "Brother Brâhmana, Brother Brâhm have pity on me, and let me out of this cage for a only, to drink a little water, for I am dying of The Brâhmana answered, "No I will not; fo you out of the cage you will eat me." "O mercy," answered the Tiger, "in truth th I will never be so ungrateful; only le may drink some water and return." T took pity on him, and opened the sooner had he done so than the Tige

* *From The New Royal Readers No.*

ow I will eat you first, and drink the water after-
rds." But the Brâhmana said, "Only do not kill me
stily. Let us first ask the opinion of six, and if all
them say it is just and fair that you should put me
death, then I am willing to die." "Very well,"
swered the Tiger, "it shall be as you say; we will
st ask the opinion of six."

So the Brâhmana and the Tiger walked on till they
me to a Banyan-tree; and the Brâhmana said to it,
Banyan-tree, Banyan-tree, hear and give judgment."
On what must I give judgment?" asked the Banyan-
ree. The Brâhmana stated the case. The Banyan-tree
nswered, "Men often come to take refuge in the cool
hade under my boughs from the scorching rays of the
un; but when they have rested, they cut and break my
pretty branches, and wantonly scatter the leaves that
sheltered them. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are
an ungrateful race."

At these words the Tiger would have instantly killed
the Brâhmana; but the Brâhmana said, "Tiger, Tiger,
ou must not kill me yet, for you promised that we
uld first hear the judgment of six." "Very well,"
the Tiger, and they went on their way. After a
hile they met a Camel. "Sir Camel, Sir Camel,"
Brâhmana, "hear and give judgment." The
ted the case. The Camel replied, "When
nd strong, and could do much work, my
of me and gave me good food; but
d, and have lost my strength in this
ds me and starves me, and beats me
et the Tiger eat the man, for men
cruel race."

The Tiger would have then killed the Brâhma
but the latter said, "Stop, Tiger, for we must first h
the judgment of six."

So they both went again on their way. At a lit
distance they found a Bullock lying by the roadsi
The Brâhmana said to him, "Brother Bullock, Brot
Bullock, hear and give judgment." And the Brâhm
stated the case. The Bullock said, "When I was a
to work my master fed me well and tended me careful
but now I am old, he has forgotten all I did for hi
and left me by the roadside to die. Let the Tiger e
the man, for men have no pity."

Three out of six had given judgment against t
Brâhmana, but still he did not lose all hope, and dete
mined to ask the other three.

They next met an Eagle, flying through the air, t
whom the Brâhmana cried, "O Eagle, great Eagle, hea
and give judgment." And the Brâhmana stated the cas
but the Eagle answered, "Whenever men see me the
try to shoot me; they climb the rocks and steal away
my little ones. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men ar
the persecutors of the earth."

Then the Tiger began to roar and said, "
judgment of all is against you, O Brâhmana!" Bu
Brâhmana answered, "Stay yet a little longer,
others must first be asked." After this th
Alligator, and the Brâhmana related the
hoping for a more favourable verdict. B
said, "Whenever I put my nose out
torment me, and try to kill me. Le
man, for as long as men live, we sha

The Brâhmana gave himself up
more he prayed the Tiger to have p

him ask the opinion of the sixth judge. Now the sixth judge was a Jackal. The Brâhmana again told his story, and said to him, "Mâmâ (uncle) Jackal, Mâmâ Jackal, say what is your judgment?" The Jackal answered, "It is impossible for me to decide who is in the right and who in the wrong, unless I see the exact position in which you were when the dispute began. Show me the place." So the Brâhmana and the Tiger returned to the place where they first met, and the Jackal went with them. When they got there, the Jackal said, "Now, Brâhmana, show me exactly where you stood." "Here," said the Brâhmana, standing by the iron tiger-cage. "Exactly there, was it?" asked the Jackal. "Exactly here," replied the Brâhmana. "Where was the tiger then?" asked the Jackal. "In the cage," answered the Tiger. "How do you mean?" said the Jackal. "How were you within the cage; which way were you looking?" "Why, I stood so," said the Tiger, jumping into the cage, "and my head was on this side." "Very good,' said the Jackal, "but I cannot judge without understanding the whole matter exactly. Was the cage-door open or shut?" "Shut and bolted," said the Brâhmana "Then shut and bolt it," said the Jackal.

When the Brâhmana had done this, the Jackal said "Oh, you wicked and ungrateful Tiger! When the good Brâhmana opened your cage-door, is to eat him the only return you would make? Stay there, then, for the rest of your days, for no one will ever let you out again. Proceed on your journey, friend Brâhmana. Your road lies that way, and mine this."

So saying the Jackal ran off in one direction, and the Brâhmana went rejoicing on his way in the other.*

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* *From Old Deccan Days by Mary Frere.*

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

I think it is a great matter for young people to be brought up with an affectionate regard for animals. They have been sent into the world to render it happy and beautiful; and while admiring them, and caring for them, we are cultivating and improving our own feelings.

—CHAMBERS.

There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul.

—RUSKIN.

Some animals are much more sensitively organised than many people are, and consequently they get the effects of our thoughts, our mental states and emotions much more readily than many people do. Therefore whenever we meet an animal we can do it good by sending out to it these thoughts of love. It will feel the effects whether we simply entertain or whether we voice them: and it is often interesting to note how quickly it responds, and how readily it gives evidence of its appreciation of this love and consideration on our part.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

If, instead of using the animals simply to serve our own selfish ends without a just recompense, without a thought further than as to what we can get out of them and then many times casting them off when broken or of

no further service, and many times looking down upon them, neglecting or even abusing them—if, instead of this, we would deal equitably with them, love them, train and educate them the same as we do our children, we would be somewhat surprised at the remarkable degree of intelligence the 'dumb brutes' possess, and also the remarkable degree of training they are capable of.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

Each kindness shown to birds or men,
Is sure to flutter back again

They who bravely scorn to torture aught that has not power to turn;
They who look upon the mute things—seeing much to love and learn;
They who think that holy mercy is for all that live and feel;
These shall grace the Angel's record, stamped with the Almighty seal!

—ELIZA COOK.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,

A visitor unwelcome, into scenes,
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field.
There they are privileged; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all——the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too.

—COWPER.

The generous heart
Should scorn a pleasure, which gives others pain.

—THOMSON.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.

—COWPER.

They have but the Present—a good reason too,
We should not abuse them you know;

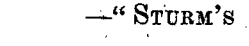
They feel cold and hunger the same just as you,
And shrink from the pain of a blow;
And then they 're so grateful when kindness is shown,
So loving to those who caress—
Oh, brother, how hard must a young heart have grown
That derides a dumb creature's distress! *

—MRS. NEWTON CROSSLAND.

Nor bird nor beast should we molest,
Or give them needless pain;
Although they cannot, when distressed
To any one complain.
Although committed to our care,
And given for us to use;
'Twould show us cruel should we dare
Dumb animals abuse.
Our safety, cleanliness, or food,
May oft their life require;
But wher's the tender heart, that would
For sport their pain desire?
Ne'er let us for amusement then
A living thing torment;
Nor join with any boys or men
Who cruel deeds invent.†

To show cruelty to animals, to refuse them that nourishment and those conveniences which are necessary, is to act manifestly against the will of our common Creator, whose beneficent regards are extended to those creatures which are inferior to us.

—"STURM'S REFLECTIONS."



* *From Chambers's Poems for Young People.*
† *From Chambers's Infant Education.*

6. APPEARANCES.

Don't trust to appearances.

The appearance of things does not appear the same when seen far off and close at hand.

—EURIPIDES.

Judge not of men or things at first sight.

—MORAL MAXIM.

Every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad.

How little we know of each other,
As we pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears, and temptations—
Its heart-breaking cares and its strife.
We can only see things on the surface.
For few people glory in sin;
And an unruffled face is no index
To the tumult which ranges within.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

—CAMPBELL.

The colour of the skin is not always the colour of the soul; there is black tea in white cups.

All that glisters is not gold,
Gilded tombs do worms infold.

—SHAKESPEARE.

A gem may dangle at the feet, and glass may be raised upon the head; still at the time of buying and selling, glass is glass, and a gem is a gem.

—"HITOPADESHA." *

An ape is an ape and a varlet a varlet,
Though they be clad in silk and scarlet.

Yet gold all is not that doth golden seem;
Ne all good knights that shake well spear and shield;
The worth of all men by their end esteem;
And then due praise or due reproach them yield.

—SPENSER.

'Tis the frame of most men's spirits to adore the casket and condemn the jewel cabinetted in it.

—HEWYT.

He's the greatest monster, without doubt,
Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.

—DENHAM.

Straws swim upon the surface, but pearls lie at the bottom. Showy parts strike every common eye, but solid parts are duly discerned by most accurate observers of the human head and heart.

Sincerity is to speak as we think; to do as we pretend and profess; to perform and make good what we promise; and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

* *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

7. AVARICE.

To desire money for its own sake, and in order to hoard it up, is avarice.

—BEATTIE.

Avarice knows no God but gold, no happiness but gain, no fear but loss of wealth, and no friendship that hath not a profit in it.

As the fishes in a pond fondly grasp the bait in expectation of a sop, so do the avaricious lay hold on anything, be it wood, or stone, or even a straw.

—"YOGA VÂSISTHA."*

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise;
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise;
Whose welth was want; whose plenty made him pore;
Who had enough, yet wished evermore;
A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore;
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand:
Such one was Avarice.

—SPENSER.

When covetousness gains a complete ascendancy engrossing the whole man, it forms that compound of all that is mean and despicable, that monster of moral deformity, usually called a miser. In our day the tribe is not very numerous, for should they multiply they would certainly create a desert around them. I have

* *Translated by Vihârî Lâlâ Mitra.*

of no passion which so deeply agitates and degrades, so effectually enslaves, and destroys the soul as covetousness. The man who sets his heart upon riches, must necessarily be a stranger to peace and enjoyment. Fear, care, anxiety, suspicion, and jealousy place him on a constant rack. To the toil of getting is added the trouble of keeping his pelf. Avarice is insatiable as the grave, or rather as a gulf without bottom. The more this passion is supplied with fresh fuel, the more vehement is the flame.

—RUSTICUS.

He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house.

—"BIBLE—PROVERBS."

The covetous man is the bailiff, not the master, of his own estate.

—OLD ITALIAN PROVERB.

Covetousness alone is a great destroyer (of merit and goodness). From covetousness proceeds sin. It is from this source that sin and irreligiousness flow, together with great misery. This covetousness is the spring also of all the cunning and hypocrisy in the world. It is covetousness that makes men commit sin.

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

As for charity, that is never to be hoped for from a covetous man, who dreads the lessening of his own heaps, more than the starving of his poor brother. You see how great a sin this is, that we may well say of it as the apostle doth, I Tim VI 10. The love of money is the root of all evil. And it is not much less uneasy than wicked; for between the care of getting and the fear of losing, the covetous man enjoys no quiet hour.

—"THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN."

He who greedily seeks honours and riches may be compared to a man suffering with thirst, which he tries to quench with the water of the sea. The more he drinks, the more he wants to drink, till at last he dies of drinking it.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

Base is the man who pines amidst his store,
And fat with plenty, griping, covets more:
But doubly vile, by av'rice when betray'd,
He quits the substance for an empty shade.*

Avarice in old age is foolish: for what can be more absurd, than to increase our provisions for the road the nearer we approach our journey's end.

—CICERO.

Expel avarice from your heart, so shall you loose the chains from off your neck.

—"JAVIDAN KHIRAD."†

Covet not that which belongs to others.

—MORAL MAXIM.

If you wish to destroy avarice, you must destroy luxury, which is its mother.

—CICERO.

Gaming is the child of avarice, but the parent of prodigality.

—COLTON.

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* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

† *From Ancient Iranian and Zoroastrian Morals by D. J. Medhora.*

Be thrifty but not covetous; therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live and use it; else, it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

A great fortuné is a great slavery.

The egg of to-day is better than the hen of to-morrow.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

A feather in hand is better than a bird in the air.

—PROVERB.

Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS."

Midas was permitted, according to his request, to turn whatever he touched into gold, and found his very food become gold, and therefore uneatable.*

Crave not for wealth. There is sorrow in gold
A canker corroding the bloom of the heart.
Love in its presence grows selfish and cold,
While pride and display their fevers impart.
The cares that preserve it, the fear of its loss,
O'ershadow the pleasures that spring in our way
Enough for our comfort is all we require;
How small is the portion we truly enjoy!

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* *From Rev. Dr. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*

COVETOUS MAN.

In the full flood stands Tantalus, his skin
Washed o'er in vain, for ever dry within.
He catches at the stream with greedy lips—
From his touched mouth, the wanton torrent slips.
Change but the name, this fable is thy story:
Thou in a flood of useless wealth dost glory,
Which thou canst only touch, but never taste.

—COWLEY.

O brother! be not covetous, for this
The cause of man's disgrace and ruin is.
List to this short advice, if thou would'st fain,
From life its vintage of delights obtain.
'O'er thine own feet contentment's border fold,
And thy desire from others' wealth withold.'

—"ANVÂR-I-SUHAILI." *.

THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS.

Once on a time there was a man who had a goose of which he thought a great deal. And well he might, for this was the most wonderful goose that had ever lived.

Every day she laid an egg. "There is nothing strange about that," you will say. Ah! but the eggs this goose laid were of gold. Think of that!

Day after day the strange bird lay a shining golden egg for her master. That was why he liked the goose so much. You may be sure he did not sell the eggs in the market. Not he: he hid them away carefully in a great iron box.

* *Translated by Eastwick.*

Every day he found a bright golden egg in the goose's nest, and added it to the pile. He was so wishful to get it, that he could hardly wait for the night to pass and the morning to come. Each day seemed as long as a week to him.

When he saw the pile growing higher and higher in the iron box, he rubbed his hands with joy. "Ah!" said he to himself, "if it were only full, I should be the richest man in the world." He could think of nothing but of his golden pile. At last he grew so greedy that he wanted all the gold at once. He thought he would find plenty of eggs in the goose's body, and not have to wait and wait and wait any longer.

So one day he killed the wonderful bird. But when he came to look for more eggs—why, there were none to be found. Foolish man! He had killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.*

THE POOR MAN AND THE GHOST.

There was a poor man who wanted some money, and, somehow, he had heard, that if he could get hold of a ghost or some spirit, he could command him to bring money or anything he liked; so he was very anxious to get hold of a ghost. He went about searching for a man, who would give him a ghost, and at last he found a sage with great powers, and besought this sage to help him. The sage asked him what he would do with a ghost. "I want a ghost to work for me; teach me how to get hold of one, Sir, I desire it very much," replied the man. But the sage said, "Don't disturb yourself, go home." The next day the man went again to the sage, and began to weep and pray, "Give me a ghost; I must have a ghost, Sir, to help

* *From The New Royal Readers, No. 1.*

me." At last the sage was disgusted and said, "Take this charm, repeat this magic word, and a ghost will come, and whatever you say to this ghost he will do. But beware; they are terrible things, and must be kept continually busy. If you fail to give him work he will take your life." The man replied:—"That is easy; I can give him work for all his life." Then he went to a forest, and after long repetition of the magic word, a huge ghost appeared before him, with big teeth, and said:—"I am a ghost. I have been conquered by your magic. But you must keep me constantly employed. The moment you stop I will kill you." The man said, "Build me a palace," and the ghost said, "it is done; the palace is built." "Bring me money," said the man. "Here is your money," said the ghost. "Cut this forest down, and build a city in its place." "That is done," said the ghost: "Anything more?" Now the man began to be frightened and said:—"I can give him nothing more to do; he does everything in a trice." The ghost said: "Give me something to do or I will eat you up." The poor man could find no further occupation for him and was frightened. So he ran and ran and at last reached the sage, and said, "Oh Sir, protect my life!" The sage asked him what was the matter, and the man replied:—"I have nothing to give the ghost to do. Everything I tell him to do he does in a moment, and he threatens to eat me up if I do not give him work." Just then the ghost arrived saying, "I'll eat you up, I'll eat you up," and he would have swallowed the man. The man began to shake, and begged the sage to save his life. The sage said:—"I will find you a way out. Look at that dog with a curly tail. Draw your sword quickly and cut the tail off and give it to the ghost to straighten out." The man cut off the

dog's tail and gave it to the ghost, saying, "Straighten that out for me." The ghost took it, and slowly and carefully straightened it out, but as soon as he let go, it instantly curled up again. Once more he laboriously straightened it out, only to find it again curled up as soon as he attempted to let go of it. Again he patiently straightened it out, but as soon as he let it go, it curled up again. So he went on for days and days until he was exhausted, and said, "I was never in such trouble before in my life. I am an old veteran ghost, but never before was I in such trouble. I will make compromise with you," he said to the man. "You let me off and I will let you keep all I have given you, and will promise not to hurt you." The man was much pleased and accepted the offer gladly.*

THE COVETOUS MAN PUNISHED.

Mick Purcell was reduced by a succession of bad harvests to take his only cow to market for sale. On his way he meets with—or is overtaken by—a strange-looking little grey man, who gives him in exchange for his cow a bottle, which, the little man assures him, would make him rich in a very short time: all he had to do was to go home, make his wife sweep the floor, spread a clean cloth over the table; then set the bottle on the ground, saying these words, "Bottle! do your duty"—and he would see the end of it. Mick goes home accordingly, and having strictly followed the little man's instructions, he had no sooner said, "Bottle! do your duty," when "two tiny little fellows rose like light from the bottle, and in an instant covered the table with dishes, and plates of gold and silver, full of the

* *From A Class Lecture delivered in America by Swámi Vivekánand, from The Awakened India.*

finest victuals that ever were seen, and when all was done, went into the bottle again . . . . . Next day Mick went to Cork and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and began to show that he was making money; and they did all they could to keep the bottle a secret; but for all that, their landlord found it out, and came to Mick one day and asked him where he got all his money—sure it was not by the farm; and he bothered him so much, that at last Mick told him of the bottle. His landlord offered him a deal of money for it, but Mick would not give it, till at last he offered to give him all his farm for ever. So Mick, who was very rich, thought he'd never want money; and gave him the bottle. But Mick was mistaken: he and his family spent money as if there was no end of it; and, to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow; and Mick once more drove his cow before him to sell her at Cork fair, hoping to meet the old man again and get another bottle." Mick does meet the little old man again, and receives another bottle from him in exchange for his cow. Returning home in great glee, he at once begins to try the virtue of the bottle;—the floor is swept, the table covered with a nice clean cloth, and then Mick sets his bottle on the ground and calls out, "Bottle! do your duty." In a twinkling, "two great stout men with big cudgels issued from the bottle and belaboured poor Mick and his wife and all family, till they lay on the floor, when in they went again." As soon as Mick was recovered from the effects of his beating, he got up, and tucking the bottle under his coat, sets off to the house of his landlord. "Well, what do you want now?" "Nothing," says Mick, "only I've another bottle." "Oh ho! is it as good as the first?" "A great deal better,

as I will show you, before these ladies and gentlemen." "Come along then," says the landlord. So Mick sets it on the floor, saying, "Bottle! do your duty," and suddenly the landlord was tumbled on the floor; ladies and gentlemen, servants and all, were running and roaring and sprawling and kicking and shrieking. Wine-cups and salvers were knocked about in every direction, until the landlord called out, "stop these two devils, Mick Purcell, or I'll have you hanged." "They 'll never stop," says Mick, "till I get my own bottle that I see up there on the top of that shelf." "Give it down to him," says the landlord—"give it down to him before we are killed." Mick put his bottle in his bosom; in jumped the two men into the other bottle, and he carried them home. After this Mick got richer than ever, and his son married his landlord's only daughter.*

* *From Clouston's Popular Tales and Fictions.*

8. BEAUTY.

'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.

—POPE.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure,
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As Beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to represse
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the power of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fethers of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their harden'd hearts enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

—SPENSER.

Beauty is an open letter of recommendation predisposing the heart to favour the person who presents it.*

—SCHOPENHAUER.

A pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation.

—BACON.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

—KEATS.

How near to God is what is fair!
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be.

—BEN JONSON.

From The Wisdom of Life, translated by Saunders.

Beauty unadorned is best.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

—THOMSON.

Tell me not of sparkling gems,
Set in regal diadems,—
You may boast your diamonds rare,
Rubies bright and pearls so fair;
But there's a peerless gem on earth,
Of richer ray and purer worth;
'Tis priceless, but 'tis worn by few—
It is, it is the heart that's true.

—ELIZA COOK.

The body's truest ornament consists
In knowledge of the truth; of sacred knowledge
The best embellishment is self-control;
Of self-control the garniture is courage,
Courage is best embellished by success.*

—BHÂRAVI.

Oh, how much doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Beauty is not in the clothes.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

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* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

There cannot be a greater sign of a weak mind than a person's valuing himself, on a gaudy outside whether it be on the beauties of person, or the still rainer pride of fine clothes.*

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

Grave this moral on thy heart,
That Nature smiles for ever on the good,—
But that all beauty dies with innocence!
—PROF. WILSON.

What's a fine person or a beauteous face
Unless deportment gives him decent grace?
—CHURCHILL.

But it is well to know, that mere personal beauty, delightful as it is to contemplate, and enviable as is its possession, is only a small magnet compared to other and higher qualities of head and heart. A handsome person involves responsibility; demands, through the eternal fitness of things, an inward response, a harmonious whole. It is as if the Creator said to the creature: "See what I have done for you: do something for yourself."

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
—POPE.

* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

Modesty has more charms than beauty.

Beauty is no longer amiable than while virtue adorns it.

Beauty without virtue is like a flower without perfume.

True beauty must come, must be grown, from within.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

What's a fair or a noble face,
If the mind ignoble be?
What though Beauty, in each grace,
May her own resemblance see!

Eyes may catch from Heaven their spell,
Lips the ruby's light recall;
In the Home for Love to dwell
One good feeling's worth them all.

Give me virtue's rose to trace,
Honour's kindling glance and mien;
Howsoever plain the face,
Beauty is where these are seen!

Raven ringlets o'er the snow
Of the whitest neck may fall;
In the Home for Love we know
One good feeling's worth them all!

—CHARLES SWAIN.

Personal beauty will fade, but the beauty of the mind endures for ever.

Handsome is that handsome does.

—PROVERB.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. There are some who would see beauty even in a plane-tree.

As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost.

—SHAKESPEARE.

The shades of clouds passing along the sky are transient,

From this, know within thyself, O man! in a way never to be forgotten,

That life also is short-lived, and youth and beauty are sure to pass away, despite thy efforts to keep them up;

Thy body will be decrepit, and it will be a bad thing to have any stain on thyself;

The beauty either of an infant or an old man, be he a peasant or a prince,

Cannot be maintained, even though attempts are made to preserve it, for, Sâmal says, Death is the destroyer of all.

—SÂMAL.*

The shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win;
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

* *A Gujarâti poet.*

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move;
An angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

—AKENSIDE.

But though the outward form hath charms
Admiring eyes to win,
It doth not always faithfully
Give index of within.

Flush'd vanity, imperious pride,
Too often lurketh there;
While nobleness and worth doth wed
Some form not half so fair.

External beauty ill allied
Lives but a little while,
To sun itself and revel in
The world's poor empty smile.

The bloom departs, the flower fades,
But brief, indeed, its day;
And those by whom 'twas most caress'd,
Now thrust it from their way.

But when the beauty lives within,
Its pure effulgent light
Shines through to life's extremest hour;
Unalterably bright.

The good and true bask in the warmth,
Its gen'rous beams impart;
Tell me what beauty equals then
The beauty of the heart?

Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for other's woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene?

—AKENSIDE.

9. BEGGAR.

There are many idlers to whom a penny begged is sweeter than a shilling earned.

—D. JERROLD.

A beggar will be a beggar if the whole world be given to him.

—PERSIAN PROVERB

Beggars must not be choosers.

—SPANISH PROVERB.

The wretch who works not for his daily bread,
Sighs and complains, but ought not to be fed,
Think, when you see stout beggars on their stand,
The lazy are the locusts of the land.*

But among the many who have enforced the duty of giving, I am surprised there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving, to show that by every favour we accept, we in some measure forfeit our native freedom, and that a state of continual dependance on the generosity of others is a life of gradual debasement.

Were men taught to despise the receiving obligations with the same force of reasoning and declamation that they are instructed to confer them, we might then see every person in society filling up the requisite duties of his station with cheerful industry, neither relaxed by hope nor sullen from disappointment.

—GOLDSMITH.

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* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

THE PROPHET MUHAMMED'S ADVICE.

A man came to the Prophet (Muhammed) begging of him something; and the Prophet said, "Have you nothing at home?" He said, "Yes, there is a large carpet, with one part of which I cover myself, and spread the other: and there is a wooden cup in which I drink water." Then the Prophet said, "Bring before me the carpet and the cup." And the man brought them; and the Prophet took them in his hands and said, "Who will buy them?" A man said, "I will take them at one Dirhem." He said, "Who will give more?" This he repeated twice or thrice. Another man said, "I will take them for two Dirhems." Then the Prophet gave the carpet and the cup to that man, and took the two Dirhems, which he gave to the man (who had come to beg) and said, "Buy food with one of those Dirhems, and throw it to your family that they may make it their sustenance for a few days; and buy a hatchet with the other Dirhem, and bring it to me." And the man brought it; and the Prophet put a handle to it with his own hands, and then said, "Go cut wood, and sell it; and let me not see you for fifteen days." Then the man went cutting wood and selling it; and he came to the Prophet, when verily he had got ten Dirhems; and he bought a garment with part of them, and food with part. Then the Prophet said, "This cutting and selling of wood and making your livelihood by it is better for thee than coming on the day of resurrection, with black marks in thy face; for verily, begging is not allowable except for three persons; one, a very poor, indigent man; and for a debtor; and for one a security for debts."

—"MISHCAT-AL-MASÂBIH."*

* *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

10. BENEVOLENCE.

The lessons of Prudence have charms;
And slighted, may lead to distress;
But the man whom Benevolence warms,
Is an angel who lives but to bless.

—BLOOMFIELD.

The noble-minded dedicate themselves
To the promotion of the happiness
Of others—e'en of those who injure them.
True happiness consists in making happy.

—BHÂRAVI.

The benevolent have the advantage of the envious, even in this present life; for the envious is tormented not only by all the ill that befalls himself, but by all the good that happens to another; whereas the benevolent man is the better prepared to bear his own calamities unruffled, from the complacency and serenity he has secured, from contemplating the prosperity of all around him.

—COLTON.

No man is a better merchant than he that lays out his time upon God, and his money upon the poor.

You should give a helping hand to one in trouble whether he be great or low. The poor should be helped and the wise should indicate or show the way to one who has gone wrong (or who is mistaken).

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* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

The man who is benevolent has no end of happiness; whether he be great or low, people call him fortunate or blessed.

—"MODI SECOND READING BOOK."

It is the duty of a learned man to practise benevolence;
To afflict others should be regarded as a great sin.
That man is really a great man, and besides, rare and unique,
Who does good to an ungrateful man and looks on him with forgiveness.
Receive with affection and always protect the man who seeks refuge with you.
That is the most meritorious act and a source of great pleasure.
The more we strive disinterestedly for the welfare of others,
The more shall we be blessed by the grace of God.
The sense of satisfaction arising from beneficent actions
Surpasses even the pleasure of love, which on the contrary, enervates the intellect.

—NARMADÂSHANKAR.*

He who calls those his own
Who are vexed and troubled,
He should be recognised as a saint,
God surely must dwell with him
He that takes to his heart
One who has no protector,
And shows to his servants
The same kindness, which he shows to his sons,

* *A Gujarâti poet.*

Tukâ says,—"Beyond all expression, he is the image of God."*

This holy mystery I declare unto you,
There is nothing nobler than humanity.
—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

True humanity consists not in a squeamish ear; it consists not in starting or shrinking at tales of misery, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it. True humanity appertains rather to the mind than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active measures to execute the actions which it suggests.

—C. J. FOX.

The best devotion is that remembrance of the True Name: the best act is philanthropy. Without both of these accursed is man's human birth. He merely vegetateth and heedeth not what is best for him. He is a beast without a tail or horn, and vain is his advent into the world. At the last moment the myrmidons of Death shall firmly seize him and he shall depart grieving with empty hands. Alms, gift, penance, and sacrifices are not equal to philanthropy. Of the various sins that man commits, none is equal to selfishness.†

—GURU ANGAD.

Where there is most love of God, there will be the truest and most enlarged philanthropy.

—SOUTHEY.

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* *From Sir A. Grant's translation in Fortnightly Review (1867).*

† *From a Lecture on the Sikhs by Mr. Macauliffe, C. S.*

The favours man accords to men
Are never fruitless, from them rise
A thousand acts beyond our ken,
That float like incense to the skies;
For benefits can never efface,
They multiply and widely spread,
And honour follows on their trace.*

—TORU DUTT.

If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress.

—COLTON.

The loftiest trees bend humbly to the ground
Beneath the teeming burden of their fruit;
High in the vernal sky the pregnant clouds
Suspend their stately course, and hanging low,
Scatter their sparkling treasures o'er the earth.
And such is true benevolence; the good
Are never rendered arrogant by riches.†

—KÂLIDÂS'S SHÂKUNTALA.

Doing good to another is right; causing injury to another is wrong.

—VYÂSA.

And if the benefactors of mankind, when they rest from their pious labours, shall be permitted to enjoy hereafter, as an appropriate reward of their virtue, the privilege of looking down upon the blessings with which their toils and sufferings have clothed the scene of their former existence, do not vainly imagine that, in a state of exalted purity and wisdom, the founders of mighty dynasties, the conquerors of new empires, or the more

* *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.*

† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

vulgar crowd of evil-doers, who have sacrificed to their aggrandizement the good of their fellow creatures, will be gratified by contemplating the monuments of their inglorious fame—theirs will be the delight—theirs the triumph—who can trace the remote effects of their enlightened benevolence in the improved condition of their species, and exult in the reflection that the prodigious changes they now survey, with eyes that age and sorrow can make dim no more,—of knowledge become power—virtue sharing in the dominion—superstition trampled under foot—tyranny driven from the world—are the fruits, precious though costly, and though late reaped—yet long-enduring, of all the hardships and all the hazards they encountered here below!

—BROUGHAM.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Sir Philip Sidney at the battle near Zutphen, displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him; and, whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half on horseback to the camp; and being faint with the loss of blood, and parched with thirst from the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought him; but as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried along at that instant, looked up to it with wistful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney, took the flagon from his lips, just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

II. BHARTRIHARI'S PRECEPTS.

Treachery is of crimes the blackest,*
Avarice is a world of vice,
Truth is nobler far than penance,
Purity than sacrifice.
Charity's the first of virtues,
Dignity doth most adorn.
Knowledge triumphs unassisted,
Better death than public scorn.

—BHARTRIHARI.

* *Translated by Tawney.*

12. A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

Can I, all-gracious Providence!
  Can I deserve thy care?
Ah! No: I've not the least pretence
  To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still
  From dangers and from Death;
Been safe preserv'd from every ill
  E'er since thou gave me breath?

I live once more to see the day
  That brought me first to light;
O! teach my willing heart the way
  To take thy mercies right.

Tho' dazzling splendour, pomp and show,
  My fortune has denied;
Yet more than grandeur can bestow
  Content hath well supplied.

No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace,
  No mis'ries have I known;
And, that I am bless'd with health and ease,
  With humble thanks I own:

I envy no one's birth or fame,
  Their titles, train or dress;
Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim
  Beyond what I possess.

13. BOOKS AND READING.

BOOKS.

Books should be found in every house
To form and feed the mind;
They are best of luxuries
'Tis possible to find.

—E. W. Cole.

These pursuits (studies in books) are the sustenance of youth, the delight of old age, in prosperity an ornament, in adversily a refuge and solace; at home they give us pleasure, out of doors they are not in our way; with us they spend the night, sojourn in foreign parts, and live in the country.

—Cicero.

Books give the best and greatest thoughts
Of all the good and wise;
Books treasure human knowledge up,
And thus it never dies.

—E. W. Cole.

But what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone than we?
This Books can do;—nor this alone; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:

Their aid they yield to all; they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone:
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.

—CRABBE.

Books, like strong drink, will drown man's cares,
But do not waste his wealth;
Books leave him better, drink the worse,
In character and health.

—E. W. COLE.

The images of men's wits and knowledges remain in Books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages; so that, if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other?

—BACON.

But words are things; and a small drop of ink
Falling, like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think.

—BYRON.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life

—MILTON.

As good kill a man as kill a good book:
Who kills a man kills a resonable creature,
God's image, but he who kills a good book kills reason itself.

—MILTON.

Make your books your friends,
And study them unto the noblest ends.

—BEN JONSON.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

—SOUTHEY.

Books, dear books,
Have been, and are my comforts; morn and night,
Adversity, prosperity, at home,
Abroad, health, sickness—good or ill report,
The same firm friends; the same refreshment rich,
And source of consolation.

—DR. DODDS.

A man may usually be known by the books he reads, as well as by the company he keeps; for there is a companionship of books as well as of men; and one should always live in the best company, whether it be of books or of men.

—SMILES.

Formerly it was wisely said, "Tell me what company a man keeps, and I will tell you what he is;" but since literature has spread a new influence over the world, we must add, "Tell me what company a man has kept and what books he has read, and I will tell you what he is."*

Books which are to be studied should be the best of their class. Superior knowledge can never be acquired without converse with superior minds. Quality, not quantity, is the element by which a good library must be judged.

We must study *subjects*, not *books* merely. Hence every hour we spend in reading must be followed by some time spent in thinking, in connecting fact with fact, thought with thought, or thought with fact, and in comparing the views given on each subject by one author with the views advocated by others. Good books are the best company, and from the best company the greatest advantages may be gained. To keep the best company is, therefore, the special duty of every one engaged in self-culture.

—SAMUEL NEIL.

A few books well-chosen are of more use than a great library.

Bad books are the public fountains of vice.

There is no worse robber than a bad book.

—ITALIAN PROVERB.

A certain pragmatical, gay, fluttering Coxcomb would needs make a visit to a Philosopher. He found him

* *From Essays on Practical Education by Maria and R. L. Edgeworth.*

alone in his study, and fell a wondering how he could endure to lead so solitary a life. Sir, says the Philosopher, you are exceedingly mistaken, for I was in very good company till you came in.

The drift of this fable is to tell us that good books and good thoughts are the best company, and that they are mistaken, who think a wise man can ever be alone.*

But the truth is that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences, which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great, or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and justice are virtues and excellences of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary. Our speculations upon matter are voluntary and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence that one may know another half of his life, without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians.

—JOHNSON.

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* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

But there is a third kind of knowledge, and that too, in its own way, is business. There is the cultivation of the sympathies and imagination, the quickening of the moral sensibilities, and the enlargement of the moral vision. The great need in modern culture, which is scientific in method, rationalistic in spirit, and utilitarian in purpose, is to find some effective agency for cherishing within us the ideal. That is the business and function of literature. Literature alone will not make a good citizen; it will not make a good man. History affords too many proofs that scholarship and learning by no means purge men of acrimony, of vanity, of arrogance, of a murderous tenacity about trifles. Mere scholarship and learning and the knowledge of books do not by any means arrest and dissolve all the travelling acids of the human system. Nor would I pretend for a moment that literature can be any substitute for life and action. Burke said, "What is the education of the generality of the world? Reading a parcel of books? No! Restraint and discipline, examples of virtue and of justice, these are what form the education of the world." That is profoundly true; it is life that is the great educator. But the parcel of books, if they are well-chosen, reconcile us to this discipline; they interpret this virtue and justice; they awaken within us the diviner mind, and rouse us to a consciousness of what is best in others and ourselves.

—JOHN MORLEY.

He that studies books alone will know how things ought to be. He that studies men will know how things are.

Men, who live alone among the books, can scarcely ever take the just measure of their own minds. A little

conversation with business or society soon clears the judgment, and the running stream shakes off the mantling half-conceit which has creamed in repose.

What is that which has many leaves and no stem?
—*Ans.* BOOK.

Sir Walter Scott once lent a book to a friend, and as he gave it to him, begged that he would not fail to return, adding good-humouredly, "Altho' most of my friends are bad arithmeticians, they are all good book-keepers."

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study—not to lend,
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly, pause frequently,
Think seriously,
Keep cleanly, return duly,
With the corners of the leaves
Not turned down.

READING.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

—BACON.

The love of books—the love of reading—is the most requisite, the most efficient instrument of self-education. Where this is not found in young or in old, all intellectual life soon dies out—rather it may be said never to have been quickened.

—TULLOCH.

Men must be inquisitive before they will read.

—BUCKLE.

If any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners and wines and coaches and beautiful clothes and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king.

—MACAULAY.

Reading makes a full man; talking a ready man: the happy medium is reached when a man reads enough to give value to what he has to say.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability: their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business.

Read to weigh and consider: some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

—BACON.

It is much better to master one subject, one author, than to have a vague smattering idea of half a dozen. The principle I would enforce—and I act upon it myself—is: Multum non Multa ("Read much, not many things"). Direct your strength to the subjects which come home to you most.

But while you learn your little book thoroughly, you must beware of reading it by the method of mere cram. Some things no doubt there are that must be appropriated by the process of cram; but these are not the best things, and they contain no culture. Cram is a mere mechanical operation of which a reasoning animal should be ashamed. But cramming, however, often practised, is seldom necessary; it is resorted to by those specially, who cannot, or who will not learn to think. I advise you on the contrary, whenever possible, to think before you read, or at least while you are reading.

—Prof. Blackie.

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge: it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.

—Locke.

Some read to think—these are rare; some to write, these are common; and some read to talk, and these form the great majority.

—Colton.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

—BACON.

Many people are great readers. Now, reading does not build the mind; thought alone builds it. Reading is only valuable as it furnishes materials for thought. A man may read much, but his mental growth will be in proportion to the amount of thought that he expends in his reading. The value to him of the thought which he reads depends on the use he makes of it. Unless he takes up the thought, and works on it himself, its value to him will be small and passing. "Reading makes a full man," said Lord Bacon, and it is with the mind as with the body. Eating fills the stomach, but as the meal is useless to the body unless it is digested and assimilated, so also the mind may be filled by reading, but unless there is thought there is no assimilation of what is read, and the mind does not grow thereby—nay, it is likely to suffer from over-loading, and to weaken rather than strengthen under a burden of unassimilated ideas.

We should read less, and think more, if we would have our minds grow, and our intelligence develope. If we are in earnest in the culture of our minds, we should daily spend an hour in the study of some serious and weighty book, and, reading for five minutes, we should think for ten, and so on through the hour.

—ANNIE BESANT.

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior—

Uncertain and unsettled still remains—
Deep versed in books, but shallow in himself.
—MILTON.

Learn to read slow: all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.
—WALKER.

It is far better for the student to read too slowly than too fast, and for this purpose it is well to mark a book with many more points or pauses than are necessary.
—FLEMING.

In reading authors when you find
Bright passages, that strike your mind,
And which, perhaps, you may have reason
To think on, at another season,
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in black and white;
Such a respect is wisely shown,
As makes another's sense one's own.
—BYRON.

Dr. Johnson, who is said to have had an uncommonly good memory, tells us, that when he was a boy, he used, after he had acquired any fresh knowledge from his books, to run and tell it to an old woman of whom he was very fond. This exercise was so agreeable to him that it imprinted what he read upon his memory.*

It is not well to persist in reading when overcome with sleep. It is well in reading to interrupt the strain

* *From Essays on Practical Education by Maria and R. L. Edgeworth.*

of continuous gaze upon the page, and rest the eyes by looking into the distance occasionally, even if only for a few seconds.*

Read as little as possible by artificial light, nor before or after sun-down, nor with the light immediately in front, but let it fall at an angle on the page, over the left shoulder.†

—DR. W. W. HALL.

Reading aloud is of the first importance in giving strength to the organs of respiration.‡

—COMBE.

Let me call upon all parents to be critical of what their children read. This is a grave matter, for on it depends the bent of the young nature.‖

—JANE H. CLAPPERTON.

To learn to read is the business of half a life.

—MACAULAY.

Learning is acquired by reading books; but the much more necessary learning, the knowledge of the world, is only to be acquired by reading men, and studying all the various editions of them.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

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* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black.*

† *From How to Live Long.*

‡ *From Elements of Physiology.*

‖ *From Scientific Meliorism.*

THE POET'S (DANTE) WRATH.

Dante on one occasion left his house after dinner to go on some business. As he was passing he heard a smith, who was striking his anvil, and as he worked, sang some of our poet's verses, but mutilated and with additions and alterations. Dante said nothing, but approaching the workshop where the smith kept his tools, which he used in his trade, he seized the hammer and threw it across the street; he seized the tongs and threw them likewise. He seized the scales and threw them also, and so did to many of the tools.

The smith turning towards him in a brutal manner said, "What the deuce are you about, are you mad?" Dante said, "What are you about?" "I am about my trade," said the smith, "and you spoil my tools by throwing them into the street." Says Dante, "If you do not wish me to spoil your things, do not spoil mine." "What do I spoil of yours?" cried the smith. Says Dante, "You sing songs out of my book, and not as I wrote them. I have no other trade, and you spoil it for me." The smith sang afterwards of other authors.

14. BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes a flower. There is always that before and around us, which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth.

The habit of looking at the bright side of things is worth more than a thousand a year.

—JOHNSON.

Sun-dials only mark the bright hours—would it not be well if most people imitated them?

Some people persist in seeing a cloud to every silver lining.

Oh! call it not folly, you libel good spirits,
He surely is wisest whose heart is most gay;
Who looks on mankind but to find out the merits
Of those who may chance to be thrown in his way.

I know that you think me a volatile being,
In truth I am more apt to hope than to fear;
And why should I darken the present, for seeing
A far distant cloud, which may never come near?

Oh! if it be folly, why should you endeavour
To end a delusion so happy for me;
Ne'er teach me your wisdom, but suffer me ever
To search out the bright side of all that I see.

Why tell me how changing is woman's affection,
Why tell me how fleeting the friendship of man;
Both please me, and therefore I see no objection
To think them faithful—as long as I can.

—T. HAYNES BAYLY.

I

Oh! talk no more of sorrow past,
You taint the present too,
And even I shall dream at last
Of future ills like you.
Wher'er my path, I ever took
Fair hope to be my guide,
Whate'er my fate, I ever look
Upon the brightest side.

II

The darkest cloud that visits earth
Not oft survives the day;
I'm ever first to sally forth
To meet sunbeams half way.
The only long liv'd grief must be
A grief that's born of sin;
But virtue soon cheers up, for she
Has sunny thoughts within.

—T. HAYNES BAYLY.

15. BUDDHA.

HE AND HIS FATHER.

While the new teacher was laying the foundations of his order, and experiencing first the devotion and then the attacks of the multitude, his relations at Kapilavastu had not remained ignorant of the change in his life; and Shuddhodana (his father) had sent to him asking him to visit his native city, that his now aged father might see him once more before he died. Gautama, accordingly, started for Kapilavastu; and on his arrival there stopped, according to his custom, in a grove outside the town. There his father, uncles and others came to see him; but the latter at least were by no means pleased with their mendicant clansman; and though it was the custom on such occasions to offer to provide ascetics with their daily food, they all left without having done so. The next day, therefore, Gautama set out accompanied by his disciples, carrying his bowl to beg for a meal. As he came near the gate of the little town, he hesitated whether he should not go straight to the Râjâ's residence, but at last he determined to adhere to a rule of the Order, according to which a Buddhist mendicant should beg regularly from house to house. It soon reached the Râjâ's ears that his son was walking through the streets begging. Startled at such news, he rose up, and holding his outer robe together with his hand, went out quickly, and hastening to the place where Gautama was he said, "Why, master, do you put us to shame? Why do you go begging for your food? Do you think it is not possible to provide food for so many mendicants?"

"Oh, Mahârâjâ," was the reply, "this is the custom of all our race."

"But we are descended from an illustrious race of warriors, and not one of them has ever begged his bread."

"You and your family," answered Gautama, "may claim descent from Kings; my descent is from the prophets (Buddhas) of old, and they, begging their food, have always lived on alms. But, my father, when a man has found a hidden treasure, it is his duty first to present his father with the most precious of the jewels:" and he accordingly addressed his father on the cardinal tenet of his doctrine, his words being reported in the form of two verses in the Dhammapada:—

"Rise up, loiter not!
Follow after a holy life!
Who follows virtue rests in bliss,
Both in this world and in the next.
Follow after a holy life!
Follow not after sin!
Who follows virtue rests in bliss,
Both in this world and in the next."

Shuddhodana made no reply to this, but simply taking his son's bowl, led him to his house, where the members of the family and servants of the household came to do him honour, but his wife Yashodharâ did not come. "If I am of any value in his eyes, he will himself come," she had said; "I can welcome him better here." Gautama noticed her absence, and attended by two of his disciples went to the place where she was. * * * * * * When she saw him enter, a recluse in yellow robes with shaven head and shaven face, though she knew it would be so, she could not contain herself, and falling on the ground she held him by the feet and

burst into tears. Then remembering the impassable gulf between them, she rose and stood on one side. * * * * * She ultimately became a Buddhist nun.

—DAVID'S BUDDHISM.

HE AND THE BRÂHMANA.

Once upon a time Buddha lived in a village, and in the sowing season, went with his bowl in hand to the place where food was being given by a Brâhmana, who seeing him, spoke thus:

"O priest, I both plough and sow, and having ploughed and sowed, I eat; you also, O priest, should plough and sow, and having ploughed and sown, you should eat."

"I, too, O Brâhmana, plough and sow, and having ploughed and sown, I eat," said Buddha.

"But we see neither the yoke, nor plough, nor ploughshare, nor goad, nor oxen, of the venerable Gautama. * * * * * Being questioned by us as to your ploughing, speak in such a manner as we may know of your ploughing." The Buddha replied: "For my cultivation, faith is the seed; penance the rain; wisdom my yoke and plough; modesty the shaft for the plough; mind the string; presence of mind my ploughshare and goad." Then the Brâhmana offered him rice boiled in milk from a golden vessel.*

HIS PRECEPTS.

To cease from all sin,
To get virtue,
To cleanse one's own heart,—
This is the religion of the Buddhas.

—DAVID'S BUDDHISM.

* *From Clodd's Childhood of Religions.*

Scrupulously avoiding all wicked actions,
Reverently performing all virtuous ones,
Purifying this intention from selfish desire
Is the doctrine of all the Buddhas.

—"LIGHT OF ASIA."*

Health is the greatest of gifts;
Contentedness the best riches;
Trust is the best of relatives;
Perfect repose the highest happiness.

—"DHAMMAPADA."

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the cart.

As the bee collects honey, and departs without injuring the flower, or its colour or scent, so let a sage dwell on earth.

"These sons belong to me, and this wealth belongs to me," with such thoughts a fool is tormented. He himself does not belong to himself, how much less sons and wealth!

Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, It will not come nigh unto me. Let no man think lightly of good, saying in his heart, It will not benefit me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled.

He whose evil deeds are covered by good deeds, brightens up this world like the moon when she rises from behind the clouds.

* *By Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Let a man overcome anger by love, evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

The fault of others is easily preceived but that of oneself is difficult to perceive; a man winnows his neighbour's faults like chaff, but his own faults he hides, as a cheat hides the bad die from the player.

Not by tonsure does an undisciplined man who speaks falsehood become a saint; can a man be a saint who is still held captive by desires and greediness?

What is the use of platted hair, O fool? What of the raiment of goat-skins? Within thee there is ravening, but the outside thou makest clean.*

—BUDDHA.

See what true knowledge has effected here!
The lust and anger which infest the world,
Arising from delusion, are destroyed
Like thieves condemned to perish. Ignorance
And worldly longings, working only evil,
By the great fire of knowledge, are burnt up
With all their mass of tangled roots. The cords
And knots of lands and houses and possessions,
And selfishness, which talks of "self" and "mine"
Are severed by the weapons of my knowledge.
The raging stream of lust, which has its source
In evil thoughts, fed by concupiscence,
And swollen by sight's waters, are dried up
By the bright sun of knowledge; and the forest
Of trouble, slander, envy and delusion,
Is by the flame of discipline consumed.†

—BUDDHA

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* *From The Sacred Books of the East by Max Müller.*
† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

Every man who calls himself a follower of Buddha must vow—

1. Not to destroy life.
2. Not to steal.
3. To abstain from all unchastity.
4. Not to lie, deceive, or bear false witness.
5. To abstain from intoxicating drinks.

A layman of higher aspirations must promise in addition—

6. Not to eat food at unseasonable times, that is, after the mid-day meal.
7. Not to dance, not to sing light songs; in fact, to avoid worldly dissipation.
8. Not to wear any kind of ornament, not to use any scents or perfumes; in short, to avoid whatever tends to vanity.

The priest or the friar or mendicant has to obey two more commandments:—

9. To sleep on a hard and low couch.
10. To live in voluntary poverty.*

* *From the Collected Works of Max Müller.*

16. BUSINESS.

Business is the salt of life.

A useful trade is a mine of gold.

It is the man, who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation, which measures the dignity of the man.

The dignity of every occupation wholly depends upon the quantity and the kind of virtue that may be exerted in it.

—BURKE.

Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

—POPE.

Let parents choose betimes, the vocations and courses, they mean their children should take; for then they are most flexible; and let them not too much apply themselves to the disposition of their children, as thinking they will take best to that, which they have most mind to. It is true that if the affection or aptness of the children be extraordinary, then it is good not to cross it.

—BACON.

Select the best life, habit will make it most agreeable.

There are three things necessary in business—knowledge, temper and time.

Dispatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to Dispatch than Method. Lay down a method for every thing and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Above all things, order and distribution and singling out of parts, is the life of despatch; so as the distribution be not too subtile; for he that doth not divide, will never enter well into business, and he that divideth too much, will never come out of it clearly. To choose time is to save time, and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air. There be three parts of business: the preparation, the debate or examination, and the perfection, whereof if you look for despatch, let the middle only be the work of many, and the first and last the work of few.

—BACON.

Good order is the foundation of all good things.

—BURKE.

Quickness and precision are the life and essence of business.

Set bounds to your zeal by discretion.

Whatever we have to do should be done at the right time. To the busy man there is nothing more valuable than time. Every hour and every moment becomes filled up with its appointed duties; and attention to these duties at the moment when they fall to be performed is of the very essence of a business character. It is marvellous how comparatively easy the discharge of business becomes when this simple rule is observed,

and how difficult and complicated it becomes when it is disregarded. It may be safely said that no man can rise to distinction as a merchant, a barrister, or a physician, or indeed in any profession involving a complexity of work, without a strict observance of punctuality.

Punctuality is something we have all to learn; and of every profession—of all work—it is one of the first lessons—a lesson not only indispensable to ourselves, but due to others. How much so, every one knows who has to do with the unpunctual man. All is deranged by him; the time of others is wasted as well as his own. He becomes a nuisance in society; and men who have real work of their own would rather do anything than do business with him.

—TULLOCH.

The integrity of character and truth in the inner man are prerequisites of success in any calling. These are attributes that never fail to command respect and win admiration. No one fails to appreciate them, and if they do not pay in the vulgar sense of the phrase, they bring an amount of satisfaction and peace to the owner. There is no better stock in trade than these principles; no capital goes so far, or pays so well, or is so exempt from bankruptcy and loss. When known, they give credit and confidence, and in the hardest of times will honour your paper in bank.

It is the honest "plodding" workman, who rises to an elevated position in the world. Work is, as a rule, at the foundation of all true success. Brilliant parts, fine education, powerful friends, are not to be despised, but they cannot supply the place of personal toil, and patient, painstaking industry.

Show willingness to do what you are bid; for, next to honesty and steadiness, there is nothing which masters like so much as willingness. If ever you show unwillingness, you are undone. If you be honest, steady, and willing, there is no fear of your success.*

Disinclination to begin a work
Through fear of failure, is a mark of weakness;
Is food renounced through fear of indigestion.
—"HITOPADESHA." †

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business. The weakest man in the world can avail himself of the passion of the wisest. The inattentive man cannot know the business, and consequently cannot do it. And he who cannot command his countenance, may e'en as well tell his thoughts as show them.
—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Let men know that what you say, you will do;—that your decision is final—no wavering; that, once resolved, you are not to be allured or intimidated.
—SIR T. F. BUXTON.

Carelessness is the disease of Business.
—"DHAMMAPADA."

A want of care does more damage than a want of knowledge.
—FRANKLIN.

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* *From Chambers's Miscellany.*
† *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

He who possesses virtue and intelligence, who is just, speaks the truth, and does what is his own business, him the world will hold dear.

—"DHAMMAPADA."

Business neglected is business lost.

Stand by your compass and your chart,
With firmness and with steady aim;
Your will to do and fearless heart,
Shall win for you an honoured name.

First remember God, then begin your work, and rest assured there will be no room for failure.

—DAYÂRÂM.*

Prostrate thyself lowly at thy mother's feet, bow respectfully to thy father;
Have the holy sight of God and thy preceptor and then begin the affairs of life.

—VÎRVIJAY.†

He that would thrive must rise at five.

If you want a thing done well, do it yourself.

A wise man will commit no business of importance to a proxy, where he may do it himself.

—SIR R. L'ESTRANGE.

If you want your business done, go and do it; if you don't want it done, send some one else.

—OLD PROVERB.

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

† *A Jain poet.*

It is of the first importance in undertaking any enterprise to form a correct idea of the end to be accomplished. Every occupation in life has some distinct purpose, and only as it is thoroughly kept in view, can the efforts put forth prove successful.

Keep your own counsel. Nothing can be more injurious to your own peace of mind than to have many confidants. You fear everyday that some one will betray you.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

—MAXIM.

Attempt not too hastily, nor pursue too eagerly.

It is good to begin well; but better to end well.

Better to do well late than never.

One man ruins his business because he is a sloven, another ruins it because he is a fop.

In matters of business it is quite as important that you should be exact and careful with your nearest friend as with a stranger.

If you would have your work ill done, pay beforehand.

To commit the execution of a purpose to one, who disapproves of the plan of it, is to employ but one-third of the man; his heart and his head are against you you have commanded only his hands.

—COLTON.

Only one business (science) will one man (or genius) fit.

—PERSIAN PROVERB.

Stick to one thing, and all will come; aim at every thing and all will go.

—HINDUSTÂNI PROVERB.

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is everybody's business is nobody's business."

—I. WALTON.

One eye of the master's sees more than ten of the servant's.

A precipitate choice makes way for a long repentance.

Do not begin a work hastily and without understanding it,

However much a gardener may nurture and water a plant, it will not fructify except in proper season.

—SÂMAL.*

At a great bargain, pause a while.

Make the best of a bad bargain.

It is only by putting off trifles that they become onerous.

"The wise and prudent conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them."

It is the same with business difficulties. Meet them in the face, and half the trouble is past.†

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

† *From Memoirs of John Murray.*

He that climbs a ladder must begin at the lowest round.

Those who apply themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

It is impossible for a man attempting many things to do them all well.

—ZENOPHON.

'If you would live at your ease," says Democritus, "manage but a few things." I think it had been better if he had said, "Do nothing but what is necessary; and what becomes the reason of a social being, and in the order too it prescribes it." For by this rule a man has the double pleasure of making his actions good and few into the bargain. For the greater part of what we say and do, being unnecessary, if this were but once retrenched, we should have both more leisure and less disturbance. And therefore before a man sets forward, he should ask himself this question, "Am I not upon the verge of something unnecessary?" Farther we should apply this hint to what we think, as well as to what we do. For impertinence of thought draws unnecessary action after it.

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

What is impossible, cannot be done: what is possible, may be attempted. A cart goes not on the water, neither does a ship sail on dry land.

—"HITOPADESHA."*

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* *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

Besides these methods of economy, the eye of the master or the mistress is always necessary to see that nothing is lost, that every thing is put to its proper use, and kept in its proper place, and that all things are done decently and in order. It does no dishonour to even the highest individuals to take a personal interest in their own affairs. And with persons of moderate means, the necessity for the eye of the master overlooking every thing, is absolutely necessary for the proper conduct of business.

—SMILES.

Never wade in unknown waters.

A philosopher was asked from what he received his first lesson in wisdom. He replied "from the blind," who never take a step until they have first felt the ground in front of them.

Ability and necessity dwell near each other.

—PYTHAGORAS.

There is no such word as 'impossible,' said Napoleon.

To believe a business impossible is the way to make it so.

Where there is a will, there is a way.

A man never knows what he can do, till he tries.

A human being with a settled purpose must accomplish it. Nothing can resist a will that will stake even existence for its fulfilment.

The man who never made a mistake, never made a discovery.

A good servant makes a good master.

No man can serve two masters.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools.

Build on resolve and not upon regret the structure of thy future.

A man who cannot mind his own busines, is not to be trusted with the king's.

Affairs must suffer, when recreation is preferred to business.

ARCHIAS AND THE LETTER.

When the Spartans seized upon Thebes, they placed Archias over the garrison. Pelopidas, with eleven others, banded together to put Archias to the sword. A letter containing full details of the plot was given to Archias at the banquet table; but he thrust the letter under his cushion, saying, "business to-morrow." But long ere that sun arose, he was numbered with the dead.*

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

One rule, into whose observance most men can train themselves, is to avoid business cares out of business hours. The man who carries his load eight hours a day, will carry it longer than he who bears it eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

I was consulted by a gentleman, who said: "Doctor, I swore to sift a certain matter to the bottom, and kept

* *From Rev. Dr. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*

thinking about it, until here I am." It is exactly such action as this against which I want here to protest most strongly. The saddle that is never off soon galls. Systematic, purposive, wilful laying aside of care and work is a necessity to him who would accomplish his utmost.*

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'GO' AND 'COME.'

A gentleman in Surrey had land, which was worth £200 per year, and which he himself cultivated, but as his income arising from it was not equal to his expenditure, he was necessitated to sell one half of it to pay his debts and let the rest to a farmer for the term of 21 years. Before that term expired, the farmer one day bringing his rent, asked him if he would sell the land. "How," said the gentleman, "it is strange. I could not live upon twice as much land being my own; and you, upon one half of it, though you have paid the rent, are able to buy it." "O," said the farmer, "two words only make the difference. You said 'go,' and I say 'come'." "You lay in bed" said the farmer, "or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business. I rise early and see my business done myself. You said to the men 'go and do the work,' I say 'come and do it,' so that I have my eye upon them, and even afford them assistance."

CAREFUL HABITS.

A young man went to ask for a post, but was refused by a merchant. He was greatly disappointed, but as he was passing in front of the building, there was a pin lying on the pavement, and this he took up

* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black, M. B.*

by stooping down, and then stuck it carefully under the bosom of his coat. The gentleman at the window saw this, and recalled him as a man worthy of encouragement, as a careful and business man even in great disappointment, gave him a small post, but he rose to be a man of immense wealth, as he ultimately was made a partner. So much for good and careful habits.

THE PAINTER AND HIS WORK.

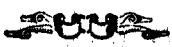
A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece, which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom, for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and feature, which seemed erroneous. The spectators came and in general applauded; but each willing to show his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that was not stigmatised with marks of disapprobation: not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner, and exposing his picture as before desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist returning found his picture replete with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find that the best way to please one half of the world is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these shall be by those regarded as beauties."

—GOLDSMITH.

THE POET'S ADVICE.

The tempers of all differ, they all are not alike;
Mind your own work without regarding whether the people speak well or ill.
Consult good people, keep your mind quiet;
Do that work of yours which you consider to be good.
Banish sloth day and night, be of good cheer;
Wish all well and mind your work.
Finish what is begun and then take rest;
Pay no heed to what is said in the meantime and do your work.
Do not expect remuneration from men who are made of clay;
Let God be your hope and mind your work.
Be unmindful of praise or censure and do good deeds;
Just as the sun and rain go on with their work.
Dalpatrâm always gives good advice;
Let your heart be pure and resolute and mind your work.

—DALPATRÂM.*



* *A Gujarâti poet.*

17. CARES, TROUBLES, &c.

CARES.

Take care or care will take you.

Care that is enter'd once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession, ere it rest.

—BEN JONSON.

Anxiety is such a fury
As corrodes the heart of man.

—KABIR.

I am sure care's an enemy to life.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Care can avail nothing; it devoureth life: for those things shall happen which God shall direct.*

—DÂDU.

Pack your cares in as small a place as you can, so that you can carry them yourself, and not let them annoy others.

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* *From the Works of H. H. Wilson.*

The man whose mind becomes a prey to anxiety, cannot earn a bellyful of corn;
He who yields himself up to anxiety, cannot get sound sleep;
The man who is absorbed in anxiety, cannot attend to any work at home;
He who is constantly pining at heart, is ill at ease with himself;
Again the man who is engrossed in anxiety becomes quite unconscious and insensible;
Vachhrâj says, anxiety has such powers to do evil that it makes a man pale and emaciated.

—VACHHRÂJ.*

People worry themselves ill; they worry themselves insane; they worry themselves to death. Ambition is a good thing, industry is a good thing, energy is a good thing, but restlessness, fretfulness and worry, these tend directly to insanity and death.

Fear and worry and all kindred mental states are too expensive for any person, man, woman or child, to entertain or indulge in. Fear paralyzes healthy action, worry corrodes and pulls down the organism, and will finally tear it to pieces. Nothing is to be gained by it, but everything to be lost. Long continued grief at any loss will do the same. Each brings its own peculiar type of ailment.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

Whatever is the will of God, will assuredly happen; therefore do not destroy yourselves by anxiety.†

—DÂDU.

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

† *From the Works of H. H. Wilson.*

Each care drives a nail in
Our coffin, no doubt,
But each merry laugh again
Drives it right out.

—WOLCOT.

A heart free from care is better than a full purse.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

TROUBLES &c.

Every condition has some troubles.

A good way to dispel darkness from about you is to make *light* of your troubles.

Those who have troubles are better off by not thinking of them, by always looking on the sunny side, and lighting up the soul and faces with good nature and cheerfulness.

Many troubles, like waves of the ocean, will if we wait calmly, only break at our feet and disappear.

If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men as well as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable.*

Trouble is an article you can always borrow.

Half of the ills we hoard within our hearts
Are ills because we hoard them.

—PROCTOR.

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* *From Sayings from the Works of George Eliot, selected by Alexander Main.*

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows;
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom:
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence which guards the good.

—JOHNSON.

I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

—ADDISON.

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?

—MILTON.

Never meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains. Perhaps he will give up his visit in sight of your house.

Leave your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them by that time will require answering.

How many slight troubles
We all might avoid,
If every moment
Were rightly employed!
What priceless hours in sighing we waste—
Hours that once lost can never be replaced.
The wise man finds labour
A solace for grief:
The fool in lamenting,
Seeks doubtful relief.

In weeping and wailing, in tearing his hair,
As though he deemed baldness a cure for despair.
Be strong when the moment
Of trial is near;
Bear the shock like a hero,
That knoweth no fear.
But till it cometh, no tremor betray,
For 'tis folly to rush to meet trouble half way.
It cometh full early
To every one—
The labouring peasant,
The king on his throne.
To neither would life be worth living a day,
If he hastened to meet every trouble half way.

Evils have been more painful to us in the prospect than in the actual pressure.

—ADDISON.

Examine as long as you please the goods of this world, and you will always find them much more desirable than really they are till you have enjoyed them. Examine likewise all the evils, and you will find them to be feared beyond what they ought to be, till you have made this experiment.

Whoever has gone thro' much of life must remember that he has thrown away a great deal of useless uneasiness upon what was much worse in apprehension than in reality. Remember that at the worst troubles are transient.

Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travellers upon their road; they both appear great

at a distance, but when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

—COLTON.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

Let us not burthen our remembrance with a heaviness that's gone.

Another important element in the wise conduct of life is to preserve a proper proportion between our thought for the present and our thought for the future; in order not to spoil the one by paying overgreat attention to the other. Many live too much in the present—frivolous people I mean, others too much in the future, over-anxious and full of care.*

—SCHOPENHAUER.

No man ever sank under the burden of to-day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to that of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

—"BIBLE—ST. MATTHEW 6."

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late.

—SWAIN.

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* *From Counsels and Maxims, translated by Saunders.*

To-day is ours, but to-morrow,
Perhaps, we may never see;
Then why should we borrow trouble
For a time that may not be?
Leave to the future, brother,
The trouble it may bring;
In the sunshine that God gives us,
Be glad of heart and sing.

I am not concerned to know
What to-morrow fate will do;
'Tis enough that I can say
I've possessed myself to-day.

—ISAAC WATTS.

Enjoy the present, whatsoever it be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition: it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you shall want drink the next day. If it be well to-day, it is madness to make the present miserable by fearing it may be ill to-morrow—when your belly is full of to-day's dinner, to fear you shall want the next day's supper; for it may be you shall not, and then to what purpose was this day's affliction? But if to-morrow you shall want, your sorrow will come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. But if it chance to be ill to-day, do not increase it by the care of to-morrow. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours; we are dead to yesterday and we are not yet born to the morrow.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd;
Joys only flow where fate is most conceal'd;
Too busy man wou'd find his sorrows more,
If future fortunes he shou'd know before.

—DRYDEN.

Look not mournfully at the past, it comes not again. Wisely improve the present, it is thine; and go forward to meet the future with a pure heart and a manly resolve.

All our frequent troubles,
All our care and woe,
Come from our own actions,
Sins of long ago.
Let this knowledge help us,
When we suffer pain,
Let it in temptation,
Us from sin restrain.

THE FABLE OF CARE AND MAN.

Cares, both in kind and degree, are as innumerable as the sands of the sea-shore; and the fable which Hyginus has so pleasantly constructed on this subject shows that man is their proper prey.

"Care," says he, "crossing a dangerous brook collected a mass of dirty slime which deformed its banks, and moulded it into the image of an earthly being, which Jupiter, on passing by soon afterwards, touched with ethereal fire and warmed into animation; but being at a loss what name to give this new production and disputing to whom of right it belonged, the matter was referred to Saturn, who decreed that his name should be *Man*, *Homo ab humo*, from the dirt of which he had

been made; that care should entirely possess his mind while living; that Tellus, or the earth, should receive his body when dead; and that Jupiter should dispose of his celestial essence according to his discretion. Thus was man made the property of care from his original formation; and discontent, the offspring of care, has ever since been his inseparable companion.

—BURTON.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE, AND THE BAD BRIDGE.

One pleasant morning one man and his wife started out to pay a visit to a friend, whose house was some miles distant from their own. They had not gone far before the woman remembered a bridge they had to cross which was very old and was said to be unsafe, and she began to worry about it. "What shall we do about that bridge?" she said to her husband. "I shall never dare to go over it, and we can't cross the river any other way." "Oh," said the man, "I forgot that bridge; it is a bad place. Suppose it should break through? We should be drowned!"—"Or suppose you should step on a rotten plank and break your leg, what would become of me and the baby?" "I don't know," said the man, "what would become of any of us, for I could not work, and we should all starve to death." So they went on, worrying and worrying, till they got to the bridge, when, lo and behold, they saw that since they had been there last, a new bridge had been built, and they crossed over it in safety, and found they might as well have saved themselves all their anxiety.

OH LOOK NOT FOR TROUBLE.

Oh look not for trouble
That never may come,
Weave not a gloom curtain
To darken your home;
Nor draw from the future
Dread phantoms of woe,
To blight every season
Of comfort below.

Start never in despair
At a fear that may rise,
Nor let the heart leap
With its troublous cries—
"It cometh! it cometh!
The shadow afar,
It cometh! it cometh!
And hideth Hope's star."

List not for a moment,
But turn from the voice,
And seek for a joy
That shall bid you rejoice
You surely will find
In the present a light,
To guide still your steps
In the pathway of right.

What is, let us bear
With the courage of Hope,
Nor seek with the ills,
Of the future to cope;
To-day with its burden
Alone will we strive,

To-morrow perchance
We in comfort may thrive.

When blindly we grope
Thro' the mist from afar
And borrow care's pictures,
Joy's pathway to bar;
We are bearing a burden,
'Tis folly to share,
And in pity, the heart
Should such vain torture spare.

Sufficient to bear
Is the evil to-day;
O'ercome it we shall
With a spirit still gay.
And looking above
For new strength for the strife,
In triumph we will walk
Through the pathway of life.

18. CHARACTER.

Money is not needful; power is not needful; cleverness is not needful; fame is not needful; liberty is not needful; even health is not the one thing needful, but character alone—a thoroughly cultivated will—is that which can truly save us, and if we are not saved in this sense, we must certainly be damned.

—Prof. Blackie.

The crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of a man, constituting a rank in itself, and an estate in the general good-will: dignifying every station, and exalting every position in society. It exercises a greater power than wealth, secures all the honour without the jealousies of fame. It carries with it an influence, which always tells; for it is the result of proved honour, rectitude and consistency—qualities, which, perhaps, more than any other, command the general confidence and respect of mankind.

—Smiles.

It is not wealth, not position nor culture, so much as character which wins. Strangely enough, those that seek the former to the neglect of the latter pay homage to character. There is that in good moral character that commands respect. Wealth and position and even culture, unattended by virtue, may excite contempt, while character, poor, untitled, ignorant attracts esteem.

I take individual character to be the highest embodiment of the human being—the noblest heraldry of man. It is that which dignifies him; which elevates him in the scale of manhood, which forms the conscience of society, and creates and forms its best motive power.

—SMILES.

Character depends, for the most part, on the possession of fixed principles firmly grasped and consistently pursued; of personal integrity and trustworthiness; of moderation in tone, temper, life, action, and transaction; of cautious and diligent attention to the duties of a station; of care in the selection of associates, and in the forming of intimacies; and of the upholding of a fearlessly consistent mode of life in daily habit and public conference. Character can rarely be put on as a varnish of life; it ought to be the very result of the growth and manifestations of the life within working towards the outward and observable.

—SAMUEL NEIL.

Actions, looks, words, steps form the alphabet by which you may spell characters.

—DR. H. HUNTER.

One trait of my character is thorough seriousness. I am indifferent about nothing that I undertake. In fact, if I undertake to do a thing, I cannot be indifferent.

—SIR ALEXANDER BURNES.

The highest of characters, in my estimation, is his who is as ready to pardon the moral errors of mankind, as if he were every day guilty of some himself: and at the same time as cautious of committing a fault, as if

he never forgave one. It is a rule then which we should upon all occasions, both private and public, most religiously observe, "to be inexorable to our own failings, while we treat those of the rest of the world with tenderness, not excepting even those who forgive none but themselves."

—PLINY.

Grandeur of character lies wholly in force of soul, that is, in the force of thought, moral principle, and love, and this may be found in the humblest condition of life.

—REV. CHANNING.

There are two simple truisms: That men are the same; and that the passions are the powerful and disturbing forces, the greater or the less prevalence of which gives individuality to character.

—COLTON.

Reputation is what men think of us; character is what we really are.

Sow an act, and you reap a habit;
Sow a habit, and you reap a character;
Sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

—THACKERAY.

Your character is in your own hands.

—BENGALI PROVERB.

Character is formed by a variety of minute circumstances, more or less under the regulation and control of the individual. Not a day passes without its discipline, whether for good or for evil. There is no act, however

trivial, but has its train of consequences, as there is no hair so small but casts its shadow.

—SMILES.

Childhood is the time for forming a character; unless it be formed then it is waste of time to try to form it afterwards—the first impressions being the deepest and the most lasting. A character, then, either for good or for evil, is formed and only formed, as a rule, in childhood. If this be the case, what a fearful responsibility rests upon a mother—which it really and truly does—the most onerous that can be put upon the shoulders of any one—requiring on her part, earnest prayer, watchfulness, vigilance and abnegation of self.

—CHAVASSE.

Whether we call it education or not, the character of every individual largely depends upon the training in ideas and in habits, which he receives during the period between infancy and adult life. This training comes through direct teaching, but also through example and through all the various influences which surround the child, whether in the home, the school or the playground. The environment or conditions of his life make up the raw material from which at every moment he assimilates a portion, and, according to his native bias, builds up his individual character.*

—JANE H. CLAPPERTON.

In the description of a sermon preached to the working classes by the late Dr. Macleod in the Barony Church of Glasgow, it is said that he made a grand

* *From Scientific Meliorism.*

stand for character. From the highest to the lowest that was the grand aim to be made. He said that "the most valuable thing that Prince Albert had left was character. He knew perfectly well that many very poor people thought it was impossible for them to have a character. It was not true; he would not hear of it. There was not a man or woman before him, however poor they might be, but had it in their power, by the grace of God, to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth, character; and their children might rise up after them and thank God that their mother was a pious woman, or their father a pious man." Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed—of self-denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and Duty. The backbone of character is laid at home; and whether the constitutional tendencies be good or bad, home influences will as a rule fan them into activity.

—SMILES.

Home is the first and most important school of character. It is there that every human being receives his best moral training or his worst; for it is there that he imbibes those principles of conduct which endure through manhood and cease only with life.

—SMILES.

Talents are best nurtured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.

—GOETHE.

Human character is moulded by a thousand subtle influences; by example and precept; by life and literature; by friends and neighbours; by the world we live in as well as by the spirits of our forefathers, whose legacy of good words and deeds we inherit. But great,

unquestionably, though these influences are regarded to be, it is nevertheless equally clear that men must necessarily be the active agents of their own well-being and well-doing; and that, however much the wise and the good may owe to others, they themselves must in the very nature of things be their own best helpers.

—SMILES.

The best sort of character, however, cannot be formed without effort. There needs the exercise of constant self-watchfulness, self-discipline, and self-control. There may be much faltering, stumbling and temporary defeat; difficulties and temptations manifold to be battled with and overcome; but if the spirit be strong and the heart be upright, no one need despair of ultimate success. The very effort to advance—to arrive at a higher standard of character than we have reached—is inspiring and invigorating: and even though we may fall short of it, we cannot fail to be improved by every honest effort made in an upward direction.

—SMILES.

Character must be kept bright as well as clean. In purity of character and in politeness of manners, labour to excel all, if you wish to equal many.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

The moral character of man should be not only pure, but, like Cœsar's wife, unsuspected. The least speck or blemish upon it is fatal.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Character is like cloth; if white, it can be dyed black, but once blackened, it cannot be dyed white.

A good character is carefully to be maintained for the sake of others if possible, more than ourselves; it is coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.

—COLTON.

A good and honourable character is a safe provision for every event and every turn of fortune.

—MENANDER.

Character gives splendour to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and grey hairs.

—EMERSON.

Wherever a man goes to dwell, his character goes with him.

—AFRICAN PROVERB.

The reputation of a thousand years may depend on the character of a single day.

—CHINESE PROVERB.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speak evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

—DANIEL.

A man of feeble character resembles
A reed that bends with every gust of wind.*

—MÂGHA.

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* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

Men may be known six different ways: viz. 1. by their countenances, 2. their words, 3. their actions, 4. their tempers, 5. their ends, 6. by the relation of others. The truest characters come from domestics.

—BACON.

No one can persevere long in a fictitious character; for nature will soon reassert itself.

—SENECA.

It is not in the most distinguished exploits that men's virtues or vices may be best discovered, but frequently an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, that distinguishes a person's real character more than the greatest battles or the most important actions.

—PLUTARCH.

Man shows his character best in small trifles, where he is not on his guard, and it is in insignificant matters and the simplest habits that we may be often able to note the boundless egotism which pays not the slightest regard to the feelings of others, and which denies itself nothing in great things, though he may contrive to conceal it.

—SCHOPENHAUER.

It is when a man has lost his position in the world, or great wealth, that the silliness of his character, which was overlaid, is made apparent, and which was there though no one perceived it.

—BRUYERE.

A man's character may be judged of even more surely by the letters which his friends addressed to him than by those which he himself penned.

—SOUTHEY.

There is no act in a man's conduct, however simple and inconsiderable, in which there does not appear some slight peculiarities that reveal his secret character. A fool does not enter a room, nor leave it, nor sit down, nor rise up, nor is he silent, nor does he stand on his legs, like a man of sense and understanding.

—BRUYERE.

When Dr. Abbot, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, drew the character of his deceased friend Thomas Sackville, he did not dwell upon his merits as a statesman, or his genius as a poet, but upon his virtues as a man in relation to the ordinary duties of life. "How many rare things were in him!" said he. "Who more loving unto his wife? Who more kind unto his children? Who more fast unto his friend? Who more moderate unto his enemy? Who more true to his word?" Indeed, we can always better understand and appreciate a man's real character by the manner in which he conducts himself towards those who are the most nearly related to him, and by his transaction of the seemingly commonplace details of daily duty, than by his public exhibition of himself as an author, an orator, or a statesman.

—SMILES.

The three events which cause us to think most profoundly, and which make the most decided impression upon the character, are thwarted ambition, unsuccessful love, and the approach of death.

Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect. The former is more the product of brain-power, the latter of heart-power: and in the long run it is the heart that rules in life. Men

of genius stand to society in the relation of its intellect, as men of character of its conscience; and while the former are admired, the latter are followed.

—SMILES.

Men of ability are common enough, but men of character are very rare.

The greatest benefactor to society is not he who serves it by single acts, but whose general character is the manifestation of a higher life and spirit than pervades the mass. Such men are the salt of the earth. The might of individual virtue surpasses all other powers.

—REV. CHANNING.

Character is moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature. * * * Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.

—EMERSON.

He who is insensible to the duties which he owes to those who are nearest, and who ought to be dearest to him, will never feel a higher regard for your welfare,—who are strangers to him. He, who acts wickedly in private life, can never be expected to show himself noble in his public conduct. He who is base at home, will not acquit himself with honour when sent to a foreign country in a public capacity; for it is not the man, but the place merely, that is changed.

—ÆSCHINES.

The end which the statesman should keep in view as higher than all other ends is the formation of character.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

Its (of the prosperity of nations) foundation is laid in pure domestic life, in commercial integrity, in a high standard of moral worth and of public spirit, in simple habits, in courage, uprightness, and a certain soundness and moderation of judgment which springs quite as much from character as from intellect. If you would form a wise judgment of the future of a nation, observe carefully whether these qualities are increasing or decaying. Observe especially what qualities count for most in public life. Is character becoming of greater or less importance? Are the men who obtain the highest post in the nation, men, of whom in private life and irrespective of party, competent judges speak with genuine respect? Are they of sincere convictions, consistent lives, indisputable integrity? * * * It is by observing this moral current that you can best cast the horoscope of a nation.

—LECKY.

Give me the man, who, if at times he err,
At least shows something like character,
Who can consult his heart as well as head,
Nor waits to ask if feeling be well-bred!

—LORD LEIGH.

19. CHARITY—ALMS-GIVING.

We are to relieve the distressed, to put the wanderer into his way, and to divide our bread with the hungry, which is but the doing of good to ourselves; for we are only several members of one great body.

—SENECA.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

He only truly lives
Whose charity is free;
But he who never gives
Is dead as dead can be.*

Charity is the salt of riches; without this preservative they would corrupt themselves.

True liberal charity is wisely divided amongst many, and proportioned to the objects upon which it rests. It is not, it cannot be confined to near relations, intimate friends, or particular favourites. These it will never neglect; nay, to these its first attentions are naturally directed. But whatever may be its partialities to those immediately connected with us, or who love us and resemble us, it cannot remain under these restrictions. The principle which gave it birth, extends its influence in every possible direction. The objects which solicit the friendly aid of charity are many and various. Here we find the afflicted body—there the

* *A Cural Song, from the Folk-songs of Southern India by Charles E. Gover.*

grieved mind. Here a mourning desolate widow—there destitute orphans. Perhaps both together sitting in silent dejection, or agitated with all the violence of grief. At one time, we hear the plaintive voice of the solitary mourner—at another, the united cries of a numerous starving family. Turn to the one hand, and feeble tottering age requests support—turn to the other hand, and the deserted infant or neglected youth, requires a kind interposition. These and many similar cases of urgent necessity, claim the attention and care of the compassionate and generous. On such occasions, how does the man of liberal charity feel and act? Is theatrical representation necessary to rouse his sensibilities? Must he learn from the fictitious tale of misery to compassionate real distress? Must his heart be taught by the tongue of the pathetic orator to move with sentiments of generous sympathy? No! well attested facts are sufficient to call them forth to the most seasonable and effectual exertions; or he repairs to the house of the mourners, and seeing with his own eyes, and hearing with his own ears, he mingles his tears with theirs—his heart overflows with the tenderest emotions, and his hand readily administers according to his abilities. Amidst such various scenes of sorrow, that which overwhelms him most is, that he cannot extend his help to all. This, however, checks not the ardour of his charity, but prompts his wisdom and prudence to contrive how he may most usefully divide his labours of love. He cannot think of devoting them entirely to one, or a very few, because thus they might receive too much, and others too little. But while he cannot be confined within a very small circle, both prudence and charity forbid his taking too wide a range, lest he should defeat his own benevolent purposes; by extending thus too

far, his means would prove unequal to the end. Much may be given away, and yet lose its effect, by being divided into so many small parts that almost none receive material benefit. He therefore considers who are the most needy, the most worthy, and what are their different resources, and he adapts his charity to their state and character. He clothes the naked, or feeds the hungry, or comforts the disconsolate, or educates the friendless youth, or administers counsel to the ignorant, the perplexed, and the inexperienced. Full of desire to answer all demands, when his own funds are insufficient, he thinks it not mean nor troublesome to ask assistance, and plead the cause of the destitute. He does not stop to inquire who is my neighbour? By the ties of humanity he feels his heart knit to the whole human race. While he looks up with devotion and gratitude to the common Parent, he looks around him with kind and tender attachment, and says, "Are we not all his offspring?" *

Charity begins at home.

Charity should begin at home but not end there.

"Be just," it hath been said, "before you are generous," and truly,
For he is not generous who neglects his duty, though he spend
His means in bounties: our first duty is to perform the right—
Our second, to aid our neighbour in his need to do the same;

* *From Sermons by Balfour—Chambers's Educational Course.*

A generosity that forgets to do so is but showy prodigality,
And doth not good to any one: but oft times the maxim
Is but a mere excuse to avoid doing a good work
Which is both just and generous, and what we ought to do—
A cloak to hide our own hard-heartedness, under the plea
Of our necessities, to retain the credit of good-will
Without the labour of good works, and on the faith of words
To be thought generous, with the mere promise of performance.
I would not have you imitate such poor hypocrisy,
But be really just, and you will find the opportunity
Even in doing justice to yourself to be generous to others—
They lie not so wide apart as this poor maxim deems;
And be sure of this, a good will doth always find the means
To make its goodness known and do the good it purposes,—
It is not means of goodness that we mostly fail in,
Nor is it justice, nor a just consideration that hinders generosity,
But our unwilling will, that ever is our chief obstacle—
And when we overcome it, all the rest is plain and easy.

—C. H. HANGER.

I have much more confidence in the charity which begins at the home and diverges into a large humanity, than in the world-wide philanthropy, which begins on the outside of our horizon to converge into egotism.

—JAMESON.

They who, bearing heavy burdens over
Life's most hilly road,
Strive to cheer a weaker brother,
Bowed beneath another load;
Who with young ones round about them,
Where full plenty never smiled,
Yet can stretch their heart and table
To let in an orphan child;
They who half-fed, feed the breadless,
In the travail of distress;
They who, taking from a little, give
To those who have still less;
They, who needy, yet can pity, when
They look on greater need;
These are Charity's disciples—these
Are Mercy's sons indeed.

—ELIZA COOK.

There are none more truly charitable than the poor.

—CHAMBERS.

Why not be kind to every one,
And let the heart-warmth flow
Out on this world of suffering
To soften many a woe?
Why turn in deafness from the cry
The wretched mourner gives?
Why not nurse fullest charity
For every one that lives?

Let your wealth be spent in such charities as may contribute to the happiness of all creatures.

—CHHOTUM.*

The motive of alms-giving may be threefold, respecting God, our neighbour and ourselves. That which respects God is obedience and thankfulness to him. In respect of our neighbour, the motive must be a true love and compassion to him, a tender fellow-feeling of his wants and desire of his comfort and relief. In respect of ourselves the motive is to be the hope of that eternal reward promised to this performance. * * * We must not propose to ourselves the praise of men as the motive of our charity. As regards the manner of giving, first, we must give cheerfully. Secondly, we must give seasonably. Thirdly, we should take care to give prudently; that is, to give most where it is most needed, and in such manner as may do the receiver most good. Fourthly, we should give liberally. We must not be strait-handed in our alms, and give by such pitiful scantlings, as will bring almost no relief to the receiver.

"THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN."

Posthumous charities are the very essence of selfishness, when bequeathed by those, who, when alive, would part with nothing.

—COLTON.

Defer not charities till Death.

—BACON.

He who clothes the naked shall be clothed by God with the green robes of paradise.

—MAHOMED.

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.

—SOLOMON.

The gift of alms,
That's made because it ought to be, to one
Who can't repay, and at a proper place,
And proper time, and to a proper man,
Is called *good*. That, however, which is made,
For a return, or with an eye to fruit,
And with reluctance, that is said to be
Indifferent. And it is described as *bad*,
When given at an improper place or time,
To an improper man, without respect,
Or with disdain.

—"BHAGAVAD GÎTÂ."*

To bestow alms and live righteously,
To give help to kindred.
Deeds which cannot be blamed:
These are the greatest blessing.†

—GAUTAM.

To Mezdâm‡ there is nothing more pleasing than charity.

—"DESATIR."§

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver.

—"BIBLE—II CORINTHIANS 9."

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* *Translated by K. T. Telang.*

† *From David's Buddhism.*

‡ *The Most High God.*

§ *Translated by Mulla Firuz Bin Kâus, edited by D. J. Medhora.*

The great beauty of charity is privacy; there is a sweet force even in an anonymous penny.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your father which is in heaven. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

—"BIBLE—ST. MATTHEW 6."

Pride not thyself on thy religious works,
Give to the poor, but talk not of thy gifts.
By pride religious merit melts away,
The merit of the alms by ostentation.*

—MANU.

Let him who hath conferred a favour hold his tongue. In conferring a favour nothing should be more avoided than pride.

—SENECA

A man of true generosity will study in what manner to render his benefaction most advantageous.

—MELMOTH.

That men give unto the undeserving and refrain from giving unto the deserving is due to inability to discriminate between the deserving and the undeserving. For this reason the practice of even the virtue of charity is difficult. These are the two faults connected with wealth even when acquired, *viz.* gift to an undeserving person, and abstaining to give unto him that is deserving.

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

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* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

liberality is not giving largely, but wisely.

When asked, give something, though a very trifle,
Ungrudgingly and with a cheerful heart,
According to thy substance; only see
That he to whom thou givest worthy be.*

—MANU.

Yet even the wealthiest cannot be expected to grant every demand upon their bounty; nor is every one who comes with a doleful story in his mouth a fit object of benevolence. Many a man has been ruined, simply because he could not say no; a worthless character comes to him with a plausible story of distress, and being of a disposition too indolent to doubt, because doubt might involve him in inquiry, and wishing to get rid of the fellow's importunity, he yields all that is asked. Thus we see that he who never confers a benefit, and he who never refuses, as long as he is able to grant, do equally little good to the really deserving poor. The former gives to nobody, and the latter to none but the worthless. A judicious use of *yes* and *no* is alike of vital importance to the man who employs them, and to him who anxiously awaits their decision.

I do not understand those for poor, which are vagabonds and beggars, but those that labour to live, such as are old and cannot travel, such poor widows and fatherless children as are ordered to be relieved, and the poor tenants that travail to pay their rents and are driven to poverty by mischance and not by riot or careless expenses. On such have thou compassion, and God will bless thee for it.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

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* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

Though well-directed charity is highly commendable, indiscriminate alms-giving, so common in India, does more harm than good. If a shop-keeper fed every day a strong beggar, supporting him in idleness, would this be true charity? Much of the alms-giving in this country is similarly injurious in its effects. Lazy men are encouraged to depend upon the industrious, instead of supporting themselves. Wealth is thus diminished. Much more grain would be raised if able-bodied beggars worked in the fields.

—Dr. Murdoch.

Indiscriminate charity saps the very foundation of national manliness, gives a premium to indolence, and trains up men and women to the meanness of beggary and not to the dignity of labour.

—Pandit Shivanâth Shâstri.

The truest philanthropists are those who endeavour to prevent misery, dependence, and destitution; and especially those who diligently help the poor to help themselves.

—Smiles.

The only true secret of assisting the poor is to make them agents in bettering their own condition.

—Archbishop Sumner.

The wisest charity is to help a man to help himself. To put a man in the way of supporting himself gives him a new lease of life, makes him feel young again, for it is very many times all the sick man needs to restore him to perfect health.*

—Dr. W. W. Hall.

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* *From How to Live Long.*

Recognising the great truth that the best and only way to help another is to help him to help himself, and that the neglected classes need not so much alms as friends, the Organised Charities with their several branches in different parts of the city, have their staffs of "friendly visitors," almost all voluntary, and from some of the best homes in the land. Then when a case of need comes to the notice of the Society, one of these goes to the person or family as a "friend" to investigate, to find what circumstances have brought about these conditions; and if found worthy of aid, present needs are supplied, an effort is made to secure work, and every effort is made to put them on their feet again, that self-respect may be regained, that hope may enter in; for there is scarcely anything that tends to make one lose his self-respect so quickly and so completely as to be compelled, or of his own accord to ask for alms.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

True charity is found where man, seeking to diffuse happiness among all men, digs canals and pools, makes roads, bridges and seats, and plants trees for shade. It is found where, from compassion for the miserable and the poor, who have none to help them, a man erects resting-places for wanderers, and drinking-fountains, or provides food, raiment, medicine for the needy, not selecting one more than another.

When a man asks you a favour and you are unable or unwilling to grant it, if you have a spark of humanity or generosity about you, say "No," as an act of justice to him. If you give him an indefinite answer, or hold out the

idea that you may meet his views, when you have no thought of doing so, you are uttering a deliberate falsehood: you are holding out hopes which are not to be realised and are preventing him from using all his energies in another direction; for if he has some expectation of help from you, he will less earnestly solicit aid from another.*

—Dr. W. W. Hall.

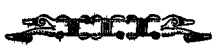
The highest exercise of charity is charity towards the uncharitable.

—Buckminster.

The charities of the late Mr. Goculdas Tejpal, have been in existence for the last 30 years, and have proved instrumental in spreading knowledge and affording relief to the suffering. Lord Lamington was quick in appreciating the qualities of head and heart displayed by the Bhattia philanthropist in the foundation of his charities. "I certainly think," said His Excellency, "on looking over the details of the trust that it was a most marvellous act on the part of one man to conceive. It was not only an amply and justly provided trust, but it was amply well-conceived and properly thought out by Mr. Goculdas Tejpal. I think it speaks well for his race when a citizen can give so largely on such broad principles and on such a carefully well-developed scheme as has been allotted to this particular trust." This is, indeed, high praise but well-deserved. The Goculdas Tejpal charities maintain a number of institutions. What is essential in the administration of large charities is vigilant and intelligent supervision and the same broad

* *From How to Live Long.*

sympathy which animated their founders. We are glad to learn that the Goculdas Tejpal Charities are being administered with scrupulous attention to the intentions of the donor and with close vigilance in supervision.*



* *From The Gujarâti, of the 6th March 1904*

20. CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is medicine for the mind.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

—SOLOMON.

The best cordial of all is cheerfulness.

—DR. MARSHALL HALL.

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.

A pleasant disposition, like oil, in a bicycle bearing, reduces friction, and prevents a world of wear and tear.

Cheerfulness is an excellent working quality imparting great elasticity to the character.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.

Use all proper means to maintain mental hilarity. This you will do, if you value health and comfort.

Mirth is the medicine of life,
It cures its ills, it calms its strife;
It softly smooths the brow of care,
And writes a thousand graces there.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad.

Cheerfulness and diligence are nine-tenths of practical wisdom. They are the life and soul of success as well as of happiness; perhaps the very highest pleasure in life consisting in clear, brisk, conscious working: energy, confidence and every other good quality mainly depending upon it.

—SMILES.

Do the best we may—there will be shortcomings and troubles and vexations all along our life-path; and so we must all make up our minds to take things as they come, or as they don't come, and try to be as cheerful as possible, no matter what happens.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured upon him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befal him.

—"THE SPECTATOR."

A smile costs the giver nothing; yet it is beyond price to the erring and repenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns enmity in love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight.

The greatness, that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The cheerful man's a king.

Although cheerfulness of disposition is very much a matter of inborn temperament, it is also capable of being trained and cultivated like any other habit. We may make the best of life, or we may make the worst of it; and it depends very much upon ourselves whether we extract joy or misery from it. There are always two sides of life on which we can look, according as we choose—the bright side or the gloomy. We can bring the power of the will to bear in making the choice, and thus cultivate the habit of being happy or the reverse. We can encourage the disposition of looking at the brightest side of things, instead of the darkest. And while we see the cloud, let us not shut our eyes to the silver lining.

—SMILES.

The man who lives under an habitual sense of the Divine Presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most inactive.

—ADDISON.

Cheerfulness is a direct and immediate gain,—the very coin, as it were, of happiness, and not, like all else, merely a cheque upon the bank. * * * *

It is certain that nothing contributes so little to cheerfulness as riches, or so much, as health.*

—SCHOPENHAUER.

Genuine cheerfulness arises from contentment of mind; then cultivate contentment of mind.

—CHUNG CHEE.†

There are but two things, which can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence can have no title to that evenness and tranquility of mind which is the health of the soul and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper.

—ADDISON.

We cannot say to joy "remain,"
Nor unto grief "depart;"
The morning and the night must come
To every human heart.
And though the twilight hour dispels
The cheerful, sunny ray,
Shed not a tear; but oh, my dear,
Be merry while you may.

It is no use to fume and fret,
Or spend our time in vain regret,

* *From The Wisdom of Life, translated by Saunders.*

† *A disciple of Confucius: from Marshman's Works of Confucius.*

Bewail the past or future dread—
The less we grieve the better said
It matters not how'er we take it,
Our life is truly what we make it.

Repining never makes us strong,
Nor ever yet undid a wrong;
Despair lights not a single woe,
But darkens Hope's enliv'ning glow;
While anger's but a freak of madness
That 's frought with only pain and sadness.

No night so dark but day will dawn,
And scatter wide the light of morn;
No storm so drear but that on high
Will soon be seen the bright'ning sky;
No soul so full of fear and grief
But trusting heart will give relief.

Before the smile will shadow vanish,
And kindly word doth anger banish,
While cheerful mind can drive away,
The cares that fret us day by day,
So that we find, how'er we take it,
Our life is ever what we make it.

Hume was accumstomed to say that he would rather possess a cheerful disposition—inclined always to look at the bright side of things—than with a gloomy mind to be the master of an estate of ten thousand a year.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise,
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the painful cloud of Care;
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen!
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Attune my jarring thoughts to rest.

—AKENSIDE.

SOME CALL THE WORLD A DREARY PLACE.

Some call the world a dreary place,
And tell long tales of sin and woe;
As if there were no blessed trace
Of sunshine to be found below.

They point, when autumn winds are sighing,
To falling leaves and wither'd flowers;
But shall we only mourn them dying,
And never note their brilliant hours?

They mark the rainbow's fading light,
And say it is the type of man;
"So passeth he"—but, oh! how bright
The transient glory of the span!

They liken Life unto a stream,
That, swift and shallow, pours along;
But beauty marks the rippling gleam,
And music fills the bubbling song.

Why should the preacher ever rave
Of sorrow, death, and "dust to dust"?
We know that we shall fill a grave,—
But why be sad before we must?

Look round the world and we shall see,
Despite the cynic's snarling groan,

Much to awaken thankful glee,
As well as wring the hopeless moan.

Perchance the laden tree we shake
May have a reptile at its root;
But shall we only see the snake,
And quite forget the grateful fruit?

Shall we forget each sunny morn,
And tell of one dire lightning-stroke?
Of all the suits that we have worn,
Shall we but keep the funeral cloak?

Oh! why should our own hands be twining
Dark chaplets from the cypress tree?
Why stand in gloomy spots, repining,
When further on sweet buds may be?

'Tis true that nightshade oft will bind us,
That eyes, the brightest will be dim;
Old wrinkled care too oft will find us,
But why should we go seeking him?

—ELIZA COOK.

THIS WORLD IS NOT SO BAD A PLACE.

This world is not so bad a place,
As many seem to make it;
Though whether good or very bad
Depends on how we take it.
There are rough spots along the road,
But then, when'er we find 'em,
We 've just to keep our courage up,
Press on, and never mind 'em!
'Tis true the skies are sometimes dark,
And heavy shadows bind them,

Yet just beyond the sun still beams—
  It only shines behind them.
If we can only brave the storm,
  Or do the painful duty,
The clouds will break, the light will come,
  And fill the world with beauty.
But if we idly sit and mope,
  Or nothing do save grumble,
And if we 're bound, on every slope,
  To find a spot to stumble—
If, not content with half that falls,
  We make misfortune double,
Why, then, our way is sure to be
  Well filled with care and trouble.
So let's cheer up! Let's bravely turn
  With ready zeal to labour
And lend a hand, whene'er there's need,
  To help a fallen neighbour.
And at the worst—if worst must come—
  Take trials as we find 'em—
With steady gaze look thro' the clouds,
  And see the sun behind 'em!

FOR THE CHRISTIANS.

21. FOR THE CHRISTIANS.

And God spake all these words, saying,

2 I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

3 Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

4 Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath or that is in the water under the earth;

5 Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

6 And shewing mercy unto thousands of them, that love me, and keep my commandments.

7 Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

8 Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

9 Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work;

10 But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates;

11 For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

12 Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
13 Thou shalt not kill.
14 Thou shalt not commit adultery.
15 Thou shalt not steal.
16 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
17 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

The Ten Commandments.
—"BIBLE—EXODUS 20."

The man in life where'er plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!
Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.
That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.
But he, whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble tos'd,
Before the sweeping blast.
For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.
—"BIBLE—THE FIRST PSALM" BY R. BURNS.

Thy gracious ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me, I thee pray;
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, and sad decay.
Preserve my soul; for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just:
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who still in thee doth trust.
Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; oh make rejoice
Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul and voice.
For thou art good; thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou alone,
To them that on thee call.
Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my incessant prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.
I, in the day of my distress,
Will call on thee for aid;
For thou will grant me free access,
And answer what I pray'd.
Like thee among the Gods is none,
Oh Lord; nor any works,
Of all that other gods have done,
Like to thy glorious works.
The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done;

Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.
Teach me, O Lord, thy way most right,
I in thy truth shall bide;
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
Thee will I praise, oh Lord, my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul,
Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
But thou, Lord, art the God most mild
Readiest thy grace to show,
Slow to be angry, and art styled
Most merciful, most true.
Oh turn to me thy face at length,
And me have mercy on:
Unto thy servant give thy strength.
And save thy handmaid's son.
Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes then see,
And be ashamed; because, thou Lord,
Dost help and comfort me.*

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* *Bible—Psalm 86—(A prayer of David) by Milton.*

PSALM 103.

1 An exhortation to bless God for his mercy, 15 and for the constancy thereof.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.
17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;
18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.
19 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens: and his kingdom ruleth over all.
20 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.
21 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
22 Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion; bless the Lord, O my soul.

—"BIBLE—PSALM 103."

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM 148.

"Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights."

Praise ye the Lord! on every height
Songs to his glory raise!
Ye angel-hosts, ye stars of night,
Join in immortal praise!
O heaven of heavens! let praise far-swelling
From all thine orbs be sent!
Join in the strain, ye waters, dwelling,
Above the firmament!
For his the word which gave you birth,
And majesty and might:

Praise to the Highest from the earth,
And let the deeps unite!
O fire and vapour, hail and snow!
Ye servants of His will;
O stormy winds! that only blow
His mandates to fulfil;
Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise!
Fair cedars of the wood!
Creatures of life that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food!
Judges of nations! kings, whose hand
Waves the proud sceptre high!
O youths and virgins of the land!
O age and infancy!
Praise ye His name, to whom alone
All homage should be given;
Whose glory from the eternal throne
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven!

—MRS. HEMANS.

Seven (things) are an abomination unto him (the Lord):

A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood,

An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief,

A false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.

—"BIBLE—PROVERBS 6."

Another parable put he (Jesus Christ) forth unto them, saying,

The kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field:

But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

So the servants of the householder. came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? From whence then hath it tares?

He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up?

But he said, nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.

Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn.

* * * *

He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man;

The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one;

The enemy that soweth them is the devil; and the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.

As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world.

The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity;

And shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

—"BIBLE—PARABLE OF THE TARES."

FAMILY WORSHIP.

In Christian families God is worshipped morning and evening. A hymn is sung, a passage is read from the Bible, and all, afterwards, kneel in prayer. The following is an example of family worship.*

The following hymn may be sung :—

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lid close ;
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

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* *From The Women of India &c., Madras, The Christian Vernacular Education Society.*

A passage is next read from the Bible. It may be the following :—

And seeing the multitudes He (Jesus Christ) went up into a mountain ; and when He was set, His disciples came unto Him. And he opened His mouth and taught them saying :

"Blessed are the poor in spirit ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek ; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful ; for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers ; for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

—"NEW TESTAMENT—MATTHEW. V–1–10."

A prayer like the following may then be offered, all kneeling :—

Heavenly Father, by thy protecting care, we are brought to the close of another day. Blessed be thy name for continued life and health, for richly supplying all our bodily wants.

But, above all, we thank thee for spiritual mercies. We bless thee for thy great love in giving thy Son to die for us. Thanks be to God for this unspeakable gift. For the sake of Jesus Christ, pardon all the vain thoughts, the guilty words, the foolish and wicked actions by which

we have sinned against thee. By his righteousness justify us; by his spirit purify our hearts and make our lives holy.

God of the families of the whole earth, dwell under our roof. Make this house the abode of faith, of piety and love. Strengthen the relations which bind us together by drawing us closer to thyself. Give us, as parents, all the grace which we need. Enable us to train our children in the way they should go; to teach them by example as well as precept. Bless the children. Gather them in thine arms; carry them in thy bosom; fill their hearts with love to thee and to one another. Keep them from the evil that is in the world; spare their lives, if it be thy gracious will: make them holy and useful, and may we at last meet an undivided family in heaven. Bless the servants of this household; make them thy servants, and fellow-heirs with us of thy kingdom.

We commend unto thee all our relatives and friends. May they seek thy face and enjoy thy favour. May we be helpful to one another, and let no root of bitterness springing up trouble us. Bless all men. Enlighten the ignorant; convert the sinful; comfort the sorrowing.

We now commit ourselves to thy care through this night. Let no evil befal us, nor any plague come nigh our dwelling. Whether we wake or sleep, may we be the Lord's. We ask all these blessings in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.*

This night when I lie down to sleep.
I give the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

* *From Prayers for Students and Others, sold by Mr. A. T. Scott, Tract Depôt, Madras.*

Now I wake and see the light,
God has kept me through the night;
Make me good, O Lord, I pray;
Keep and guard me through this day.*
—"SHORT PRAYERS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN."

Gentle Jesus meek and mild,
Look up on a little child
Make me gentle as thou art,
Come and live within my heart.

Take my childish hand in thine,
Guide these little feet of mine,
So shall all my happy days,
Sing their pleasant song of praise.
—CHILD'S PRAYER.

HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

Saviour of them that trust in Thee,
Once more with supplicating cries,
We lift the heart and bend the knee,
And bid devotion's incense rise.

For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven;
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

When'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to steer our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our stay.

Be ours Thy fear, and favour still,
United hearts, unchanging love;

* *From The Women of India &c., Madras, The Christian Vernacular Education Society.*

No scheme that contradicts thy will,
No wish that centers not above.

And since we must be parted here,
Support us when the hour shall come;
Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,
Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

—H. ALFORD.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

O Almighty God! again we approach thy merciful seat, to offer unto thee our thanks and praises for the blessings and protection afforded us this day; and humbly to implore thy pardon for our manifold transgressions.

Grant that the words of various instruction which we have heard or read this day, may be so inwardly grafted in our hearts and memories as to bring forth the fruits of learning and virtue.

Grant that as we recline on our pillows, we may call to mind the transactions of the day, condemn those things of which our conscience accuses us, and make and keep resolutions of amendment.

Grant that thy holy angels may watch over us this night, and guard us from temptation, excluding all improper thoughts, and filling our breasts with the purest sentiments of piety. Like as the hart panteth for the water-brook, so let our souls, thirst for thee, O Lord, and for whatever is excellent and beautiful in learning and behaviour.

Correct, by the sweet influence of Christian charity, the irregularities of our temper; and restrain every tendency to ingratitude, and to ill-usage of our parents, teachers, pastors and masters. Teach us to know the

value of a good education, and to be thankful to those who labour in the improvement of our minds and morals. Give us grace to be reverent to our superiors, gentle to our equals or inferiors, and benevolent to all mankind. Elevate and enlarge our sentiments, and let all our conduct be regulated by right reason, attended with Christian charity, and that peculiar generosity of mind, which becomes a liberal scholar, and a sincere Christian.

O Lord, bestow upon us whatever may be good for us even though we should omit to pray for it; and avert whatever is hurtful, though in the blindness of our hearts we should desire it.

Into thy hands we resign ourselves, as we retire to rest; hoping by thy mercy, to rise again with renewed spirits, to go through the business of the morrow, and to prepare ourselves for this life, and for a blessed immortality; which we ardently hope to attain through the merits and intercession of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

Almighty Father, at the close of another day, I kneel before thee in supplication, and ere I compose my body to sleep, I would steal a few moments from weariness, to lift up my thoughts to thy perfections, to meditate on thy wonderful dispensations, and to make my request known unto thee.

Although the hours of this day have not been spent in the busy haunts of society, but in the pursuit of needful and godly knowledge, yet I am conscious that my thoughts and actions have been far from pure; and many vain and foolish speculations, many sinful thoughts and ambitious anticipations, have obtruded themselves on my mind. I know that I have felt pleasure in what I ought to have abhorred, and that I have not had thy presence continually in mind; so that my ghostly enemy has mix-

ed poison with my best food, and sowed tares with the good seed of instruction. Sometimes too the world has had too much to do with my thoughts. I have longed for its pleasures, its splendours, its honours and have forgotten that I am a poor follower of Jesus Christ, whose inheritance is not in this land, but in the fields above. I do therefore supplicate and beseech thee, Oh, thou my God and Father! that thou wilt not only forgive these my wanderings but that thou wilt chasten my heart, and establish my affections, so that they may not be shaken by the light suggestions of the tempter Satan: and since I am of myself very weak, I implore thy restraining hand upon my understanding, that I may not reason in the pride of worldly wisdom, nor flatter myself on my attainments, but ever hold my judgment in subordination to thy word, and see myself as what I am, an helpless dependent on thy bounty. If a spirit of indolence and lassitude have at times crept on me, I pray thy forgiveness for it; and if I have felt rather inclined to prosecute studies which procure respect from the world, than the humble knowledge which becomes a servant of Christ, do thou check this growing propensity and only bless my studies so far as they conduce to thy glory, and as thy glory is their chief aim. My heart, O Lord! is but too fond of this vain and deceitful world, and I have many fears lest I should make ship-wreck of my hope on the rocks of ambition and vanity. Give me, I pray thee, thy grace to repress these propensities: illumine more completely my wandering mind, rectify my understanding, and give me a simple, humble and affectionate heart, to love thee, and thy sheep with all sincerity. As I increase in learning, let me increase in lowness of spirit; and in as much as the habits of studious life, unless tempered by preventing

grace, but too much tend to produce formality and lifelessness in devotion, do thou, O heavenly Father, preserve me from all cold and speculative views of thy blessed Gospel; and while with regular constancy I kneel down daily before thee, do not fail to light up the fire of heavenly love in my bosom, and to draw my heart heavenward with earnest longings (to thyself.)

And now, O Blessed Redeemer! my rock, my hope, and only sure defence, to thee do I cheerfully commit both my soul and my body. If thy wise Providence see fit, grant that I may rise in the morning, refreshed with sleep, and with a spirit of cheerful activity for the duties of the day: but whether I wake here or in eternity, grant that my trust in thee may remain sure, and my hope unshaken.

—PRAYER BY POET WHITE.

Our Father which art in heaven! Once more Thou hast blessed me to see the light of a Sabbath morning. One more week of toil, of strife, or joy or of anxiety,—one more week given for holy discipline,—has closed upon me; and Thou hast awakened me from sleep, with my powers renewed, and Thy mercies repeated unto me. Blessed be Thy name for this peaceful and holy change from accustomed duties; and for the opportunities I may have, this day, of studying Thy word, of searching into Thy dealings, and of doing Thy will. How rich was Thy love in sending Thy son, Jesus, that all, that even I, might be saved! Truly, O Father, I have been dead in trespasses and sins. I cannot look back even on the past day and week without feeling how much has been wrong within me; and when I call to mind the length of time that I knew not Thee and cared not for Thee, my heart is bowed down with sorrow. But as Thou didst raise Jesus from the

dead by Thy mighty power; even so may I also walk in newness of life. May this Sabbath be to me a day of rest from fierce temptations; a day of growth in the knowledge of Thee, a day of active zeal in Thy service. Bless to me all its scenes and duties; bless the efforts of all who teach Thy word, and do the deeds of loving faith: and draw us all closer together in the bonds of pure affection. May this day mark within me a stage of progress in the Christian life; a stage of advancement in qualification for the Christian's heaven. Grant this, and whatever else Thou seest needful for me, for all dear to me, and for Thy whole church through our ever blessed Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Amen.

—SUNDAY. MORNING PRAYER.*

Our Father! Thou art the author of peace, and lover of concord. In knowledge of Thee standeth our eternal life. Thy service is perfect freedom. Thine be the praise for the mercies of this peaceful day. Thine be the praise, if Jesus has been in the midst of us, when we have been gathered together in Thy name. And in Thy name I would close the Sabbath. How sweet it is to lie down to rest, and to think that Thy watchful love attends us! How soothing is the thought that nothing can come to us without Thy appointment! Thou hast given me a day of holy thoughts and purposes: now give me, if it please Thee, a week of peaceful and steady labour; and fit me for it with refreshing slumber. Thou hast this day given me oil to feed my lamp: may I keep it burning brightly, with humble watchfulness. If I have been inattentive or careless this day, if I have not made the most of its

* *From Mary Carpenter's Meditations.*

blessed hours; lead me to a godly sorrow, and pardon me through Thy forgiving love in Christ. If its hours have been spent in holy communion and holy service, fix in my heart the movings of Thy spirit; so that no curtain of darkness may ever fall upon my soul. And when the resting days and the working days of earth are over, may I keep a perpetual Sabbath, with all I love, in the heaven of purity, and peace and joy. I ask it through our beloved Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

—SUNDAY EVENING PRAYER.*

HYMN AT A FUNERAL.

Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the Heaven!
Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.
Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!
Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

* *From Mary Carpenter's Meditations.*

Turn, mortal turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
Turn, Christian turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for Hell or Heaven!

—R. HEBER.

More of Thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of Thy image let me bear;
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

But shall the Christian's nobler mind
By grace renewed, by Heaven refined,
Indulge a murmuring thought?
Shall he who claims Jehova's strength,
Who shall be brought to heaven at length,
Bemoan his present lot?
Forbid it, gracious God! he cries
Nor let the ungenerous thought arise—
Offspring of discontent.
No; while my God, my Saviour lives,
Thankful I'll take whate'er he gives,
And prize the blessings sent.

—"DOMESTIC LIFE."

CHRISTIAN FREEDOM.

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,"
Who first of all the bands of Satan breaks;
Who breaks the bands of sin, and for his soul,
In spite of fools, consulteth seriously;

In spite of fashion, perseveres in good;
In spite of wealth or poverty, upright;
Who does as reason, not as fancy bids:
Who hears Temptation sing, and yet turns not
Aside; sees sin bedeck her flowery bed,
And yet will not go up; feels at his heart
The sword unsheathed, yet will not sell the truth;
Who having power, has not the will to hurt;
Who feels ashamed to be, or have a slave;
Whom nought makes blush but sin, fears nought but God;
Who, finally, in strong integrity
Of soul, 'midst want, or riches, or disgrace,
Uplifted, calmly sat and heard the waves
Of stormy folly breaking at his feet,
Nor shrill with praise, nor hoarse with foul reproach,
And both despised sincerely; seeking this
Alone, the approbation of his God,
Which still with conscience witness'd to his peace,
This, this is freedom, such as angels use,
And kindred to the liberty of God!

—POLLOCK.

I may say to you: Friends and brothers, in the midst of your work, when you are trying to be honest and faithful, and finding how hard it is to be honest and faithful; in your family circles; as English citizens; in lonely hours; when you are struggling with temptations which only the searcher of hearts knows; when you are trying to pray and cannot pray; when all things in heaven and earth seem unstable; when you are crushed with the remembrances of failure: when you are looking in vain for faces that once comforted you: in your tribulation as in your wealth; in the hour of death; in that day of judgment, which shall shew us how closely

we have been related to each other, and what a Divine Power has been using even the feeblest instrument to draw us to itself: May the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.*

Ye parents who have labour'd long
To instruct your tender youth;
But find their evil passions strong
Rebel against the truth;

And after many sighs and tears,
And many an earnest prayer,
While no faint beam of hope appears,
Are yielding to despair;

Come, listen to my simple tale—
Let not your hopes expire;
God, when your expectations fail,
May grant your heart's desire.

From hence let children also learn
The sinner's path to shun;
Deep is his sorrow, if he turn;
If not—he is undone.

A mother by death's stroke bereft
Of her best earthly friend,
With a large family was left,
Who on her care depend.

It was her first, her highest care,
To guide them in that way,
Where wisdom's pleasure they might share
Which leads to heavenly day.

* *From "Parting Words"—from Lessons of Hope, Readings from the Works of F. D. Maurice, selected by J. Ll. Davies.*

Bless'd was her toil, because she view'd
Her seven fair daughters, who
Their parent follow'd, and pursued
The path to glory too.

She had a son, in whom she loved
His father's form to trace;
Oh that her darling child had proved
Adorn'd with early grace!

But when we look for comforts here;
Our joys in sorrow end;
The Christian hence is taught to fear
On creatures to depend.

Her son was thoughtless, proud, and gay,
Loved with the vain to meet
He chose the broad, the dangerous way,
And took the scorner's seat.

A course so profligate soon ends
In shame and poverty;
It drove him from his home and friends
To cross the boisterous sea.

Who can describe the last adieu,
The mother's care and pain?
For much she fear'd she ne'er should view
Her only son again.

The Christian volume which records
A dying Saviour's grace,
She ere he goes, with tender words,
Presents to him, and says—

"This book, my child, to thee I give,
My name's inscribed therein,

With your dear name, nor, while you live,
Forget this parting scene.

"I charge you by a mother's love
Never with this to part;
But read it, love it, for my sake,
Oh keep it near your heart!

"You little think what woes betide
This widow'd anxious breast;
But, if this book your footsteps guide,
'Twill lull my fears to rest."

They part—past is the fond embrace,
Now from each other torn;
He sails o'er ocean's trackless space—
She stays behind to mourn.

To various ports the mother goes,
And asks at every one,
If any can the fate disclose
Of her beloved son.

When many a time her efforts fail'd,
She ask'd of one who knew
The ship in which her son had sail'd,
And knew her poor Charles too.

With keen suspense and boding fears,
She fixed on him her eye;
With heart o'erwhelm'd too soon she hears
The Captain's rash reply,

"Madam, the ship has proved a wreck;
And of the boy you name,
I know of nought, but what declares
His folly and his shame.

"So vile and profligate, and base,
'Twould be a public good,
If all like him, a worthless race,
Were whelm'd in ocean's flood."

No more can converse give relief,
She seeks for solitude,
At once to hide her hopeless grief,
And over it to brood.

"My time," she says, "I now must spend
In melancholy gloom,
And mourning for my son, descend
Into the silent tomb."

Years had elapsed, when at her door,
An ill-clothed sailor stands,
Some food and clothing to implore,
From pity's bounteous hands.

To tell what feelings crowd her breast
My feeble pen would fail,
At such a sight, and when addressed
With such a melting tale:—

"Good madam, I have often seen
Shipwreck, and want, and woe;
But ne'er till lately have I been
So destitute as now.

"A fine young gentleman and me
God rescued from the waves,
When all our gay ship's company
Sunk to their watery graves.

"On a lone island's barren heights
Both he and I were cast.

And after seven long days and nights
I saw him breathe his last.

"Poor fellow!" streaming tears now wet
His weather-beaten face;
"The scenes I never shall forget
I saw in that lone place.

"A book saved from the wreck he read
To me both day and night;
'This was my mother's gift,' he said,
'Now 'tis my sole delight.'

"He kissed the book—for grace he pray'd,
And filled with conscious shame,
Wept for his sins—then mention made
Of his dear mother's name.

"With hearty thanks to me he gave
The book, with solemn air;
'Here, Jack, take this, 'tis all I have
To give you for your care.

"'Read this, it is my last command,
Ne'er from it turn aside;'
Kindly he clasp'd my trembling hand,
And peacefully he died."

"And is this true? I hope—I fear"—
Th' astonish'd mother cries;
"Yes, very true, the book is here,"
The faithful tar replies.

Batter'd and time-worn, soon he drew
The precious relic forth,
She gazed, she wept, the book she knew,
To her of matchless worth.

Her own name, and her son's she read,
Midst anxious feeling's strife;
And seem'd to hear a voice which said,
"Thy son's restored to life."

"Lord, I can leave this world in peace,
Salvation, I have seen;
Thy mercy bids my anguish cease
And makes my soul serene.

"My honest fellow, will you part,"
She eagerly inquires,
"With this rich treasure, which my heart
So earnestly desires?"

"No Madam," says the gallant tar.
"I'll keep it while I live;
I prize this volume more by far
Than all the world can give.

"'Twas from my dear friend's dying hands
This pledge of love I took;
I've lost all else in foreign lands,
But never lost this book.

"I feel its worth, it cheers my heart,
Shall be my guide to death;
And never will I with it part,
Till I must yield my breath."

May all who read these simple lines
Be kept in danger's hour,
Safe from the tempter's dark designs,
By an almighty power.

Have any gone in folly's road?
"Return," the Saviour cries;

"To seek your Father and your God,
Poor prodigal arise.

"See how your Heavenly Father waits.
The outcasts to receive
Within his mercy's open gates,
All who in me believe."

—"DOMESTIC LIFE."

22. CLEANLINESS.

The old adage that cleanliness is next to godliness must have had its origin in the feeling of moral elevation which generally accompanies scrupulous bodily purity. Personal cleanliness, when grown into a habit, draws after it so many excellencies, that it may well be called a social virtue. Without it refined intercourse would be impossible, for its neglect not only indicates a want of proper self-respect, but a disrespect of the feelings of others, which argues a low tone of the moral sense. All nations, as they advance in civilization and refinement of manners, pay increased attention to the purity of the person.*

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower;
Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

To every act of devotion purity of heart is necessary; and to purity of heart Zoroaster supposes purity of body greatly contributes.†

The country has a right to expect that each citizen will use his best endeavours to promote the causes of justice and public health.

—"CITIZEN OF INDIA."‡

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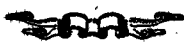
* *From The Elements of Hygiene by Dr. Dhana Koti Raju.*
† *From Horæ Biblicæ by Butler.*
‡ *By Sir W. Lee-Warner.*

But after all, government can never do as much for the health of the people as they can do for themselves, and it is therefore the duty of every citizen to learn the value of cleanliness, and to practise it not only in his own interests, but in the interests of the families which surround him.

—"CITIZEN OF INDIA."*

Honest courage is of greater worth than any amount of grace; purity is better than elegance; and cleanliness of body, mind and heart, than any amount of fine art.

—SMILES.



* *By Sir W. Lee-Warner.*

23. COMMON SENSE.

The condition of human nature would be lamentable indeed, if nothing less than the greatest learning and talents, which fall to the share of so small a number of men, were sufficient to direct our judgment and our conduct. But Providence has taken better care of our happiness, and given us, in the simplicity of common sense, a rule for our direction, by which we can never be misled.

—LORD CHATHAM.

The path to success is common sense.

Common sense is not a common thing.

Common sense is the most uncommon, and most valuable quality in man or woman.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Neither does it so much require book-learning and scholarship as good natural sense, to distinguish true and false.

—T. BURNET.

Pedantry prides herself on being wrong by rules; while common sense is contented to be right, without them.

—COLTON.

24. COMPANY.

Man is known by the company he keeps.

The world will always form an idea of the character of every man from his associates. Nor is this rule founded on wrong principles; for, generally speaking, those who are constant companions are either drawn together from a similitude of manners, or from such a similitude to each other by daily commerce and continual conversation.*

Tell me with whom you live, and I will tell you who you are.

—Spanish Proverb.

Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are.

Tell me with whom thou goest, and I'll tell thee what thou doest.

Tell me what company you keep and I will tell you what you do.

—Old Italian Proverb.

Milk that's drunk at tavern door
Counts as wine, you may be sure.

* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

If you stand where you ought not
Why be shocked, when shame is got.

Join the vile, and vile you 'll be
In the eyes of those you see.
If beneath a palm you drink
Though but milk, what must we think?*

Whosoever associates with the wicked, even if their principles make no impression on him, will be suspected of their acts; just as, if a man went into a tavern to pray, he would be suspected of drinking wine.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.†

Sit not with bad men, for their company—
Though thou be sure—will cast a stain on thee.
The sun with all its gloriousness of light,
Is by a cloudy atom hid from sight.

—"ANWÂR-I-SUHAILI."‡

Whoever joins with the good, will bring goodness with him; and whoever joins with the bad, will bring evil with him; just as the wind which, when it beats upon a stench, will bring a stench with it; and when it beats upon a perfume, will bring a perfume with it.

—"MAINYO-I-KHARD."§

By contact with the good demerit appears to me merit just as the cloud drinking the salt water gives out the sweet one. By contact with the bad merit

* *Telugu Songs from the Folk-songs of Southern India by Charles E. Gover.*

† *Translated by Platts.*

‡ *Translated by Eastwick.*

§ *Translated by West.*

appears to me demerit just as the snake drinking milk vomits it out as poison.

Have good habits and company, they will bring you respect in this world. Without that who will respect you and how will you attain worthiness?

Do not take to bad ways though you find them sweet. Beware that they will lead you to ruin. Do not make yourself an object of laughter to the world.

—"MODI SECOND READING BOOK."

Of all the pleasures given on earth
The company of the good is best,
For weariness has never birth
In such a commerce sweet and blest.*

—TORU DUTT.

It is not uncommonly pleaded by young persons, when warned or remonstrated with on this subject, "He is not exactly a friend; only an acquaintance. I may indulge a little general acquaintance, without suffering it to grow to an intimacy. Besides I am not obliged to imitate what I see amiss." No; sound discretion would remind us of the sacred proverb, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men: avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

—"DOMESTIC LIFE."

The Prophet (Muhammed) said:

"It is better to sit alone than in company with the bad; and it is better to sit with the good than alone."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

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* *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustân.*

† *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

Better be alone than in bad company.

—SPANISH PROVERB.

It is in our power to confine our friendships and intimacies to men of virtue.

—ROGERS.

Let your company be always, where possible, better than yourself; and when you have the misfortune to move amongst your inferiors, bear in mind this seriously, that if you do not seize the apt occasion to draw them up to your level—which requires wisdom as well as love—they will certainly not be slow to drag you down to theirs.

—PROF. BLACKIE.

TALE OF THE CARPENTER AND HIS COMPANION.

THE CARPENTER

OR

THE DANGER OF EVIL COMPANY.

There was a young west country man,
A carpenter by trade,
A skilful wheelwright too was he,
And few such waggons made.
No man a tighter barn could build
Throughout his native town;
Through many a village round was he
The best of workmen known.
His father left him what he had—
In sooth it was enough,—
His shining pewter, pots of brass,
And all his household stuff.

A little cottage too he had,
For ease and comfort planned;
And that he might not lack for aught,
An acre of good land.
A pleasant orchard too there was
Before his cottage door:
Of cider and of corn likewise
He had a little store.
Active and healthy, stout and young,
No business wanted he:
Now tell me, reader, if you can,
What man more blessed could be?
To make his comfort quite complete,
He had a faithful wife;
Frugal, and neat, and good was she,
The blessing of his life.
Where is the lord, or where the squire,
Had greater cause to praise
The goodness of that bounteous hand,
Which blessed his prosperous days?
Each night when he returned from work,
His wife so meek and mild,
His little supper gladly dressed
While he caressed his child.
One blooming babe was all he had,
His only darling dear,
The object of their equal love,
The solace of their care.
O what could ruin such a life,
And spoil so fair a lot?
O what could change so kind a heart
And every virtue blot?
With grief the cause I must relate,
The dismal cause reveal;

'Twas Evil Company and Drink,
The source of every ill.
A cooper came to live hard by,
Who did his fancy please;
An idle, rambling man was he,
Who oft had crossed the seas.
This man could tell a merry tale,
And sing a merry song;
And who heard him sing or talk,
Ne'er thought the evening long.
But vain and vicious was the song,
And wicked was the tale;
And every pause he always filled
With cider, gin or ale.
Our carpenter delighted much
To hear the cooper talk,
And with him to the alehouse oft
Would take his evening walk.
At first he did not care to drink,
But only liked the fun;
But soon he from the cooper learnt
The same sad course to run.
He said the cooper's company
Was all for which he cared;
But soon he drank as much as he
To swear like him soon dared.
His hammer now neglected lay;
For work he little cared;
Half-finished wheels and broken tools
Were strewed about the yard.
To get him to attend his work,
No prayers could now prevail;
His hatchet and his plane forgot,
He never drove a nail.

His cheerful evenings now no more
With peace and plenty smiled;
No more he sought his pleasing wife,
Nor hugged his smiling child.
For not his drunken nights alone
Were with the cooper passed;
His days were at the Angel spent,
And still he staid the last.
No handsome Sunday suit was left,
Nor decent holland shirt;
No nosegay marked the Sabbath morn,
But all was rags and dirt.
No more his church he did frequent,
A symptom ever sad;
Where once the Sunday is misspent,
The week-days must be bad.
The cottage mortgaged for its worth,
The favourite orchard sold,
He soon began to feel th'effects
Of hunger and of cold.
The pewter dishes one by one
Were pawned, till none were left;
And wife and babe at home remained
Of every help bereft.
By chance he called at home one night,
And in a surly mood,
He bade his weeping wife go get
Immediately some food.
His empty cup-board well he knew
Must needs be bare of bread;
No rasher on the rack he saw;
Whence could he then be fed?
His wife a piteous sigh did heave,
And then before him laid

A basket covered with a cloth,
  But not a word she said.
Then to her husband gave a knife,
  With many a silent tear;
In haste he tore the cover off,
  And saw his child lie there!
"There lies thy babe," the mother said,
  "Oppressed with famine sore!
O kill us both—'twere kinder far—
  We could not suffer more."
The carpenter struck to the heart,
  Fell on his knees straightway;
He wrung his hands, confessed his sins,
  And did both weep and pray.
From that same hour the cooper more
  He never would behold:
Nor would he to the alehouse go,
  Had it been paved with gold.
His wife forgave him all the past,
  And soothed his sorrowing mind,
And much he grieved that e'er he wronged
  The worthiest of her kind.
By labouring hard, and working late,
  By industry and pains,
His cottage was at length redeemed,
  And saved were all his gains.
His Sundays now at church were spent,
  His home was his delight:
The following verse himself he made,
  And read it every night:—
The drunkard murders child and wife,
  Nor matters it a pin;
Whether he stabs them with his knife,
  Or starves them with his gin.

—HANNAH MORE.

25. COMPETENCY.

We do not like stinginess, but man must cut his coat according to his cloth. It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty to live within his means, not to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, we admit, and should never be taken into account in our judgment of men, but competence should always be secured, when it can be by the practice of economy and self-denial to only a tolerable extent. It should be secured not so much for others to look upon, or to raise us in the estimation of others, as to secure the consciousness of independence, and the constant satisfaction, which is derived from its acquirement and possession.

An honest mediocrity is the happiest state a man can wish for.*

People who live calm and easy lives, and who are sure of daily employment, are apt to outlast the feverish brain-worker, who exists by the use of his wits. Scarcely anything has such an influence in promoting longevity as an assurance felt to be well grounded, of a comfortable provision for life for all the ordinary wants of our station. He must have no anxieties for to-morrow's bread. He must be free from care.

Enough for our comfort is all we require. How small is the portion we truly enjoy.

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* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

A competent living, and honestly had,
Makes such as are godly, both thankful and glad:
Life, never contented, with honest estate,
Lamented is oft, and repented too late.

—TUSSER.

A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
Sick, or incumber'd is our happiness,
A competence is all we can enjoy.
O be content, where heaven can give no more!

—EDWARD YOUNG.

He, who will not be satisfied with a competency, will not be satisfied with a redundancy.

Abundance is a trouble, but competency brings delight.

—MAXIM

Abundance like want ruins many.

—MAXIM.

26. CONDUCT.

It is by means of good conduct derived from best precepts and the company of the good, that one succeeds to his object, and a disposition that breaks loose of these (bounds) is sure to fall to the contrary (extreme of) ruin.

—"YOGA VÂSISTHA."*

A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form.

—EMERSON.

Behaviour is a mirror, in which every one shows his image.

—GOETHE.

A man reaps as he sows.

—GUJARÂTI PROVERB.

Who sows thorns will not reap grapes from them.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

We may give advice; but we cannot give conduct.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

He who is ever intent on good conduct and due reverence to others, who always venerates old age, four happy consequences increasingly attend that man—beauty and strength, and life and peace.

—"DHAMMAPADA.†

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* *Translated by Vihâri Lâlâ Mitra.*

† *From the Buddhist Canon, translated by S. Beal.*

Nothing is impossible to persons of good conduct.

—VYÂSA.

Good character is everywhere an ornament.

—OLD SANSKRIT PROVERB.

Intellectual attainments and habits are no security for good conduct, unless they are supported by religious principles.

—SOUTHEY.

He who is not free from bad conduct, who has not subdued his passions, who has no concentration of mind, and whose mind is not tranquil, can not reach the Supreme Spirit or God, even by knowledge.

—"KAṬHA UPANISHAT."

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1. Persevere against discouragements.
2. Keep your temper.
3. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand.
4. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.
5. Never be in a hurry.
6. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction.
7. Rise early and be an economist of time.
8. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody, and every thing with some.
9. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak.
10. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.
11. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.

12. Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.
13. Rather set than follow examples.
14. Practise strict temperance.
15. And in all your transactions remember the final account.

—MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.

TEN RULES OF CONDUCT.

1. Do not put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. What work you can do yourself, do not trouble any one by asking him to do it for you. Thus you will grow in self-reliance.
3. Before you get your money in your hands, do not undertake any work involving expense. Thereby you will meet with no difficulties (avoid difficulties) and will not be involved in vain temptations.
4. However cheap may be a thing and if you are not in need of it (or not troubled by its want) then do not buy it.
5. Give up pride as it is more harmful to men than hunger, thirst, or cold.
6. Eat so much as not to give cause for repentance consequent on over-feeding. Temperance is health.
7. What we do willingly (contentedly) does not give any trouble. Therefore such exertions should be made as shall keep us contented.
8. Do not be anxious by bringing to mind future unavoidable troubles (adversities), because it is useless.
9. Think of the good and evil effects of every thing. Rejoice that the good effect will produce happiness

Do not be anxious about the bad effects, unnecessarily making an elephant of an ant.

10. If you are angry, then before speaking, count ten. If you are very angry, count hundred. Thereby you will not commit any sin in anger, or feel unhappy on account of it.

—"MODI THIRD READING BOOK."

27. CONSCIENCE.

Free choice doth man possess of good or ill,
All were but mockery else. From Wisdom's way
Too oft perverted by the tainted will
Is his rebellious nature drawn astray;
Therefore an inward monitor is given,
A voice that answers to the law of Heaven.

—SOUTHEY.

A sacred spirit dwells within us, the observer and guardian of all our evil and our good.

—SENECA.

Thou thinkest: I am single and alone—
Perceiving not the great eternal Sage
Who dwells within thy breast. Whatever wrong
Is done by thee, he sees and notes it all. *

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

Conscience is that peculiar faculty of the soul, which may be called the religious instinct. It first reveals itself when we become aware of the strife between a higher and a lower nature within us—of spirit warring against flesh—of good striving for the mastery over evil.

—SMILES.

Conscience is a natural, original faculty, forming a part of the human constitution. From his make, constitution, and nature, man may fairly be presumed to be a Law to himself. He has within him a Rule of Right.

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

That some people go amiss is no proof against the existence of this Rule of Right; for we must remember what a great philosopher has said, that conscience is the sovereign de jure, and to her belongs the command. But as she is not the sovereign de facto at the same time, her command is likely to be respected or disrespected by man according to his choice. When so disregarded, conscience stands in the position of a sovereign dethroned in the season of national anarchy and rebellion; but the conscience, like the sovereign, never dies. She may lie dormant for a time, but she exists all the same. All that is wanted is that man should listen to the voice of conscience, and he will go right.

—"LIGHT ON THE PATH."*

Our humanity were but a poor thing, but for the divinity that stirs within us.

—BACON.

In addition to the notices of the existence and perfections of the Deity furnished by the works of Creation, it has pleased the Supreme Being to superadd a witness, whose testimony, though it may indeed be slighted or perverted, is incapable of being destroyed. This common possession of the human race, while it shines with various degrees of clearness, sheds light upon every rational being. Conscience is, indeed, the vicegerent of the Deity; and as all moral government must necessarily be administered by moral sanctions, the wisdom of establishing a tribunal in every man's bosom is obvious.

—RETH.

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* *With commentary and annotations by P. Shrinivâs Row.*

Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

—BYRON.

Conscience exists. It exists as a consciousness of moral law; as an assertion of a rule of duty; as a sense of responsibility. When it pronounces an action right, it does so because it recognises it to be conformed to law; when it pronounces an action wrong, it does so because it recognises it to fall short of or to transgress law. It acts as the judge of all that we do, and as such it accuses, or excuses, condemns or approves, punishes or rewards us, with a voice of authority, which we may so far disregard, but the legitimacy of which we can not dispute. It claims to rule over body and soul, heart and mind, all our appetites, affections and faculties; and the claim is implicitly admitted even by those who have most interest in denying it. But it does not rule, nor pretend to rule as an autocratic authority; it does not give us, nor pretend to give us, a law of its own; on the contrary, it claims to rule in us only in virtue of recognising a law which is over us; its authority is derived wholly from a law which it interprets and applies, but does not create. It thus speaks not of itself, but as the deputy of another. It unequivocally declares itself a delegated authority.

—DR. FLINT.

Conscience speaks not as a solitary, independent guide, but as the delegate of a higher Legislator. Its convictions of right and wrong are accompanied with the idea of an Authority more awful than man's, by which these distinctions will be enforced. That this is the natural suggestion of conscience, we learn from the fact that men in different ages, countries, and condi-

tions, have so generally agreed in speaking of the inward monitor as the voice of the Divinity. In approving or condemning ourselves, we do not feel as if we alone are the judges, but we have a presentiment of standing before another tribunal.

—Rev. Channing.

Intellectual learning helps a man not a step towards God unless conjoined with inward Spiritual discipline—government of the passions, reverence for conscience, and growing development of good principles and affections within. The Infinite Spirit must be revealed to us in the unfolding and operation of our own Spirits, or we shall never truly know Him. For example, God's purity, or aversion to sin, may be read and talked of, but is never understood, until conscience within us is encouraged to reprove all forms of evil. The solemn and the tender reproof of this inward monitor alone enables us to know the moral displeasure of the righteous Law-giver, in whose name and with whose authority it speaks.

—Rev. Channing.

In our own breast we have a God—our Conscience.

—Menander.

God is present in the consciences of good and bad; he is there a remembrancer to call our actions to mind.

—Jeremy Taylor.

Conscience is to each man the representative of the Supreme Law, and is invested with the authority of the Supreme Law. It is the voice which pronounces for him the distinction of right and wrong, of moral good and evil, and when he has done all that he can to en-

lighten and instruct it, by the aid of Religion, as well as of Morality, it is for him the voice of God.

—WHEWELL.

The fountain of all the nobler morality is moral inspiration from within; and feeder of this fountain is God.

—PROF. BLACKIE.

Religion gives infinite worth to conscience. Religion does not create conscience. For whether I am a religious man or not, I shall, as a man, still have some sense of duty and of the distinctions between good and evil. But this Moral Principle lacks life, when not quickened and sustained by confidence in a Righteous God.

—REV. CHANNING.

At its fullest growth conscience bids men do whatever makes them happy in the highest sense, and forbear doing whatever makes them unhappy.

—SMILES.

When a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us, It is sin,
And entreats us to beware.

If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,
Conscience says, Your faults confess,
Do not dare to tell a lie.

When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill,
Now subdue it, Conscience cries,
Do command your temper still.

Thus without our will or choice,
  This good monitor within,
With a secret gentle voice,
  Warns us to beware of sin.

But if we should disregard,
  When this friendly voice would call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard,
  That it will not speak at all.*

A man asked, "What does a fault really consist in?" The Prophet (Muhammed) said, "When anything pricks your conscience, forsake it."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

Conscience is the rewarder of virtue, and the avenger of crime.

A good conscience is the best law.

The best court of equity is a good conscience.

Conscience is a most bribeless worker, it never knows how to make a false report.

—BISHOP REYNOLDS.

There is no witness so terrible, no accuser so powerful, as conscience that dwells in the breast of each.

—POLYBIUS.

The most exquisite of human satisfactions flows from an approving conscience.

—J. M. MASON.

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* *From Chambers's Infant Education.*

† *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

Good conscience is to the soul, what health is to body. It preserves a constant ease and serenity with us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions, which can possibly befal us.

What better bed than Conscience good,
To pass the night with sleep;
What better work than daily care,
From sin thyself to keep?

—TUSSER.

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

—SHAKESPEARE.

If ten thousand tongues should chant our praises, they would sound unharmonious if conscience does not join in the choir.

Pliny in his letters thus refers to it (conscience): He places no part of his happiness in ostentation, but in the secret approbation of his Conscience; seeking the reward of his virtue, not in the clamorous applauses of the world, but in the silent satisfaction which results from having acted well.

A clear conscience fears no accusation.

—MORAL MAXIM.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—SHAKESPEARE.

An evil conscience is the most unquiet companion.
—MORAL MAXIM.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.
—PROVERB.

No man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience.

There is nothing a man can less afford to leave at home than his conscience and his good manners.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

Abundance was never my lot:
But out of the trifle that 's given,
That no curse may alight on my cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of Heaven:
The fool and the slave gather wealth;
But if I add nought to my store,
Yet while I keep conscience in health,
I've a mine that will never grow poor.
—R. BLOOMFIELD.

Upon the earth is nothing permanent;
Vicissitude sways all things evermore;
The towering mountains once were the ocean's floor;
Ay, even the stars change in the firmament.
Kingdoms arise and fall; what poets invent
Charms but a season; varies human lore;
Beauty is frail we fools as frail adore;
Vigour, wealth, power, love, fame anon are spent.
Why, then, should we the inevitable rue,
Setting our hearts on the deceits of earth,

And toys that vanish dreamlike from our view
So that naught here in wiseman's wish seems worth?
Enough, if we what conscience bids, pursue,
Nor wholly yield to sorrow or to mirth.

While conscience like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

—N. COTTON.

THE MILLER AND HIS DONKEY.

As a miller and son to the market one day
Were driving their donkey along,
They agreed to walk thither on foot all the way,
That the ass might arrive fresh and strong.

They had scarcely proceeded a mile on their way,
When some travellers happen'd to pass;
"Mighty careful you seem, neighbour Goodall" say they,
"Of your pamper'd and indolent ass.

"Methinks one of you might take a lift at the least,
Nor the donkey sink under its load:
'Tis a comical plan that a lazy young beast
Is to choose its own pace on the road."

With this rational counsel and friendly advice
The good-humoured miller complied;
So, bidding the animal stop in a trice
He mounted upon it to ride.

About half a mile further, perchance, they had gone,
When some others began to deride,
And in a more saucy, impertinent tone
His hard-hearted folly to chide.

"There's a selfish, unnatural wretch, if you please,
Who lets his son wade in the mire;
While he, like an alderman, sits at his ease,—
Does he merit the title of Sire?"

The kind-hearted miller dismounted again,
And lifted his son instead;
But each fresh endeavour to please seem'd as vain—
The same spiteful censures were made.

"You idle young fellow, who taught you to ride
And canter along at this rate?
Is your poor aged father to limp by your side,
While you are to journey in state?"

"Well, my son," said the father, "I'll get up behind,
And Bodkin to market we'll ride;
May be to this plan no objection they 'll find—
At all events, it can be tried."

But now one more vehement far than the rest,
The donkey espied with his load;
And with loud exclamation his wonder exprest,
As they pass'd him along the road.

"Upon my word, now, if that isn't a shame
To load a dumb animal so!
I declare if it isn't already too lame,
Another mile further to go."

Then said one to the other, "If that be the case,
We've done the poor donkey a wrong;

Let us make amends to the creature apace,
And bear it ourselves now along."

"Here's a novelty for you ! a strange piece of fun !"
Said those who the sight chanced to see ;
"Two donkeys, behold you, are carrying *one*—
The least donkey-like, sure of the three."

The complying old man would have yielded again,
But now by experience taught,
He discover'd that human opinion is vain—
Its favour too dear to be bought.

Let a conscience enlighten'd teach what should be done;
And caution us what *not* to do—
Instruct us what habits and customs to shun,
What course we may safely pursue.*

—ELLEN ROBERTS.

* *From Temperance Reciter.*

28. CONTENTMENT.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes—to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—content.*

Contentedness is a duty we owe to ourselves, it being that without which it is impossible to be happy. This contentedness is a well-pleasedness with that condition, whatever it is, that God hath placed us in: not murmuring and repining at our lot, but cheerfully welcoming whatsoever God sends.

—"THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN."

In vain we drudge, in vain we fondly roam,
For true content is only found at home;
In our own breasts the happy goddess lies,
And freely grants her favours to the wise.

Contentment consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire, not in multiplying of wealth, but in subtracting men's desires.

Contentment does not mean a killing out of desires, but a training of desires towards their legitimate ends. It is a sort of alchemical process by which the dross within is turned into real gold.†

* *From Wilbye's Madrigals.*

† *From a paper, read by Manmohandâs D. Shroff, F. T. S.*

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

—SPENSER.

When all within is peace,
How nature seems to smile;
Delights that never cease
The livelong day beguile.
From morn to dewy eve
With open hand she showers
Fresh blessings, to deceive
And soothe the silent hours.
It is content of heart
Gives Nature power to please;
The mind that feels no smart
Enlivens all it sees,
Can make a wintry sky
Seem bright as smiling May,
And evening's closing eye
As peep of early day.

—COWPER.

True contentment depends not upon what we have, but upon what we would have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

—COLTON.

Contentment is the highest heaven, contentment is the highest bliss. There is nothing higher than contentment. Contentment stands as the highest.

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

Greed brings woe, while contentment is all happiness.

—"Sayings of RÂMAKRISHNA."*

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* *By Max Müller.*

Birth, wealth, and rank have all their comforts and discomforts. There is nothing in this world which we can point to as being the source of real and unmixed comfort. He alone is comfortable, who feels satisfied with that condition in which he is, for the time, placed.*

—"VISHṆU PURÂṆA."

He is rich who is content with his condition.

Content is natural wealth.

—SOCRATES.

A contented mind is a treasure which perishes not.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

He who is ever contented, is possessed of true wealth;
He who cherishes ambitious desires, is indigent and distressed;
Whenever you think that you are really unhappy,
Look at others more unhappy and reconcile yourself to your lot.

—NARMADÂSHANKAR.†

Oh contentment! make me rich;
For no riches surpasses thee.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.‡

Contentment makes a man powerful.

—PERSIAN PROVERB.

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* *From Light on the Path, with commentary and annotations by P. Shrinivâs Row.*

† *A Gujarâti poet.*

‡ *Translated by Platts.*

Live contented, you will be a king.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

Contenment is happiness; everything else is misery; therefore be content, and it will take you to the other shore.

—TUKÂRÂM.*

A contented mind is a continual feast.

—MAXIM.

The contented man is rich, hungry and naked though he may be; but the covetous man is a beggar, though he may possess the whole world.

—"JAVIDAN KHIRAD."†

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

—ROBERT GREENE.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

—SHAKESPEARE.

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* *A Marâthi poet.*

† *From Ancient Iranian and Zoroastrian Morals, by D. J. Medhora.*

The Prophet (Muhammed) said;

Be satisfied with what God has given you, that you may be the richest of men.

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH." *

Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can such riches find.

—DRYDEN.

Contentment is the chief good; contentment is called the (true) enjoyment; and the contented man gets the best repose.

—"YOGA VÂSISTHA." †

A man greedy of wealth, whose soul and senses are not kept in subjection, is discontented. All misfortunes are the lot of him whose mind is not contented.

Whoever has a contented mind, has all riches. To him whose foot is enclosed in a shoe, is it not as though the earth were carpeted with leather?

Where have they, who, greedy of wealth, are running here and there, the happiness which those placid spirits enjoy, who are satisfied with the nectar of contentment?

—"HITOPADESHA."‡

Virtues and discourses are, like friends, necessary in all fortunes; but those are the best which are friends in our sadnesses, and support us in our sorrows and sad accidents; and in this sense, no man that is virtuous can be friendless; nor hath any man reason to complain of

* *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

† *Translated by Vihâri Lâlâ Mitra.*

‡ *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

the Divine providence, or accuse the public disorder of things, or his own infelicity, since God hath appointed one remedy for all the evils in the world, and that is a contented spirit: for this alone makes a man pass through fire, and not be scorched; through seas, and not be drowned; through hunger and nakedness, and want nothing.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Contentment makes man wealthy—tell it then
To the unsatisfied and world-o'er-wandering men,—
They ne'er knew God, nor paid him worship due,
Since with their lot they no contentment knew.

—"ANVÂR-I-SUHAILI." *

Pride sleeps in a gilded crown; contentment in a cotton nightcap.

—CHINESE PROVERB.

The idle have no anxiety, the avaricious no ease;
The cowardly have no courage, the contented no grief.
There is no water so holy as that of the river Ganges, no nourishment like that of food-grains;
There is no bliss like that of contentment, how often need it be said.

—SÂMAL. †

There is no sin greater than giving rein to desire; there is no misery greater than discontent; there is no calamity more direful than the greed of gain.

—TEACHING OF TAOISM.

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* *Translated by Eastwick.*

† *A Gujarâti poet.*

A man's discontent is his worst evil.

Poor indeed is he who thinks he has never enough.

He has nothing who is not content with what he has.

—PORTUGUESE PROVERB.

Of all quarrels the most senseless, the most bootless, the most worrying is a quarrel with your circumstances.

We are angry with the Gods because any one is superior to us, forgetting how many are beneath us.

—SENECA.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little, or too much.

—COWPER.

Among other odd things may be reckoned the impression which most of us have that we should be better off in another situation than our own, and that if we had a little more money, or a little more land, or a few more comforts and luxuries, we should be much happier than we are now. Depend upon it, this is all a delusion. The better course for us to take will be to ask ourselves how we should be off if we had a little less money, a little less land, or a few less comforts and luxuries? For this would make us "content with such things as we have."*

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* *From Temperance Reciter.*

If all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be specially distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division.

—SOCRATES.

Yea, but thou thinkest, thou art more miserable than the rest, other men are happy in respect of thee, their miseries are but flea-bitings to thine, thou alone art unhappy, none so bad as thyself. Yet, if as Socrates said: All the men in the world should come and bring their grievances together, of body, mind, fortune, sores, ulcers, madness, epilepsies, agues, and all those common calamities of beggary, want, servitude, imprisonment, and lay them on a heap to be equally divided, wouldst thou share alike and take thy portion, or be as thou art? Without question thou wouldst be as thou art.

—BURTON.

Never compare thy condition with those above thee; but, to secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldst not, for any interest, change thy fortune and condition.

And yet there is no wise or good man that would change persons or conditions entirely with any man in the world. It may be, he would have one man's wealth, added to himself, or the power of a second, or the learning of a third; but still he would receive these into his own person, because he loves that best, and therefore esteems it best and therefore overvalues all that which he is before all that which any other man in the world can be.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Man is the victim of discontent. He either looks for happiness in his recollections of the past, or seeks it in the brilliant visions which his fancy has created of futurity: whereas the present should be the moment of enjoyment and preparation for the future.

There are some individuals who complain bitterly of their connexions in life; every body is unkind to *them*—every body thwarts *their* wishes—no one will go out of the way to serve *them*—nothing can be done for *them* at the right time or in the right manner—every thing goes amiss—even the very elements seem to conspire against them—it is sure to rain when they want to go out &c. &c. Well, surely, theirs is a pitiable and singularly unhappy lot, that nothing connected with them should be agreeable! But here is the secret of the business—they are selfish and unreasonable. While anxious to have all their own wishes and whimsies gratified, they are careless whom they incommode and oppose; they expect that everything should give way to them; that their business should be constantly attended to—with whosoever's it may interfere, or however they may neglect what is expected of them; and the more they are gratified, the more unreasonable and discontented they become; until, because all the world cannot be turned out of its way to meet their caprice, they fancy, that all the world is up in arms against them.

—"DOMESTIC LIFE."

A wise man never complains of the destiny of Providence, nor thinks the universe in confusion when he is out of order. He does not look upon himself as a whole, separated and detached from every other part of nature, to be taken care of by itself and

for itself: he regards himself in the light in which he imagines the great genius of human nature, and of the world, regards him: he enters, if I may say so, into the sentiments of that Divine Being, and considers himself as an atom, a particle, of an immense and infinite system, which must and ought to be disposed of according to the conveniency of the whole. Assured of the wisdom which directs all the events of human life, whatever lot befalls him, he accepts it with joy, satisfied that, if he had known all the connections and dependencies of the different parts of the universe, it is the very lot which he himself would have wished for.

—ADAM SMITH.

A man who finds not satisfaction in himself, seeks for it in vain elsewhere.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

The Sage asked the Spirit of Wisdom thus: wherefore do men regard these very little, these four things, which it is necessary for them to regard very much as warnings: the changeableness of the things of the world, and the death of the body, and the accountability of the soul, and the fear of hell?

The Spirit of Wisdom answered thus: On account of the bewildering of the demon of avarice and of discontent.

—"MAINYO-I-KHARD."*

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and

* *Translated by E. W. West.*

then, secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm. "Why," said he, "I have three farms still, and you have but one, so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me." In the second place, the story of the honest Dutchman, who upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck;—we find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Dr. Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

—ADDISON.

Helps to contentedness: First to consider that whatever our estate and condition in any respect be, it is that which is allotted us by God, and therefore it is certainly the best for us, he being much better able to judge for us than we for ourselves; and therefore to be displeased at it, is in effect to say we are wiser than he. Secondly consider thoroughly the vanity of all worldly things, how very little there is in them, while we have them; and how uncertain we are to keep them; but above all, in how little stead they will stand us at the day of death or judgment, and then thou canst not think any of them much worth the desiring and so wilt not be discontented for want of them. Thirdly suffer not thy fancy to run on things thou hast not; many have put themselves out of love with what they have, only by thinking what they want. He that sees his neighbour possess some-

what which himself hath not, is apt to think, how happy he should be, if he were in that man's condition; and in the meantime, never thinks of enjoying his own, which yet perhaps, in many respects, may be much happier than that of his neighbour's, which he so much admires: for we look but upon the outside of other men's conditions: and many a man that is envied by his neighbour as a wonderful happy person, hath yet some secret trouble, which makes him think much otherwise of himself. Therefore never compare thy condition in anything with those thou countest more prosperous than thyself; but rather do it with those thou knowest more unhappy, and then thou wilt find cause to rejoice in thy own portion. Fourthly consider how far thou art from deserving any good thing from God, and then thou canst not but with Jacob Gen. xxxii, 10 confess that thou art not worthy of the least of those mercies thou enjoyest, and instead of murmuring that they are no more, will see reason to admire and praise the bounty of God, that they are so many. Fifthly, be often thinking of the joys laid up for thee in heaven; look upon that as thy home, on this world only as an inn, where thou art fain to take up in thy passage; and then as a traveller expects not the same convenience at an inn, that he hath at home, so thou hast reason to be content with whatever entertainment thou findest here, knowing thou art upon thy journey to a place of infinite happiness, which will make an abundant amends for all the uneasiness and hardship thou canst suffer in the way. Lastly, pray to God, from whom all good things do come, that he will, to all his other blessings, add this of a contented mind, without which thou canst have no taste or relish of any other.

—"THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN."

Content can only be purchased by a virtuous life.
—MORAL MAXIM.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
—PROVERB.

Better half a loaf than no bread.

It is better to have an egg to-day than a hen to-morrow.

The circle of enjoyment comprehends
Wife, children, books, a few warm-hearted friends:
Man may with these contented be, and spurn
Those nothings, after which his neighbours yearn.
—LORD LEIGH.

If we take a liberal survey of human life we shall see that the virtue of contentment is only to be exercised in those cases where nature has assigned an insuperable and ascertained barrier to our wishes, or where we have been visited with evils absolutely irremediable. If in these cases, we can soothe our minds down into patience, we do the very best thing, that can be done in the circumstances and deserve applause for it. But in our ordinary condition, a disposition to be contented with whatever is in our possession or within our reach, would be equivalent to a call of 'Halt!' to the progress of the whole social world.
—R. CHAMBERS.

If we could take life's blessings, as we find them,
Making the most of bright or cloudy days,
Departing they would leave content behind them,
And vague unrest be banished from our ways.

I will not sigh for vast domains,
For festive halls and homes of pleasure,
Nor do I seek redundant gains
To heap my huge and hoarded treasure;
But this I dare to ask,—a placid mind
In every pulse of thought to heaven resign'd.

—R. MONTGOMERY.

Oh let us not murmur, though clouds should arise,
To darken our way 'neath these fair summer skies.
By and by they will pass far away from our sight,
And leave the blue heavens more brilliantly bright.
Just so will our pathway be chequered through life—
Now gladness and sunshine, now sorrow and strife;
Still let us not doubt, 'midst affliction and pain,
The deep springs of hope in our breasts will remain.

Should the hearts we have cherished prove faithless and cold,
Be our murmurs repress'd, our vexation untold.
Though the sun of our joy by their falsehood is set,
Let us kindly forgive them, and strive to forget.
Then away with repining: let our hearts be the shrine
Around which love and charity closely entwine.
Let the dove of content from our breasts never roam,
But gladden and cheer both our path and our home.

I WOULD I WERE.

The weary-grown labourer envies the lot
Of his wealthy and indolent neighbour;
The rich man gets bored and laments he has not
To obtain his subsistence by labour.
The scholar yearns wildly for muscular powers
And the athlete for learning is sighing;

It's strange, but it's true; in this queer world
of ours,
We are all sempiternally crying
"I would I were" this, and "I would I were" that,
And "I would I were"—goodness knows what!

If, perchance, some odd mortal should tell you that he
With his lot is completely contented,
Described in the "book of your brain" he would be
As a creature entirely demented.

And, happen what may, the strange fact will remain,
It's our nature to growl and to grumble,
Should each his most cherished prerogative gain,
We should still be heard fiercely to mumble,
"I would I were" this, and "I would I were" that,
And "I would I were"—goodness knows what!

—"PICK-ME-UP."

MY CONSCIENCE IS MY CROWN.

My conscience is my crown;
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself;
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth;
A mean, the surest lot;
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil:
I make the limits of my power,
The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly reign;

Effects attained, or not desired,
All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin;
Well-doing is my wealth:
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I wrestle not with rage
While fury's flame doth burn;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide doth run.

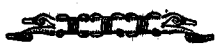
But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with open proof,
A tempered calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

No change of fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down:
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown;

And when in froward mood,
She moved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.*

—SOUTHWELL.



* *From Chambers's Poems for Young People.*

29. CONVERSATION.

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation;—and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge.

—The Rev. Sydney Smith.

Study gives strength to the mind; conversation, grace.

—Sir W. Temple.

Society and conversation are the most powerful remedies for restoring the mind to its tranquility, if, at any time, it has unfortunately lost it: as well as the best preservatives of that equal and happy temper, which is so necessary to self-satisfaction and enjoyment.

—Adam Smith.

Conversation makes one what he is.

—Proverb.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humour, and the fourth wit.

—Sir W. Temple.

It is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to society.

—Addison.

In conversation, a wise man may be at a loss wnere to begin, but a fool never knows where to stop.

Have the art of conversation. That is where the real personality shows itself. No act in life requires more attention, though it be the commonest thing in life. You must either lose or gain by it. If it needs care to write a letter, which is but a deliberate and written conversation, how much more the ordinary kind in which there is occasion for a prompt display of intelligence? Experts feel the pulse of the soul in the tongue; wherefore the sage said, "Speak, that I may know thee."

In conversation discretion is more important than eloquence.

The tongue is a wild beast: once let loose it is difficult to chain. It is the pulse of the soul, by which wise men judge of its health: by this pulse a careful observer feels every movement of the heart.*

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.

—"BIBLE—JAMES 3."

Speak evil of no one.

—MAHOMED.

One of the best rules for conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid.

—STERNE.

There is nothing so good to the human heart as well agreed conversation, when you know that your companion will answer to your thought as the anvil meets the hammer, ringing sound to merry stroke; better

* *From Gracian's Art of Worldly Wisdom, translated from the Spanish by Jacobs.*

than wine, better than sleep, like love itself—for love is agreement of thought.*

A dearth of words a woman need not fear
But 'tis a task indeed to learn to hear:
In that the skill of conversation lies:
That shows or makes you both polite and wise.
—YOUNG.

"There is nothing," says Plato, "so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth." "For this reason," adds Addison, "there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

In conversation boldness now bears sway,
But know, that nothing can so foolish be,
As empty boldness: therefore first assay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery;
Then march on gallant, get substantial worth.
Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.
—GEORGE HERBERT.

VICES OF CONVERSATION.

1. One of the most conspicuous vices of conversation is the habit by which some are characterised, of assenting too readily. They are full of yes, yes's, and precisely so's, and are so eager to believe whatever is told, and to approve of any speculative doctrine that is advanced, that it would be easy to make them sanction the wildest absurdity or cause them to contradict themselves twice every five minutes.

* *From Thoughts from Writings of Richard Jefferies.*

2. An equally conspicuous vice of conversation is that of perpetual dissent and challenging. In conversation, we are not to expect everything that is said to be said with all the correctness that we look for in a book. The natural power of the human memory does not admit of perfect correctness. A moderate latitude is therefore to be allowed, even in matters of fact; it is enough, indeed, if the parties speak with the wish of attaining truth, and avoiding falsehood.

3. A third vice in conversation is a tendency to advance and maintain no views like those which the generality of men advance and maintain. Some people can think upon no subject, as the bulk of mankind think. Whatever be the general disposition, or tone of opinion at any time, they are quite in an opposite strain. They are always in the minority. In things which mankind approve of, they see evils; and in the things which mankind condemn, they see virtues, imperceptible to all other eyes but theirs. * * * *

In truth, they have no consistent principles. They are at no pains to ascertain the real merits of anything. They think themselves judging, when they are only acting under the influence of a blind sentiment, the pride of singularity.

—R. CHAMBERS.

Give the body the nourishment, the exercise, the fresh air, the sunlight it requires, keep it clean, and then think of it as little as possible. In your thoughts and in your conversation never dwell upon the negative side. Don't talk of sickness and disease. By talking of these you do yourself harm, and you do harm to those who listen to you. Talk of those things that will make people the better for listening to you. Thus you will infect

them with health and strength—and not with weakness and disease.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

The power of endurance is best shown in the case of him, who has to hear, unresistingly, for hours at a time, the droning of a tedious talker.

Those afflicted with the talking mania rarely appear to remember that talk is not, necessarily, conversation. A good conversationalist is a treasure. He never bores you—he never wearies you. His presence is welcome, and his words fitly spoken make the listener better and stronger, and he compels a return of good things on your own part that you never dreamt yourself capable of.

Hail, Conversation, soothing power
Sweet goddess of the social hour!
* * * * * *
Hail Conversation, heavenly fair,
Thou bliss of life, and balm of care!
* * * * * *
Let education's moral mint
The noblest images imprint;
Let Taste her curious touchstone hold,
To try if standard be the gold;
But 'tis thy commerce, Conversation,
Must give it use by circulation;
That noblest commerce of mankind,
Whose precious merchandise is mind!

—HANNAH MORE.

30. COUNTRY (LOVE OF.)

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath never within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!—
If such there breathe: go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

—SCOTT.

Thou spot of earth, where from my bosom,
The first weak tones of nature rose,
Where first I cropped the stainless blossom
Of pleasure yet unmixed with woes;
Where, with my new-born powers delighted,
I tripped beneath a mother's hand—
In thee the quenchless flame was lighted,
That sparkles for my native land.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first best country ever is at home.

—GOLDSMITH.

A love of the country in which we were born and brought up, is one of the affections of our nature. It is felt by the natives of almost every land, however rude they may be, or however worthless the country may appear to other people. This affection is not without its use when it is kept within rational bounds. It gives the people of each country an interest in their common soil, prompting them to defend it from the attacks of other nations, to promote its general interests, and to feel kindly towards all who belong to it. * * * * *

But the love of country, while thus good in moderation, becomes absurd and mischievous when carried to excess, or not governed by reason. We must not allow it to blind us to our defects as a nation, or to errors calling for correction in our social policy. We must not, because we love our own country, hate or despise other countries and their inhabitants; that would be as bad as if every man were to think so highly of himself, as to believe that no other person had equal honour or virtue. While ready, also, to defend our country from unjust aggression, we must take care lest a disposition arise in us to take up arms without sufficient provocation against neighbouring countries; for war is a tremendous evil, which should never be resorted to but under the strongest necessity. While seeking to promote the interests of our country in its manufactures and commerce, we must not allow ourselves to suppose that by injuring other countries in these matters, our own country will be benefited. Every country has, on the contrary, an interest in the prosperity of all other countries; for when a country is prosperous, it becomes able to buy from others what those others have to sell. In short, all the rules for the conduct of individuals apply equally to nations. We are to love ourselves so far as to seek by

all fair means, to advance our own interests, but we are also to love our fellow-creatures, and do them all the good in our power. So a nation may love itself so far as to seek, by all fair means, to advance its own interests; but it is also to love its own neighbours, and to do them all possible good, but certainly no evil. Such conduct is good for both parties; for the more comfortable, happy and good our neighbours are, the pleasanter and more profitable it is for us to live in the midst of them: and the more prosperous, contented and peaceful other countries are, the better it is for the prosperity and tranquility of our own.*

In love of home the love of country has its rise.

* *From The Moral Class-Book.*

31. COURAGE–BRAVERY–BOLDNESS &c.

We generally denote by courage a disposition to face danger of any kind without shrinking. It is a quality which excites general admiration, whether it is shown in self-defence, or in aiding others, or even when we do not see any benefit resulting from the particular exhibition of it.*

Courage consists in being resolute in a good cause.

—Moral Maxim.

Courage is generosity of the highest order, for the brave are prodigal of the most precious things. Our blood is nearer and dearer to us than our money, and our life than our estate.

—Colton.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in fame.

—Sydney Smith.

The man of true courage feels no fear.†

—Confucius.

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* *From Sidgwick's Methods of Ethics.*

† *From Marshman's Works of Confucius.*

Courage that grows with constitution, often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; courage which arises from a sense of duty, acts in a uniform manner.
—ADDISON.

Self-control is only courage under another name.

Necessity does the work of courage.*

Rashness borrows the name of courage, but it is of another race and nothing allied to that virtue, the one descends in a direct line from prudence, the other from folly and presumption.

The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more hope for him than of a dead man. But it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world; if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and with unconquerable will determines to be and do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him, that kills, but what is within, that makes or unmakes.

It is moral courage that characterises the highest order of manhood and womanhood—the courage to seek and speak the truth; the courage to be just; the courage to be honest; the courage to resist temptation; the courage to do one's duty. If men and women do not

* *From Sayings from the Works of George Eliot, selected by Alexander Main.*

possess this virtue, they have no security whatever for the preservation of any other.

—SMILES.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

—J. BAILLIE.

It is the character of a brave and resolute man not to be ruffled in adversities and not to be in such confusion as to desert his post, as we say, but to preserve presence of mind and the exercise of reason without departing from his purpose.

—CICERO.

Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious—dear than life.

—SHAKESPEARE.

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause;
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can,
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.

—DRYDEN.

Fortitude without wisdom is but rashness.

The man who has got fortitude brings his misfortunes to an end,
Becomes famous among the people, and again makes a fortune for himself.

—DALPATRÂM.*

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and e'en a stranger recommends.

—POPE.

The coward only threatens when he is secure.

—GOETHE.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.*

The man who fears nothing is not less powerful than he who is feared by every one.

—SCHILLER.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

—MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

This is well to be weighed; that boldness is ever blind; for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences. Therefore it is ill in counsell, good in execution: so that the right use of bold persons is that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others. For in counsell, it is good to see dangers; and in execution, not to see them, except they be very great.

—BACON.

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* *From Sayings from the Works of George Eliot, selected Alexander Main.*

A famous city had three gates, and on the first the inscription was, "Be bold"; and on the second gate yet again, "Be bold, and evermore be bold"; and on the third it was written, "Be not too bold."

"Come and take them", was the reply of Leonidas, King of Sparta, to the messengers sent by Xerxes to Thermopylæ. Xerxes said, "Go and tell those madmen to deliver up their arms." Leonidas replied, "Go and tell Xerxes to come and take them."*

Wellington was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bedtime, when the captain of the vessel came to him and said. "It will soon be all over with us." "Very well," answered the Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots."

Keep up your courage, friend,
Nor falter on the track—
Look up, toil bravely on,
And scorn to languish back.
A true heart rarely fails to win,
A will can make a way—
The darkest night will yield at last
Unto the perfect day.

* *From Rev. Dr. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*

32. CRIME.

The leading fact which arrests our attention is that every crime proceeds from an abuse of some faculty or other; and the question immediately arises, whence originates the tendency to abuse? The answer—from three sources.

FIRST: From particular faculties being too active; what is the cause of particular faculties being too active in individuals? In answer, I point to the law of hereditary descent, by which the faculties most energetic in the parents determine those which shall predominate in the child.

SECONDLY: From great excitement produced by external causes; undue excitement may arise from the individual being pressed by want of food, stimulated by intoxicated liquors, seduced by evil example, and from a variety of other unfavourable influences.

THIRDLY: From ignorance of what are uses and what are abuses of the faculties. Abuses may arise from sheer want of knowledge concerning the constitution of the mind, and its relations to external objects.

The first cause—the great preponderance of the animal propensities—cannot, by any means yet known, be summarily removed. Intellect, therefore, points out an alternative—that of supplying, by moral and physical restraint, the control which, in a brain better constituted, is accorded by the moral and intellectual faculties;

in short, of placing the offender under such a degree of effective control as absolutely to prevent the abuse of his faculties.

The second cause—great excitement from without—may be removed by withdrawing the individual from the influence of the unfavourable external circumstances to which he is exposed. The very restraint and control which serve to effect the first object will directly tend to accomplish the second at the same time.

The third cause—namely, ignorance—may be removed by conveying instruction to the intellectual, and training to the moral, and religious powers.

—GEORGE COMBE.

Stand in dread of guilt, and deem the smallest offence great: for a slight ailment becometh a dreadful disease.

—"DESATIR."*

Make atonement for the offence which you may have committed.

—"DESATIR."*

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

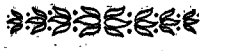
—SHAKESPEARE.

Labour is one of the best antidotes to crime.

—SMILES.

Every man is to be presumed innocent till he is proved to be guilty.

—BLACKSTONE.



* *Translated by Mulla Firuz Bin Kaus, edited by D. J. Medhora.*

33. DANGER.

There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men, than forced them. Nay, it were better, to meet some dangers half way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side to be deceived with too long shadows, and to shoot off before the time, or to teach dangers to come on by over early buckling towards them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion must ever be well weighed, and generally first to watch and then to speed.

—BACON.

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehension than ruined by too confident security. The way to be safe is never to feel secure.

—BURKE.

Apprehended dangers are defended dangers.

A danger foreseen is half avoided.

The hard-won is the dearly-prized; the easy fool who flies
At danger's first approach, will die as ignorant as he was born;
But he who faces it and braves it, though it overcome him,
Will learn to conquer even by being conquered.

—CHARLES H. HANGER.

Better face a danger once than be always in fear.
—MAXIM.

The absent danger greater still appears,
And less he fears, who 's near the thing he fears.
—DANIEL.

Yet needless dangers never madly brave,
Kick not thy naked foot against a nail.

'Tis wisdom to beware,
And better shun the bait than struggle in the snare.
—DRYDEN.

All difficulties are but easy, when they are known.
—SHAKESPEARE.

HYMN.

(In times of distress and danger.)

Oh God, that madest earth and sky, the darkness and the day,
Give ear to this Thy family, and help us when we pray!
For wide the waves of bitterness around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the rocky shore!

—R. HEBER.

34. DAY AND HOW TO PASS IT.

For all thy wondrous mercies past,
My grateful voice I raise;
While thus I quit the bed of rest,
Creation's Lord to praise.

—HANNA MORE.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave,
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;
Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

—H. VAUGHAN.

About a couple of hours before sunrise, pious men should be up on their legs,
Should shake off sleep and pray to God, saying "Thou art but one, Oh Lord!"
The ascetics should look to religious meditation, love and pleasure the worldly should forego;
Those learned in the Vedas should contemplate the Vedas, the Vaishnavas should worship the deity Krishna.
Poets should begin to compose good poems, the generous should give charitable gifts;
A virtuous wife should wait upon her husband and attend to his commands.
Each one should mind one's own proper duties, bearing in mind the mysterious law of action;

Oh men and women! worship devoutly the Lord of poet Narsinha and you will be free from the shackles of frequent births.

—NARSINHA MEHTÂ.*

Morning comes, the nurse of all,
Like a matron at whose call,
All that dwell the house within,
Their appointed task begin.†

Oh, sacred is the eventide,
And holy is the twilight hour;
'Tis then that feels the inmost heart
Of men the great Creator's power.

And he may commune with his God,
Meeting his maker face to face,
In these his works, which all proclaim
How vast His love, how great His grace.

HOW TO PASS THE DAY.

Arise early; serve God devoutly, and the world busily; do thy work wisely; give thine alms secretly; go by the way gravely; answer the people demurely; go to thy meat appetitely; sit thereat discreetly; of thy tongue be not too liberal; arise therefrom temperately. Go to thy supper soberly, and to thy bed merrily and sleep surely.

—DAME JULIA BARNES.

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

† *From Specimens of Old Indian Poetry by Griffith, from Mrs. Manning's Ancient and Mediaeval India.*

DAILY DUTIES OF AN ÂRYA.

1. Have the habit of rising before sunrise, do not lie idly in bed after sleep has left you, but at once go to answer the call of nature, then cleanse the teeth, and taking your ablutions worship God. (This practice will promote health, and elevate the soul and the mind).
2. Study good works.
3. Perform a "Havan"* in the house daily, and, if not, at least once a week.
4. Always look after the health, actions, and education of your own children and those around you.
5. Exercise the body every day in proportion to its powers.
6. Always go out for a walk in the pure open air either in the morning or in the evening.
7. Be every morning remembering the God that is within you and that awards fruits according to your actions (so that you may be saved from evil deeds.)
8. Every morning think upon the frailty of life and the unsubstantial nature of the world. (This will direct you towards performing your duties.)
9. At night every day before going to bed, recollect how often you told lies, and how and whom you injured during the day: and then take a solemn vow, regarding God as the witness, that you will never repeat such misdeeds: and if possible make a note of such actions and such vows in your diary, and read it daily.

* *The burning of prescribed articles in a consecrated fire for purposes of purification.*

If you daily practise this, ere long you will make an excellent type of man.

—SWÂMI ÂTMÂNANDJI.*

The day begun with serious reflection and prayer, and ended with self-examination and prayer, will most probably be spent as every day should be.

—REV. DR. CARPENTER.

The day is immeasurably long to him who knows not how to value and use it.

—GOETHE.

King Alfred the Great, who is looked upon as a pattern of all kingly and private virtues had apportioned work for every hour, and it was his rule to do the appointed work at the appointed hour. He had divided the whole day into three parts, each of 8 hours. He had allotted eight hours to sleep, dinner, and exercise, even though he might be in the clutches of a cruel disease; but of the remaining 16 hours, he devoted 8 hours to reading, writing and praying; and the remaining 8 hours to official work. Because time is not a trifling thing; is not one which should be spent uselessly; but it is a great gift of God, and we ought to give an account for it to the Donor. That great man thus constantly thought of time.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.

—LINES QUOTED BY SIR E. COKE.

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* *An Aryan Philosopher.*

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

—Sir W. Jones.

I have worked for more than twelve hours a day for fifty years on an average.

—Webster.

35. DEATH.

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.

It is as natural to die as to be born. Death openeth the gate to good fame and extinguisheth envy.

—BACON.

Happiness and misery succeed each other, gladness is followed by sadness;

Whoever is born is destined to die, all wisdom being vain.

—SÂMAL.*

What's sprung from earth dissolves to earth again,
And heaven-born things fly to their native seat.

Some die to-day, and some to-morrow, some at day and some at night;

Some die in the prime of youth, and some die old, some that die are men, and some are women;

Fever is the cause in some cases, while some are suicides;

The death of some is caused by luxurious living, some die of disease or snake-bite;

In some cases, indigestion or hydrophobia is the cause, some perish in obstinate fight;

One way or another, none can escape Death's sting, see and consider, says Sâmal.

—SÂMAL.*

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

Nothing can we call our own but death.

The three conquerors of the world are Fashion, Love, and Death.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?
—GRAY.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

In every place
Death's footsteps fall. Nor triple-bolted gate,
Nor brazen wall, can shut from man his fate.
—ROBERT LYTTON.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!
—MRS. HEMANS.

One may live as a conqueror, or a magistrate, or a king, but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality.

The oldest deaf and dumb asylum is the grave.

Sport not with life, nor fear death.

He that fears death, lives not.
—PROVERB.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear:
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

—SHAKESPEARE.

We need not fear to die when death
To us gives sign and warning,
For if we 've bravely done our best,
We 'll pass from night to morning.

Submit thy fate to Heaven's indulgent care,
Though all seems lost, 'tis impious to despair.
The tracks of Providence like rivers wind,
And though immerged in earth from human eyes,
Again break forth, and more conspicuous rise.
Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

—YOUNG.

Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend,
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.

—DRYDEN.

There is no man sorry for death itself, but only for the time of death; every one knowing that it is a bond

never forfeited to God. If, then, we know the same to be certain and inevitable, we ought withal to take the time of his arrival in as good part as the knowledge.

—Sir W. Raleigh.

Nothing would be less useful than to fill the mind with gloomy images of death, and to torment the present by apprehensions as to the future. Religion does not require nor countenance any such morbid anxiety; yet it is good also to sober the thoughts with the consciousness of life's frailty and death's certainty. It is good above all to live every day as we would wish to have done when we come to die. We need not keep the dread event before us, but we should do our work and duty as if we were ever waiting for it, and ready to encounter it.

—John Tulloch.

That which is born expires, what blossoms does fade;
Whatever is filled becomes empty, what rises falls.
All that is green dries, the new in time gets old;
Everything under the sun has its end, Time is the destroyer of all;
When celestial beings and fiends, gods, demi-gods and demons,
Even god Indra and such others die in course of nature, much less can man hope to escape.

—Sâmal.*

There is no escaping the grasp of death, you may grieve at it or rejoice;
What is the use of grieving for it then, let us rather bear it cheerfully.

—Dalpatrâm.†

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* *A Gujarâti poet.* † *A Gujarâti poet.*

"To love life without fearing death" is the only means of living happy and dying at a good old age. People who dread death seldom attain longevity. If death presents itself to us under a repulsive and terrifying aspect, it is solely owing to our habits and prejudices having perverted our feelings. It is the darkening the room, the faces full of grief and desolation, the moaning and crying, that made death terrific. "Sleep and death are twins," said the poets of antiquity. Why then should we fear death, when we daily invoke its brother as a friend! Why then should we dread the last moment, when we are prepared for its advent by so many other moments of a similar character? Death is as natural as life. Both come to us in the same way, without our consciousness, without our being able to determine the advent of either. No one knows the exact moment when he goes to sleep, none will know the exact moment of his death. Such are the consolations which philosophy presents to timid minds that fear death.

He, who fears death, has already lost the life he covets.

He who is not afraid of death can do whatever he wishes to do.

—DAYÂRÂM.*

There are three things of which one can never tire; health, life and wealth.

—"JÂVIDAN KHIRAD."†

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

† *From Ancient Iranian and Zoroastrian Morals by D. J. Medhora.*

"Oh with what joy would I resign my breath!"
The wretch exclaims, and prays for instant death:
The fiend approaching, he inverts his prayer,
"Oh grant me life, and double all my care!"

O! why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soon expire;
Knowing the miseries of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knock at Deathes gate!
And he that happie seemes, and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth playne.

—SPENSER.

Long not for death, nor hanker after life;
Calmly expect thy own appointed time,
E'en as a servant reckons on his hire. †

—MANU.

Death is the greatest of Earth's illusions. There is no death but only changes in life conditions.

—"THE ANCIENT WISDOM."

It is as natural to die as it is to live. In fact, life itself is "a daily death." As far as yesterday is concerned, we are already dead. Literally speaking, we exist but in the present. In a few brief years both mind and body undergo as complete a revolution as the change from animal to vegetable existence. We are at last no more the same beings, than echoes are original sounds. We bear but a faint resemblance to our former selves. Had we dropped into the grave in our dawn of life,

* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

our childhood would not have been more unequivocally dead than it now is. Our youth must also die, and next our manhood, and when old age, says Motaigne, is carried to the tomb, it is but an additional death.

—D. L. RICHARDSON.

The true view of death as a natural institution, is that it is an essential part of the system of organization; that birth, growth and arrival at maturity as completely imply decay and death in old age as morning and noon imply evening and night, as spring and summer imply harvest, or as the source of a river implies its termination.

—GEORGE COMBE.

A question was once asked of king Yudhisthira, "What is the most wonderful thing on this earth?" And the king replied, "Every day people are dying around us, and yet men think they will never die."

We need men who will teach us first how to live. Living quite invariably precedes dying. This also is true that when we once know how to live, and live in accordance with what we know, then the dying, as we term it, will in a wonderfully beautiful manner take care of itself. It is in fact the only way in which it can be taken care of.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

We die as we live.

—TURKISH PROVERB.

Of the dead or absent speak well, or not at all.

O speak not lightly of the dead
Stilled is the pale, cold brow!
Though tears for him ye may not shed,
Speak softly, kindly now.

Sweet is the memory of departed worth.

The hand of death is ever, in my opinion, too severe and too sudden when it falls upon such as are employed in some immortal work. The sons of sensuality, who have no views beyond the present hour, terminate with each day the whole purpose of their existence; but those who look forward to posterity, and endeavour to transmit their names with honour to future generations by useful labours—to such death is always immature, as it ever snatches them from amidst some unfinished design.

—PLINY.

Old men go to death; death comes to young men.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!

—BLAIR.

The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace!

BEFORE DEATH.

Oh, if you'd speak a kindly word,
Do not too long delay it,
But let it by our ears be heard—
We fain would hear you say it.
Of friendly cheer our hearts have need
Along life's pathway dreary;
Remember we can never read
Our own obituary.

If there's a deed which you can do
To ease our yoke of sorrow,
Oh, do it with a purpose true
Nor wait for the to-morrow.
Make all our hearts with joy to laugh,
While we are with you love us;
We'll never see the epitaph,
You'll kindly place above us.

If you have loving gifts to make,
Do not too long withhold them;
But give them now that we may take
And in our hearts enfold them.
Oh, crown us with a wreath to-day!
Our hungry spirits ask it;
We 'll never see the rich bouquet,
You place upon our casket.

—"PICK-ME-UP."

THE LAY OF DEATH.

"How terrible is Death!—how grim!"
No, Sons, I say you, no—
He is not thus, if we with him
Will but familiar grow.

If we will often on him think,
And hold our Friend to be:
Then Fear will from his presence shrink,
A baffled enemy.

We know that Death still waits on Birth,
That Life expects its close,
That the most live-long joy of earth
But for an instant blows.

Count we our Fourscore years and Ten,
And be they all Delight,
Yet, once enjoy'd, they are pass'd—and then
Seem but an arrow's flight.

Ask not, How long, but ask How well,
Has this or that man sped?—
How high his bosom's generous swell
Has kept his valiant head?

Ask, if to deeds of bold intent
When call'd, he came—he ran?
Was he, of all his Regiment,
Ever the foremost man?

Has he, from craft and malice free,
Pursued his straightway path?
Ah no!—to him, and such as he
Death nought of terror hath.

—J. H. MERIVALE.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!

Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
"This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand."
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat possess'd,
Advanced, and for the wand address'd.
"I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere."
Next gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems suppress'd,
A most tenacious, stubborn guest.
A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
"'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretention to the place."
Stone urged his over-growing force;
And next consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:
"Let none object my lingering way,
—I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow."
Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hoped the wand,
Now expectation hush'd the band;
When thus the monarch from the throne:
"Merit was ever modest known.
What, no physician speak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite!
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest,)
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemperance is esteem'd a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all."

—JOHN GAY.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

The tree of deepest root is found,
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years:
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom

With him into another room:
And looking grave,—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!
With you!" the hapless husband cried:
"Young as I am; 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
My thoughts on other matters go,
This is my wedding-night, you know."
What more he urg'd I have not heard:
His reason could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbour," he said, "Farewell: no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you 're summon'd to the grave,
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you 'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way
Well pleas'd the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted, perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,—
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,—

The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace;
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now one night in musing mood,
As all alone, he sat,
The unwelcome messenger of fate,
Once more before him stood.
Half killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dobson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it!" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you 're but in jest;
Since I was here before,
'Tis six and forty or fifty years at least.
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd:
"To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—Is 't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promis'd me three warnings,
Which I have look'd for nights and mornings.
But, for that loss of time, and ease,
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
I wish you joy though of your strength."
"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast,
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," death replies,
"However you still keep your eyes,
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith,
Yet there's some comfort still," says Death;
"Ear strives your sadness to amuse,
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he, "And if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."
"Nay then," the spectre stern rejoin'd,
"These are unjustifi'ble yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings.
So come along, no more we'll part,"
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

—MRS. THRALE.

36. DEBT.

Owe no man anything.

—ST. PAUL.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Do not borrow anything for use, nor run up an account with any person;
In running into debts for expenses, you will meet with buffets.
A debtor lives beyond his income
He becomes very miserable and has to repent bitterly.
When he fails to repay on the promised day, he is dishonoured in public
By the creditor, and nothing can be more disgraceful than that.

—NARMADÂSHANKAR.*

Debt makes a slave of a man. I have often known what it was to be in want of money, but I never got into debt.

—DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

He is rich who owes nothing.

—ITALIAN PROVERB.

Happy is the man who owes nothing.

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

Out of debt, out of danger.

—PROVERB.

Who goeth a borrowing,
Goeth a sorrowing.

—T. TUSSER.

The greatest misfortune is to have physical pain, next to it is indebtedness. Be assured, all others are minor ones.

—DALPATRÂM.*

What things increase the more you contract them? *Ans.*—Debts.

It is astonishing how debts will expand after being contracted.

Never owe any one more than you are able to pay, and allow no man to owe you more than you are able to lose.

A good payer is master of another's purse.

—PROVERB.

A good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.

At some time to borrow, account it no shame,
If justly thou keepest thy touch for the same.
Who quick be to borrow, and slow be to pay,
Their credit is naught, go they never so gay.

—TUSSER.

Credit lost is like a broken looking-glass.

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

The most steadfast followers of one's fortunes are one's creditors.

Time may be money, but it's hard for a man to make creditors believe it.

A money lender serves you in the present tense; he lends in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjective, and ruins you in the future.

If you wish to recollect a man's name, become security for him.

In dealing uprightly, this counsel I teach,
First reckon, then write, ere to purse ye do reach;
Then pay and dispatch him, as soon as ye can,
For ling'ring is hinderance, to many a man.

—TUSSER.

Live within your means, if you would have the means on which to live.

Do not give caste-dinners by selling your house.

—VÎRVIJAY.*

DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

1. Beware—beware of debt,
Pay down for what you get.
Your clothes are not in style,
But wear them yet awhile;
With brush and needle, you
Can make them "good as new."

* *A Jain poet.*

The head and not the hat,
The heart, not the cravat,
Makes a success of life,
For husband, child, and wife.

2. Debt is a frightful ghost,
Which haunts us when we most
Desire sweet peace to reign
Within the mind's domain.
The floor seems bare and cold,
The furniture is old,
But sweet is sleep on straw,
When comes no fear of law,
And the discourteous dun
For debts that should not run.

3. Don't run in debt, beware!
It is a trap, a snare;
Let fashion put on airs,
You shun its whims and cares.
Fine feathers sometimes make
Fine birds, sometimes they break
The wings in which they 're worn,
Then drooping, soil'd and torn,
The bird in sorrow lies,
Under unpitying skies.

4. The debtor is a slave;
"Many a man" that's brave
Pales, trembles, when he meets
His neighbour in the streets.
When notes are "coming due,"
What will become of you?
Unless you meet the bill,
You are a debtor still.

5. Oh, be an honest man;
Earn all you fairly can,

And spend less than you earn,
Have foresight to discern,
That he alone is free
Who scorns the luxury,
That tempts men to forget
The penalties of debt;
For even gyves of gold
Will canker hearts they hold.

37. DESPAIR.

Oh! why cast down my soul?
Oh! why despair?
Why murmur at thy lot
Of grief and care;
Through every scene of pain,
Let not thy heart complain,
For peace will yet remain
If God be there.

The glorious morning's light
Dawns bright and fair;
But soon the heavens grow black,
The lightenings glare.
Yet the red lightening's way
And the sun's cheering ray,
The self-same love display,
For God is there.

Then welcome, O my soul!
The will divine;
And to Almighty love
Thyself resign.
Since love divine appears
To wipe away my tears,
And banish all my fears,
His will be mine! *

—DR. TUCKERMAN

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* *From Mary Carpenter's Meditations.*

No circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve.

Have ye vices that ask a destroyer?
Or passions that need your control?
Let Reason become your employer,
And your body be ruled by your soul
Fight on, though ye bleed in the trial,
Resist with all strength that ye may;
Ye may conquer Sin's host by denial,
For "Where there's a will there's a way."

Have ye Poverty's pinching to cope with?
Does Suffering weigh down your might?
Only call up a spirit to hope with,
And dawn may come out of the night.
Oh! much may be done by defying
The ghosts of Despair and Dismay;
And much may be gain'd by relying
On "Where there's a will there's a way."

Should ye see afar off that worth winning,
Set out on the journey with trust;
And ne'er heed if your path at beginning
Should be among brambles and dust.
Though it is but by footsteps ye do it,
And hardships may hinder and stay;
Keep a heart, and be sure you 'll get through it.
For "Where there's a will there's a way."

—ELIZA COOK.

Let no man who owns a Providence, become desperate under any calamity, or strait whatsoever.

Then, while there's work for you to do,
Stand not despairing by,
Let "forward" be the move ye make,
Let "onward" be your cry;
And when success has crowned your plans,
'Twill all your pains repay,
To see the good your labour's done;
Then droop not on your way.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

—COWPER.

Never despair of God's blessings here, or of his reward hereafter.

—WAKE.

38. DHRUVA.*

Dhruva's father had two wives; the favourite Suruchi was proud and haughty: the second, his mother, Sunîti was humble and gentle. Suruchi had a son, named Uttama. While quite a child Dhruva was contemptuously treated by Suruchi, and she told him that her own son Uttama would alone succeed to the throne. Dhruva and his mother submitted, and he declared that he wished for no other honours than such as his own actions should acquire. He was a Kshatriya, but he joined a society of Rishis, and becoming a Rishi himself he went through a rigid course of austerities, notwithstanding the efforts of Indra to distract him. At the end he obtained the favour of Vishnu who raised him to the skies as the pole-star.*

One day Dhruva tried, like his elder brother, to take a seat in his father's lap, but he was contemptuously treated both by the king and his favourite wife. Dhruva went sobbing to his mother who told him in consolatory terms that fortune and favour were not attainable without hard exertions.

A wise man will be contented with that degree which appertains to him. But if you continue to feel hurt at the words of your step-mother, endeavour to augment that religious merit which bestows all good. Be amiable; be pious; be friendly; be assiduous in benevolence to all living creatures. For prosperity descends upon modest worth, as water flows towards low ground.†

—ADVICE TO DHRUVA BY HIS MOTHER.

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* *From Dowson's Dictionary of Hindu Mythology and Religion &c.*

† *Vishnu Purâna—from the works of H. H. Wilson.*

39. DIALOGUE BETWEEN A FATHER AND A SON.

SON.

Since soon the days of mortals end,
How ought the wise their lives to spend?
What course should I, to duty true,
My sire, from youth to age pursue?

FATHER.

Begin thy course with study; store
The mind with holy vedic lore.
That stage completed seek a wife,
And gain the fruit of wedded life,
A race of sons, by rites to seal,
When thou art gone, thy spirit's weal.
Then light the sacred fires, and bring
The gods a fitting offering.
When age draws nigh, the world forsake,
Thy chosen home the forest make:
And there, a calm, ascetic sage,
A war against thy passions wage,
That cleansed from every earthly stain
Thou mayest supreme perfection gain.

SON.

And art thou then, my father, wise,
When thou dost such a life advise?
What wise or thoughtful man delights
In formal studies, empty rites?
Should such pursuits and thoughts engage
A mortal more than half his age?

The world is ever vexed, distressed ;
The noiseless robbers never rest.

FATHER.

Tell how the world is vexed, distressed ;
What noiseless robbers never rest ?
What means thy dark, alarming speech ?
In plainer words thy meaning teach.

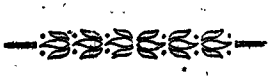
SON.

The world is vexed by death ; decay
The frames of mortals wears away.
Dost thou not note the circling flight
Of those still robbers, day and night,
With stealthy tread which hurrying past
Steal all our lives away at last ?
When well I know how death infests
This world of woe, and never rests,
How can I still, in thoughtless mood,
Confide in future earthly good ?
Since life with every night that goes,
Still shorter, and yet shorter grows,
Must not the wise perceive how vain
Are all their days that yet remain ?
We, whom life's narrow bounds confine,
Like fish in shallow water pine.
No moment lose ; in serious mood
Begin at once to practise good ;
Tomorrow's task to-day conclude,
The evening's work complete at noon
No duty can be done too soon.
Who knows whom death may seize to-night,
And who shall see the morning light ?
And death will never stop to ask
If thou hast done, or not, thy task.

While yet a youth, from folly cease;
Through virtue seek for calm and peace.
So shalt thou here attain renown,
And future bliss thy lot shall crown.
As soon as men are born, decay
And death begin to haunt their way.
How canst thou, thoughtless, careless, rest,
When endless woes thy life infest;
When pains and pangs thy strength consume
Thy frame to dissolution doom?
Forsake the busy haunts of men,
For there has death its favourite den.
In lonely forests seek thy home,
For there the Gods delight to roam.
Fast bound by old attachment's spell,
Men love amid their kin to dwell.
This bond the sage asunder tears;
The fool to rend it never cares.
Thou dost advise that I should please
With sacrifice the deities.
Such rites I disregard as vain;
Through these can none perfection gain.
Why sate the gods, at cruel feasts,
With flesh and blood of slaughtered beasts?
Far other sacrifices I
Will offer unremittingly;
The sacrifice of calm, of truth,
The sacrifice of peace, of ruth,
Of life serenely, purely, spent,
Of thought profound on Brahma bent.
Who offers these, may death defy,
And hope for immortality.
And then thou say'st that I should wed,
And sons should gain to tend me, dead,

By offering pious gifts, to seal,
When I am gone, my spirit's weal.
But I shall ask no pious zeal
Of sons to guard my future weal.
No child of mine shall ever boast
His rites have saved his father's ghost.
Of mine own bliss I'll pay the price,
And be myself my sacrifice.*

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."



* *Dialogue between a father and a son, translated by Dr. John Muir, from Anthropological Religion by Max Müller.*

40. DRAUPADÎ AND THE PÂNDAVAS (the five brothers.)

THE MARRIAGE OF DRAUPADÎ.

(SWAYAMVARA.)

Now when the Pândavas (the five brothers) had departed out of the city of Ekachakrâ, they journeyed to another city, where they found every man discoursing upon the approaching Swayamvara of the beautiful princess Draupadî, the only daughter of Drupada. And all the people said that this damsel was the loveliest in all the world, and as radiant and graceful as if she had just descended from the city of the gods; and that all the Râjâs from the four quarters of the earth would be present at the Swayamvara, and would seek to win so beautiful a damsel for a wife. Then the five Pândavas were all deeply stricken by what they heard of Draupadî, and they all resolved to attend her Swayamvara. * * Next day when it was early morning they left their mother Kuntî at a house under the charge of a Brâhmana whom they had engaged to be their family-priest; and they set off with all speed for the city of Kâmpilya, which was the city of the Râjâ of Draupada. And when they reached that city they found a vast number of Râjâs encamped, with a great host of troops and elephants, and multitudes of Brâhmanas, Kshatriyas, travelling merchants, showmen, and spectators. And there was set apart without the city a large plain enclosed by barriers, in which the Râjâs were to exhibit their skill in archery; and around the

plain were many glittering pavilions for the lodging of the more distinguished guests, and also raised galleries from whence to behold the performances. And at one end of the plain was a tall pole, and on the top of this pole was a golden fish, and below the golden fish was chakra ever whirling round; and the rule of the Swayamvara was, that whoever discharged an arrow through the chakra at the first shot, and struck the eye of the golden fish, that man should be the husband of the daughter of Râjâ Drupada.

After sixteen days of sports and feasting the morning of the Swayamvara dawned upon the city of Kâmpilya; and at the rising of the sun, gorgeous flags were waving in every quarter, and the city was awakened by the sounding of trumpets and beating of drums. Then all the people of the city gathered together upon the plain, and assembled round the barriers; and the well-armed soldiers of the Râjâ maintained the most perfect order, whilst dancers and showmen, jugglers and musicians, actors and athletes, wrestlers and swordsmen, delighted the spectators by their various performances. Presently the Râjâs and Chieftains took their appointed seats in the galleries; and there the Pândavas beheld their bitter enemies, who thought them dead, the Râjâ Duryodhana, the ambitious Karna, and many Kaurava Chieftains. * * * And provisions of every sort were served up to the guests in the galleries; whilst cup-bearers went round distributing and sprinkling rose-water, sandal, odoriferous woods, and other sweet perfumes.

After a while the moment arrived when the young princess was to exhibit herself in all her loveliness to those who hoped to gain her for a bride; and the beautiful damsel was dressed in elegant array, carrying in her hand the garland which she was to throw over the neck

of that fortunate hero who might have the fortune to win her to be his wife. Then the different choirs of Brâhmanas chanted vedic hymns to the glory and praise of the gods, and filled the heavens and the earth with music of their prayers. After this, and amidst a universal silence, the Prince, who was the brother of Draupadî, stood by the side of his resplendent sister, and proclaimed that whoever shot the arrow through the chakra in the first attempt, and struck the eye of the golden fish, should have the Princess for his wife. The Prince then told into the ears of Draupadî the name and lineage of every one of her suitors, and he also told her in the hearing of all, that she must place the garland round the neck of that man who struck the fish, and accept him for her husband from that day. The Prince then turned to the Râjâs and Chieftains, and said:—"Here stands this lady, my sister; whoever feels confident in his skill and strength that he can hit the mark in a single trial, let him arise and fulfil the conditions of the Swayamvara." At these words the Râjâs arose from their seats and approached the pole on which the golden fish was fixed; and the chakra below it was ever turning round; and they viewed the strong and heavy bow from which the arrow was to be discharged. Now every man was jealous of the other, and yet for a long while no chieftain would take up the bow, lest he should fail to bend it, and thus excite the laughter of the multitude. Presently a Râjâ stepped before his fellows, and tried to bend the bow, but could not; and another and yet another essayed in like manner to string the bow but all were alike unable so to do, because of its great size and strength. Then many of the Râjâs made the attempt, and they strained themselves to the very uttermost, casting aside their robes and collars, and putting forth

their whole strength, but not one amongst them could bend the bow. Then the ambitious Karna entered the lists, and, to the surprise and discomfiture of all who were there, he bent the bow and fitted the shaft to the string; but whilst all were alarmed, the proud Draupadî * * * * cried out with a loud voice:—"I wed not with the base-born!" And Karna was abashed, for he knew the lowness of his birth; but whilst bursting with rage and bitterness, he walked out of the area with a smile; and looking towards the Sun, he said:—"O Sun, bear witness that I throw away the arrow not because that I cannot shoot through the chakra, and strike the eye of the golden fish, but because Draupadî would not accept me for her husband even if I performed the feat." Then other Râjâs tried one after the other to bend the bow, but they failed to do so; and all other chieftains, seeing that the feat was beyond the strength of such mighty Râjâs, dared not make the venture lest they too should provoke the laughter and derision of the multitude.

All this time the Pândavas had been standing amongst the crowd disguised as Brâhmanas, but suddenly Arjuna advanced and lifted the bow; and a cry of astonishment ran through the assembly at seeing a Brâhmana attempt to compete at a Swayamvara. Some there were who jeered at Arjuna, and said:—"Shall a Brâhmana do this great thing which all the mighty Râjâs have failed to do!" Others cried:—"Unless the Brâhmana knew his own strength and skill, he would not make the essay." And all the real Brâhmanas that were present were fearful lest the attempt should offend the Râjâs, so that the Râjâs should give them no gifts; and they entreated Arjuna to withdraw; but Arjuna was heedless alike of words of blame and words of encourage-

ment, and he offered up a mental prayer to his tutor Drona, and then bent the bow and drew the cord, and fitting the arrow to the string, he discharged it through the centre of the chakra and struck the eye of the golden fish. Then a roar of acclamations arose from that vast assembly like the crash and roll of distant thunder, and the Brâhmanas waved their scarfs in the greatness of their delight, and the drums and trumpets filled the air with joyous music. And the beautiful Draupadî was filled with joy and wonder at the youth and grace of the hero who had struck the golden fish; and she came forward as she had been commanded by her brother, and threw the garland round the neck of Arjuna, and permitted him to lead her away according to the rule of the Swayamvara.

But meanwhile the Râjâs were lashing themselves into fury, and they cried out:—"Could not a Râjâ win the damsel, and are we to be humbled by a Brâhmana? Is Râjâ Drupada to invite us to the Swayamvara, and then to give his daughter to a Brâhmana? A Râjâ's daughter must ever choose a Kshatriya for her husband, and shall a Brâhmana trespass upon our right? The Brâhmana's life is sacred, but down with the guilty race of the Drupada!" With these cries they gathered round Râjâ Drupada with angry countenances and naked swords, and threatened to burn the princess upon a pile unless she chose a Kshatriya for her husband. But the Pândavas rushed to the rescue of Drupada, and performed prodigies of valour against the Râjâs, and a crowd of Brâhmanas pressed round to support them. At this moment Krishna, Prince of Dwârkâ, saw through the disguise of the five brothers, and in gentle words he allayed the wrath of the angry Râjâs, and gave his

judgment that Draupadî had been fairly won; and the Râjâs returned from the field in sullen anger, and the Pândavas were permitted to depart with the beautiful Draupadî who had become the prize of Arjuna.

At evening-time the Pândavas arrived at the house where they had left their mother Kuntî, and they said to her:—"O mother, we have made a fine acquisition this day." Then Kuntî thought in her heart that her sons had brought home much victual, and she said:—"Go and share it, you five brothers, amongst yourselves, and eat it." To this Yudhisthira replied:—"O, mother, what is this you have said? Arjuna has this day gained a damsel at her Swayamvara." Then Arjuna took Draupadî by the hand, and led her forward, and laid her at the feet of his mother. And Kuntî said:—"I have committed a grievous fault in saying, 'Go you five brothers and share it among you, and eat it.'" She then turned to Yudhisthira and said:—"O my son, the words have escaped my lips; and now you must some way contrive that they may be verified, and at the same time that you yourselves may not be involved in crime." * * * * *

All this time Râjâ Drupada had been much troubled in heart that his daughter should have been won by a Brâhmana, whom no one knew; and his son had been equally anxious to learn what manner of men they were who had led away his sister from her Swayamvara. And the brother had kept his eyes upon the Pândavas from the moment that Draupadî had thrown the garland round the neck of Arjuna; and he had followed them all the way to their own home, and seen his sister distribute the victuals at the evening meal, and heard the brothers discoursing about themselves and the Swayamvara. And the Prince

learnt, to his great surprise and joy, that the five brethren were not Brâhmanas but Kshatriyas, and he also thought in his heart that they belonged to the royal house of Hastinâpura, and he hastened back to the city of Kâmpilya to acquaint his father with the glad tidings. And Râjâ Drupada rejoiced greatly, and invited the Pândavas to his palace, and he and the people all received them grandly and gave them a great feast.

When the feast was over, Râjâ Drupada bestowed many gifts upon the brethren; and he said to Yudhisthira:—"I know full well that you are illustrious Râjâs but tell me, I pray you, what are your names and lineage." Yudhisthira replied:—"We are poor people, and if you deem us unworthy to ally with you, we entreat you to do as it pleases you, for we seek not to constrain you." Drupada then said:—"I adjure you by the Almighty God, to tell me who you are!" So Yudhisthira told him, saying:—"We are the sons of the Râjâ Pându; I am Yudhisthira, and he who won your daughter here to-day is Arjuna. And the others are Bhima, Nakula, and Sahadeva, and the lady who brought your daughter here to-day is our mother Kuntî." Then Râjâ Drupada knew them all, and was filled with joy.*

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

THE PÂNDAVAS AND THE GIANT.

Within the first year or two of the Pândavas' exile they arrive at a town called Ekachakrâ, in the neighbourhood of which lived a giant,—that is, a demon who feeds on human beings. They are kindly received by a

* *From Wheeler's History of India.*

family of poor Brâhmanas, who prove to be in great affliction, because it is their turn to furnish a victim for the monster. Whilst reposing in an inner apartment the Pândavas overheard the father, the mother, and the daughter, each urging a separate claim to be allowed to suffer for the rest.

The father commences, saying, that never would he be so base as to give a victim from his house and consent himself to live; but still he expresses anxiety at not knowing how to provide a place of refuge for his wife, daughter, and little son, after his removal. He cannot, he says, surrender his faithful wife,—the sweet friend given to him by the Gods; nor his daughter,—whom Brahmâ made to be a bride, and the mother of heroes; nor yet his son: * * * but if he offer himself, sorrow will pursue him in the world to come, and his abandoned wife and children will be unable to live without him.

The wife next speaks and chides her husband for yielding to grief like one of lowly caste; for, whoever knows the Vedas, must know that—

"Fate inevitable orders;—all must yield to death in turn.
Hence the doom, th' irrevocable,—it beseems thee not to morne.
Man hath wife, and son, and daughter,—for the joy of his own heart;
Wherefore, wisely check thy sorrow,—it is I must hence depart.
'Tis the wife's most holy duty,—law on earth without repeal,—
That her life she offer freely,—when demands her husband's weal."

She goes on to argue, that he can support and guard the children when she is gone, but that she would have no power to guard and support them without him. * * * * *

When the daughter overheard the troubled discourse of her parents, she put in her claim to be the offered victim; for, if they died before her, she would sink to bitterest misery: but if she died to preserve them, she would "then become immortal, and partake of bliss divine."

Whilst they were all thus weeping, the little son opened wide his eyes, and lisped out in broken accents:

"'Weep not, father, weep not, mother; oh my sister, weep not so'
First to one and then to th' other,—smiling went he to and fro.
Then a blade of speargrass lifting, thus in bolder glee he said:
'With this spear-grass will I kill him—this man-eating giant—dead.'"*

Happily the child's chivalry was not required; for the Pându brothers went forth and conquered the "man eating giant."

—"EPISODE OF THE MAHÂBHÂRATA."†

* *Translated by the Rev. H. H. Milman.*

† *From Mrs. Manning's Ancient and Mediaeval India.*

41. DRESS.

Men and women should content themselves with that sort of clothing, which agrees to their sex and condition, not striving to exceed or equal that of higher rank, not yet making it a matter of envy among those of their own estate, vieing who shall be finest. But let every man clothe himself in such sober attire as befits his place and calling, and not think himself disparaged if another of his neighbours have better than he. And let all remember, that clothes are things, which add no true worth to any; and therefore it is an intolerable vanity to spend any considerable part, either of their thoughts, time, or wealth upon them, or to value themselves ever more for them, or despise their poor brethren that want them.

—"THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN."

Do not dress like a fop.

—JAIN PRECEPT.

Better a good dinner than a fine coat.

—BURGUNDIAN PROVERB.

It is not the cowl that makes the friar.

Affectation in dress implies a flaw in the understanding.

—MAXIM.

I have known persons so anxious to have their dress become them, as to convert it, at length, into their proper self, and thus actually to become the dress.

—COLERIDGE.

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder clean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.

—COWPER.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

—SHAKESPEARE.

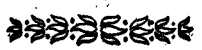
Let your dress be as cheap as may be without shabbiness; think more about the colour of your shirt than about the gloss or texture of your coat; be always as clean as your occupation will, without inconvenience, permit; but never, no, not for one moment, believe, that any human being, with sense in skull, will love or respect you on account of your fine or costly clothes.

—COBBETT.

The plainer the dress, with greater lustre does beauty appear. Virtue is the best ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

—THOMSON.



42. DRINKING (Drunkenness.)

One of the five great sins in the Hindu Code is drinking spirituous liquors.*

Touch not, taste not.

—SHANKARÂCHÂRYA.

Abstain from intoxicating drinks.

—BUDDHA.

Then we have the strictest rule that no intoxicating drug or drink may be touched; nothing like bhâng, opium, alcohol: of course, nothing of this kind is allowed.†

The mortals who eat bhâng and drink wine shall go to hell,
Whatever pilgrimages, fastings, and daily devotions they may perform.‡

—KABÎR.

If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them:

Then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place;

* *From a Note in Wilson's Theatre of the Hindus.*

† *From Annie Besant's Lecture on Jainism.*

‡ *From a Lecture on the Sikhs by Mr. Macauliffe, C. S.*

And they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton, and a drunkard.

And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones that he die.

—"BIBLE-DEUTERONOMY."

Drink drags numberless souls down to everlasting perdition.

—POPE LEO XIII.

The Prophet (Muhammed) said:

Never drink wine, for it is the root of all evil.

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

Keep yourselves away, oh men! from drinking wine.
There is little advantage in it, innumerable evils result therefrom;
And it exposes the drunkard to loss and ridicule.
Wine and toddy intoxicate a person, and throw him into gutters;
Some when drunk are run over by carriages.
A drunkard loses his precious respect, and makes a fool of himself;
He knows this and still he loves wine.
Wine indisposes the person and brings about physical weakness;
And illness at last is the consequence:
Drinking impoverishes a person and involves him in debt;
A slave to this habit, knows it well, but yet he will not give it up.
A drunkard's children starve, his wife regrets and sighs;

* *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

And besides, these men die prematurely.
The wise regard wine as the parent of sins and as a source of certain destruction.
Both the Hindu and the Mahomedan Scriptures condemn the drinking of wine.
Body, mind, wealth, honour—all are lost,
And piety, which is very essential, is also destroyed owing to wine-drinking.*

—NANÂMIYÂ R.

With a drunken man, walk not in the road.

—"MAINYO-I-KHARD." †

An intoxicant when prescribed as medicine by a physician at the time of illness or pain may be taken without any objection. But it should not be taken as a matter of luxury at any other time. For all inebriating drugs possess this common property, that if one day you take one drug of this kind, the very next day you probably feel such a strong craving for the same, that you think as if you cannot do without it. In case now the dose be similarly continued on the second day, third day, and so on, in a very short time the act becomes such a confirmed habit that it is very difficult for you to give it up. It is indeed improper to indulge in intoxicating things without any necessity for them; because wine, toddy (palm-juice), opium, hemp-drink, hemp-flowers, tobacco, and such other various intoxicants, when taken habitually, inevitably injure man in respect of his body, mind and wealth. Not a single advantage accrues from these intoxicants, while the disadvantages resulting therefrom are numerous.

—"ZOROASTRIAN DHARMANÎTI," No. 3.‡

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* *From Buddhiprakâsha.* † *Translated by E. W. West.*
‡ *By Erwad Sheheriârji Dâdâbhâi Bharuchâ.*

For your own welfare and for the welfare of those around you, give up these intoxicating liquors. Do so, if not for your own safety, at least for the welfare of your brothers and sisters around you. * * * Every individual man is responsible to God not only for the way in which he acquits himself in the discharge of his duty to himself and to his God, but also for all influences which, directly or indirectly, he exercises on those around him. And if you think, my friends, that by not taking intoxicating liquors you can save, say, only one of your brothers or one of your sisters from temptation, sin, and wickedness, is not that a glorious thing? Man lives in this life not for his own enjoyment, but for the sake of self-sacrifice in the cause of truth, and the greater the sacrifice the greater is his moral greatness. Shall you not then aspire to that moral and heavenly greatness, which you can only achieve and attain by means of self-sacrifice? Martyrs there were, in times gone by, who scrupled not for one moment to sacrifice not only their dearest and best interests, but even their lives for the glory of God, for the vindication of truth, and for the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind at large. Is it too much for me to expect from you that you will give up those odious and detestable intoxicating liquors, if by so doing, you can preserve the lives of those around you, and advance the kingdom of God, who is the Eternal, the Supreme, and the Holy Sovereign of the Universe?

—KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

Faith, hope, and charity, are the best weapons in the world to fight against intemperance. The faith of the Mahometans forbids them to drink wine, and they abstain religiously, as the sons of Rechab; and the faith of

Christ forbids drunkenness to us, and therefore is infinitely more powerful to suppress this vice, when we remember that we are Christians, and to abstain from drunkenness and gluttony is part of the faith and discipline of Jesus, and that with these vices neither our love to God, nor our hopes of heaven, can possibly consist; and, therefore, when these enter the heart, the others go out at the mouth; for this is the devil that is cast out by fasting and prayer, which are the proper actions of these graces.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Take especial care that thou delight not in wine, for there never was any man that came to honour or preferment that loved it. For it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men; hated in thy servants, in thyself and companions, for it is a bewitching and infectious vice. And remember my words, that it were better for a man to be subject to any vice than to it; for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delights of beastliness. For the longer it possesseth a man the more he will delight in it, and the older he groweth the more he shall be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits and destroyeth the body as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut.

Take heed, therefore, that such a cureless canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly infection thy old age, for then shall all thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death thou shalt only leave a

shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such a one was their father.

* * * * *

Pliny saith: 'Wine maketh the hand quivering, the eyes watery, the night unquiet, lewd dreams, a stinking breath in the morning, and an utter forgetfulness of all things.'

Whosoever loveth wine shall not be trusted of any man, for he cannot keep a secret; wine maketh man not only a beast, but a madman; and if thou love it, thy own wife, thy children, and thy friends will despise thee. In drink men care not what they say, what offence they give, forget comeliness, commit disorders, and, to conclude, offend all virtuous and honest company, and God most of all, to whom we daily pray for health and a life free from pain; and yet by drunkenness and gluttonness (which is the drunkenness of feeding) we draw on, saith Hesiod, 'a swift, hasty, untimely, cruel, and an infamous old age.' And St. Augustine describeth drunkenness in this manner: 'Drunkenness is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which whosoever hath, hath not himself, which whosoever doth commit doth not commit sin, but he himself is wholly sin.'

Innocentius saith: 'What is filthier than a drunken man, to whom there is stink in the mouth, trembling in the body, which uttereth foolish things and revealeth secret things, whose mind is alienate and face transformed? There is no secrecy where drunkenness rules; nay, what other mischief does it not design? Whom have not plentiful cups made eloquent and talking?'

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.

—Baron Rothschild.

Drink brings on the accumulated evils of war, pestilence, and famine.

—GLADSTONE.

The first and most seductive danger, and the destroyer of most young men, is the drinking of liquor. I am no temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him; and I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from any, or all the other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform may brace up, and if not recover lost ground, at least remain in the race and secure and maintain a respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to this rule.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

The habit of taking intoxicants will pervert your understanding;
To spend money and to be regarded as a rogue in return is an act of great folly.
Honour sinks and the object is not gained, but the blind drunkard sees it not;
There is little good in it, on the contrary it makes the person houseless at last.
Rummage the Vedas, the Purânas, the Korân and other scriptures,
They all condemn intemperance, by giving up which you will be honoured everywhere.
The Mahomedan priests and the Parsee preceptors all agree on this point;
The Hindu scriptures also denounce drinking as a sin even greater than cow-slaughter.

The desire for wine will make you selfish and will tempt you to steal,
It will involve you in some crisis which may cost you your life.
With clothes off the body and lost to all shame, you will ramble uncared for like a donkey;
Dalpatrâm says, "Let no one with a lamp in his hand fall into a well."

—DALPATRÂM.*

In his general view of the case, he has the satisfaction of finding himself supported by the recorded opinion of a large body of his professional brethren, upwards of two thousand of whom have signed the following certificate:—

"We, the undersigned, are of opinion—

"1. That a very large proportion of human misery, including poverty, disease, and crime, is induced by the use of Alcoholic or fermented liquors as beverages.

"2. That the most perfect health is compatible with Total Abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, &c. &c.

"3. That persons accustomed to such drinks may, with perfect safety, discontinue them entirely, either at once, or gradually after a short time.

"4. That Total and Universal Abstinence from Alcoholic beverages of all sorts would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

—DR. W. B. CARPENTER.

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

The capacity of the healthy human system to sustain as much bodily or mental labour as it can be legitimately called upon to perform, and its power of resisting the extremes of heat and cold, as well as other depressing agencies, are not augmented by the use of Alcoholic liquors; but that on the other hand, their use, under such circumstances, tends positively to the impairment of that capacity.

That where there is a deficiency of power, on the part of the system, to carry on its normal actions with the energy and regularity which constitute health, such power can rarely be imparted by the habitual use of Alcoholic liquors; its deficiency being generally consequent upon some habitual departure from the laws of health, for which the use of Alcoholic liquors cannot compensate.

That it is the duty of the medical practitioner to discourage as much as possible the habitual use of Alcoholic liquors, in however "moderate" a quantity, by all persons in ordinary health; and to seek to remedy those slight departures from health, which result from the "wear and tear" of active life, by the means which shall most directly remove or antagonise their causes, instead of by such as simply palliate their effects.

—Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

The drunkard not only injures and enfeebles his own nervous system, but entails mental disease upon his family. His daughters are nervous and hysterical; his sons are weak, wayward, eccentric, and sink insane under the pressure of excitement, of some unforeseen exigency, or of the ordinary calls of duty. At present I have two patients who appear to inherit a tendency to unhealthy action of the brain, from mothers addicted to

drinking; and another, an idiot, whose father was a drunkard.*

—Dr. W. A. F. Browne.

It may be freely admitted that when the body is exhausted by fatigue, an Alcoholic stimulus, which excites the nervous system to increased exertion, may impart a temporary strength, which shall enable the next effort to be successful in doing that which could not have been accomplished without it. But there is reason to believe that the power of sustained exertion is thereby impaired; and that those who have habitual recourse to this stimulus are really doing themselves more harm than good. This will be most assuredly the case, when they allow it to take the place of the solid food, which their nervous and muscular systems require for their regeneration; and the tendency of the habitual employment of Alcoholic liquors, when the body has been fatigued with severe and prolonged muscular exertion, is generally to diminish rather than to increase the desire for solid aliment. And as it is the latter alone that can afford real and permanent support, it is obvious that any habit which diminishes the natural disposition to profit by it, must be positively injurious in its influence upon the bodily vigour.

—Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

The stimulating effect of alcohol, when the brain is depressed is but transitory; if even that, the depression after is greater, since in no possible way does alcohol *feed* the brain.†

—Dr. Yorke-Davies.

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* *From Use and Abuse of Liquors by Dr. Carpenter.*

† *From Health and Condition in the Active and the Sedentary.*

It is impossible that Alcohol can supply the place of mental repose to the man whose intellect is over-tasked, and whose anxieties are unduly excited for himself or for others; or that it can be an efficient substitute for muscular exercise to the man of sedentary habits, or fresh air to him who is habitually exercising his brain in a close ill-ventilated apartment. All that it can do is to restore the appetite which ought to be felt, and to force the digestive powers to the discharge of the duty which they are indisposed to perform of their own accord. And here, too, we find that when stimulants are habitually employed for such a purpose, they gradually lose their power; and the wearied stomach, like the jaded roadster, at last breaks down, under the combined influence of the withdrawal of nervous agency consequent upon cerebral exhaustion, and of the depression of its own energies consequent upon the habitual over-excitement to which it has itself been subjected.

—Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

Opinions of different medical men:—

"Alcohol is a poison. It kills in large doses, and half kills in smaller ones. It produces insanity, delirium, fits. It poisons the blood and wastes the man."

"Labours of the severest kind, mental and bodily, can be carried on without it, and that the steadiest and best work is best done without it."

"The total abstainers have much better health, are liable to a much less amount of sickness, and have fewer deaths than the moderate drinkers."

"I have already seen diseases cured by total abstinence that would not have been cured by any other means."

"It is well-known that alcohol diminishes and depraves and perverts the moral faculty."

"If there were no such thing as Alcohol, half the sin and a great deal of the misery of the world would not be known."

"A free use of fruits produces a positive dislike for alcoholic drinks."

"When I take wine, I think it weakens my work, and my working force the next morning."

As we drink to raise our spirits, but, by thus raising, we weaken them; so whatever fresh vigour our parts may seem to derive from our wine, it is a vigour which wastes them; which, by being often thus called out, destroys its source, our natural fancy, and understanding. 'Tis like a man's spending upon his principal; he may, for a season, make a figure much superior to his, who supports himself upon the interest of his fortune; but is sure to be undone, when the other is unhurt.

—DEAN BOLTON.

What is alcohol? Alcohol is a colourless liquid produced by fermentation, and is the basis of all the fermented beverages such as spirituous liquors.

It looks so much like water that it might readily be mistaken for it at first sight. Alcohol is a violent poison to all living things, both animal and vegetable. Any small creature dropped into it dies at once, as quickly as if it had been scalded.

When it is mixed with water, if it be placed on any animal membrane, it will destroy it. In this way it is that the delicate membrane of the stomach is destroyed by those who habitually use it to excess; and its power of penetration is so great that there is no part of the system which does not become subject to its baneful influence, and no organ which it does not injure.

There are times when, from physical causes, a man is depressed, and his friends tell him he wants lifting up. Led by their persuasions, perhaps, he drinks something which sends the blood galloping through his veins, and produces a false excitement, and flow of spirits, which only leaves him more wretchedly depressed when the effect of the stimulant has passed away.

He begins by tiny doses; these soon cease to have the desired effect; he doubles them, and so, gradually and stealthily, the mischief is done: all that is holy, just and good,—all that is left in him "of the image of God" becomes obliterated.

No man becomes a confirmed drunkard at a stroke; but, like a man who has once slid over the side of a precipice, his downward course is constantly accelerated, and the slip of to-day gives fresh impetus to the slide of to-morrow.

This evil of drunkenness is a fearful curse. It is filling our prisons, and our lunatic asylums, year after year; it is changing, day by day, the very nature of its victims—it makes kind men brutal, clever men idiots, and noble men objects of pity. Deeds of blood and violence, such as make the heart sicken and the body shudder, owe their origin to this vice.

How few there are who have become notorious by some fearful deed committed, who did not trace the origin of the deed to intemperance! We have but to look around us to see, on every side, desolation and misery, wretchedness and poverty,—all to be attributed to this one vice. Men, ay, and women only too often, acquire a taste for the flavour and effects of alcoholic drinks, and themselves, and all belonging to them, become fearful sufferers.*

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* *From The New Royal Readers, No. 5.*

It has been maintained by some of those who fully admit the undesirableness of the habitual use of Alcoholic liquors during the vigour of early and middle life, that they are requisite or useful for the support of old age. Now upon this point, also, the writer believes that much misconception is prevalent, arising out of a disregard to the dictates of Nature on the subject. During the most active period of life, the "waste" of the body is considerable; and the demand for food, and the power of digesting it, are both adequate (in the healthy state) to supply that waste. But with the advance of years, the power of activity diminishes; the body (so to speak) lives much more slowly, as is proved by the lessened exhalation of carbonic acid and the diminished excretion of urea; and the waste being thus lessened, the demand for food, and the power of digesting it, are proportionably diminished. Now this abatement of the appetite and digestive power (like that which is felt by those who go from cold or temperate climates to reside in tropical regions) is a natural warning that a smaller amount of food should be taken in; and if it be so received, and no more nutriment be habitually ingested than the appetite legitimately prompts, the digestive powers will be found as adequate as in a state of greater activity, to provide for the wants of the system. But this abatement is very commonly regarded as an indication of the failure of the powers of the stomach; and recourse is had to alcoholic liquors with the view of re-exciting these. Now although from such a practice, when very moderately resorted to, less prospective evil may be anticipated, as regards merely the effects of the continual ingestion of alcohol upon the stomach, than it is liable to occasion when commenced earlier in life; yet it is very much to be deprecated on another account,—namely,

that it forces admission into the system (so to speak) for a larger amount of alimentary matter than it can appropriate; and as all the organs which are set apart, for the elimination of the superfluity (the kidneys, the liver, the skin, and the glandulae of the intestinal canal) are less easily stimulated to increased activity in the decline of life than at an earlier period, it follows that habitual excess in diet, even though to no great amount, is yet more likely to be followed by the disorders which it tends to produce.

—Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

If by a stimulant we are to understand something which imparts force to the body when weakened by disease, then it is evident that alcohol can be of no service in this direction.

If by a stimulant is meant something which *excites* nervous action, which calls out the manifestation of force, then alcohol is certainly a stimulant. And it is in this sense only that it is a stimulant. The lash is a stimulant to a tired horse. It does not increase his force, or make him any less tired. It only compels him to use a little more of his already depleted strength. A goad, a spur, a red-hot iron, would have the same effect. So with alcohol. It arouses the vital instincts by its presence in contact with some of the tissues, and, in obedience to the law of self-preservation, the vital organs are excited to increased action for the purpose of expelling the poison. This increased activity is what is called stimulation. Can it benefit a person already weak with overlabour?

But a weary man feels better after taking wine; why is that the case? Alcohol diminishes sensibility, as chloroform does. It is a narcotic. The man feels better after taking wine, because he does not know that he is weary,

that his tissues need repair. If he continues to labour he continues to wear out his tissues, and increases the necessity for rest, even though he may not know it. When the narcotizing influence of the alcohol is removed, he will be made painfully conscious of the fact by a degree of prostration far greater than he would have suffered if he had taken no alcohol.*

The drinking of intoxicating liquors is an evil which is to be avoided.

There are six evil consequences from the continued use of intoxicating liquors.

1. The loss of wealth.
2. The arising of disputes, that lead to blows and battles.
3. The production of various diseases, as soreness of the eyes, &c.
4. The bringing of disgrace, from the rebuke of parents and superiors.
5. The exposure to shame, from going hither and thither unclothed.
6. The loss of the judgment required for the carrying on of the affairs of the world.†

—THE ETHICS OF BUDDHISM.

It is my firm conviction that neither the head nor the hand derives any fresh power from the use of stimulants. Alcohol is a prolific source of evil in society, and often acts like deadly poison.

—KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

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* *From Practical Manual of Health and Temperance by Dr. Kellogg.*

† *From Hardy's Manual of Buddhism.*

This vice (drunkenness) has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

—ADDISON.

Thus the *drink* of the drunkard doth thousands entice;
How short-lived the pleasure! How fearful its price!
Health, money, friends, peace, are but part of the cost;
Reputation and life, and the soul, too, are lost.
The joy of an hour or two after it brings
Guilt piercing the conscience with terrible stings.

—"TEMPERANCE RECITER."

Drunkenness is an egg from which all vices may be hatched.

—MAXIM.

When drink enters, wisdom departs.

—SPANISH PROVERB.

All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property as drunkenness.*

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.

—OLD SPANISH PROVERB.

When this vice (of drunkenness) has taken fast hold of a man, farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell attention to things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners, and farewell, too, even an attention to person; every-

* *From A Book of Humour, Wit and Wisdom.*

thing is sunk by this predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the brightest prospects before them and who have closed it without one ray of comfort and consolation. Young men with good fortunes, good talents, good temper, good hearts, and sound constitutions, only by being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard, have become by degrees the most loathsome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for any one. All is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for any one day at a time. No one knows of his outgoings or his incomings. When he will rise or when he will lie down to rest, is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows for what he calls pleasure brings pain, as hourly as the night brings the morning. Poverty and misery are in the train.

—COBBETT.

A physician thus describes the effects of spirituous liquors; houses without windows; gardens without fences; fields without tillage; barns without roofs; children without principle, clothing or manners; ardent spirits crowd the sheriff's docket; fill our gaols with criminals; our hospitals with patients; our churchyards with premature graves!

Perhaps the best definition of the brink of ruin is the brink of the goblet.

Judge Erskine declared that 96 cases out of every hundred were through strong drink. Judge Coleridge added that he never knew a case brought before him, which was not directly or indirectly connected with intoxicating liquors; and Judge Patteson capped the climax

by stating to the grand jury, "If it were not for this drinking, you and I should have nothing to do!"*

Let the drinker choose between cutting short his liquor, and cutting short his life.

"I resort to wine to stimulate my wits," said a young spendthrift to an old one.—"Ah," replied the veteran, "that is the way I began; but now I have to resort to my wits to get my wine."

Beware of drunkenness, and thou wilt not have to repent of shameful behaviour.

—JEWISH PROVERB.

A drunken peasant will fight with a turnip.

—RUSSIAN PROVERB.

It was an ancient notion that men in their cups exhibited the vicious qualities of beasts. Nash describes seven kinds of drunkards:—

(1) The Ape-drunk, who leaps and sings;
(2) The Lion-drunk, who is quarrelsome;
(3) The Swine-drunk, who is sleepy and puking;
(4) The Sheep-drunk, wise in his own conceit, but unable to speak;
(5) The Martin-drunk, who drinks himself sober again;
(6) The Goat-drunk, who is lascivious; and
(7) The Fox-drunk, who is crafty.†

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* *From King's Wonderful Things.*

† *From Rev. Dr. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*

A brilliant writer wittily says, If lower animals were addicted to the drug (Alcohol) to one-tenth the degree man is, in a short time there would not remain upon the face of the earth an animal which would be *tamable, workable,* or *eatable.*

Men refine liquor, but liquor never returns the compliment.

A drunkard's purse is a bottle.

—PROVERB.

In the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence.

—JOHNSON.

Beverages are tempters to the first steps towards drunkenness.*

—DR. W. W. HALL.

It is quite useless for moderate drinkers to suppose that by using alcohol in small quantities they escape its evil effects. It is a poison in all doses. As Dr. Smith says, "In whatever dose, the direction of the action of the alcohol must be the same."†

A LITTLE DRINK.

A *little*—'tis a little word,
But much may in it dwell;
Then let the warning truth be heard,
And learn the lesson well.

* *From How to Live Long.*

† *From Practical Manual of Health and Temperance, by Dr. Kellogg.*

A *little* drink seems safe at first,
Exerting little power;
But soon begets a raging thirst,
Which cries for more and more.
The appetite once form'd, thus feeds,
Till the strong man is bound;
And thus the way of ruin leads—
Down, down, like slippery ground.
Just as the largest river run
From small and distant streams,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from *little* things.

—"TEMPERANCE RECITER.

Abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it. Our own will is all that is requisite: and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion.

—COBBETT.

The Spartans are mentioned as inculcating sobriety on their children by exposing to their notice the behaviour of their slaves in a drunken fit. They thought that were they to apply wholly to the reason of their youths, it might be to little purpose: as the force of the arguments, which they used, might not be sufficiently apprehended, or the impression thereof might be soon effaced: but when they made them frequently eye-witnesses of all the madness and absurdities, and at length the perfect senselessness, which the immoderate draught occasioned, the idea of the vile change would be so fixed in the minds of its beholders, as to render them utterly averse from its cause.

A people who have few tastes and amusements, and who live in a gloomy, depressing, inclement climate, are

not likely to be sober if they have many long hours of leisure at their disposal. * * * * * *
A multiplication of such tastes (a healthy variety of tastes) and of corresponding amusements, is one of the best ways of combating intemperance. If men find other pleasures that satisfy them, they will be much less likely to turn to drink. This is one of the ways in which popular education, even apart from all direct moral teaching, has a moralising effect. Every institution which cultivates habits of forethought and saving, and stimulates ambition among the working classes, acts in the same direction.

—LECKY.

The ease which liquor gives, is but that of a dream; when we awake, we are again ourselves; we are in the same situation as before, or, perhaps, in a worse. What then is to be the next step? Soon as the stupifying effects of one draught are gone off, another must be taken; the sure consequence of which is, that such a habit of drinking will be contracted, as we shall vainly endeavour to conquer, though the original inducement to it should no longer subsist. To guard against this, as it is of the utmost importance to all of us, so the only certain way is, by stopping in the very first instance; by never seeking, either under care or pain, relief from what we drink, but from those helps, which reason and religion furnish: the only ones, indeed, to which we can wisely resort in any straits; and which are often found capable of extricating us, when our condition seems the most desperate.

* * * * * *

Idleness has been not unfitly termed the parent of all vices; but none it more frequently produces than drunkenness; as no vice can make a greater waste of

our time, the chief thing about which the idle are solicitous. On the other hand, he who can profitably busy, or innocently divert himself, has a sure resort in all humours—he has his spirits seldom depressed, or when they are so, he can, without any hazard, recruit them—he is so far from seeking a correspondence with such, as are always in a readiness to engage in schemes of intemperance and riot, that he shuns them; his amusements quite different from theirs, occasion him to be seldom with them, and secure him from being corrupted by them.

This we may lay down as a most certain truth, that our virtue is never safe, but when we have *proper diversions.* Unbent we sometimes must be, and when we know not how to be so in an innocent way, we soon shall be in a guilty. But if we can find full entertainment in what is free from all reproach, in what neither has anything criminal in it, nor can lead us into what is criminal; then, indeed, and only then, can we be thought in little danger, and not likely to yield to the bad examples surrounding us.

—DEAN BOLTON.

To rescue men, we must act on them inwardly or outwardly. We must either give them strength within to withstand the temptations to intemperance, or we must remove these temptations without. We must increase the power of resistance, or diminish the pressure which is to be resisted. Both modes of influence are useful, but the first incalculably the most important. No man is safe against this foe, but he who is armed with moral force, with strength in his own soul, with the might of principle, and a virtuous will. The great means, then, of repressing intemperance in those portions of society which are most

exposed to it, is to communicate to them, or awaken in them, moral strength, the power of self-denial, a nobler and more vigorous action of conscience, and religious principle. In other words, to save the labouring and poor from intemperance, we must set in action amongst them the means of intellectual, moral, and religious improvement. We must strive to elevate them as rational and moral beings, to unfold their highest nature. It is idle to think that, whilst these classes remain the same in other respects, they can be cured of intemperance. Intemperance does not stand alone in their condition and character. It is a part or sign of general degradation. It can only be effectually removed by exalting their whole character and condition. To heal a diseased limb, or organ, you must relieve and strengthen the whole body. So it is with the mind.

* * * *

The first means which I shall suggest of placing a people beyond the temptations to intemperance is to furnish them with the means of innocent pleasure. * * * * * By innocent pleasures I mean such as excite moderately; such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as refresh, instead of exhausting the system; such as occur frequently rather than continue long; such as send us back to our daily duties invigorated in body and in spirit; such as we can partake in the presence and society of respectable friends; such as consist with, and are favourable to, a grateful piety; such as are chastened by self-respect, and are accompanied with the consciousness that life has a higher end than to be amused. In every community there *must* be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made

to enjoy as well as to labour; and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature.

—Rev. Channing.

A SENSIBLE REFORM.

It is a curious and not a bad sign of the times that several institutions called "British workman" are being opened. They are a sort of public house, minus the intoxicating department. The motto of the one opened is,

"A public house without the drink,
Where men can sit, talk, read, and think,
Then safely home return."

My evening hours, words fail to tell
The pleasures which they bring,
As with the wife I love so well,
I read and write or sing;
While drunkards time and money spend,
Till oft they swear and foam,
I'm seated by that loving friend,—
My own true heart at home.

—"Temperance Reciter."

God keep me from four houses, a Usurer's, a Tavern, a 'Spital, and a Prison.

Oh may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
That I may not forsake the road
Which leads to thy right hand.

—"Temperance Reciter."

OUT OF THE TAVERN.

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night:
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight;
Right hand and left hand are both out of place—
Street! you are drunk, 'tis a very clear case

Moon! 'tis a very queer figure you cut,
One eye is staring, while t' other is shut;—
Tipsy, I see, and you 're greatly to blame,
Old as you are, 'tis a horrible shame!

Then the street-lamps, what a scandalous sight!
None of them soberly standing upright;
Rocking and staggering,—why, on my word,
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a Lord.

All is confusion; now, isn't it odd?
I am the only thing sober abroad;
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain,—
Better go into the tavern again.

FRUITS OF INTEMPERANCE.

I saw a little girl
With half uncover'd form,
And wonder'd why she wander'd thus
Amid the winter storm.
They said her mother drunk
What took her sense away,
And so she let her children go
Hungry and cold all day.
I saw them lead a man
To prison for his crime,
Where solitude and punishment
And toil divide the time.
And as they forced him through its gate
Unwillingly along,
They told me 'twas *Intemperance*
That made him do the wrong.
I saw a woman weep
As if her heart would break;
They said her husband drank too much
Of what he should not take.

I saw an unfrequented mound,
Where weeds and brambles wave;
They said no tear had fallen there,
It was a drunkard's grave.
They said these were not all
The risk the intemperate run,
For there was danger lest the soul
Be evermore undone.
Water is very pure and sweet,
And beautiful to see,
And since it cannot do us harm,
It is the drink for me.

—"TEMPERANCE RECITER."

GO, WHERE YOU WILL.

Go where you will, throughout the realm,
You 'll find the reigning sin,
In cities, villages and towns,
—The monster's name is Gin.
The prince of darkness never sent,
To men a deadlier foe;
"My name is Legion," it may say,
The source of many a woe.
Nor does the fiend alone deprive
The laborer of his wealth;
That is not all: it murders too
His honest name and health.
We say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are, 'tis true;
But, drunkards, to your wives and babes
They 're harder made by you.
The drunkard's tax is self-imposed,
Like every other sin;
The taxes altogether lay
No weight so great as gin.

The state compels no man to drink,
Compels no man to game;
'Tis gin and gambling sink him down
To rags, and want, and shame.
The kindest husband, changed by gin,
Is for a tyrant known;
The tenderest heart that nature made,
Becomes a heart of stone.
In many a house the harmless babes
Are poorly clothed and fed,
Because the craving gin-shop takes
The children's daily bread.

—HANNAH MORE

THE DRUNKEN FATHER.

1 Poor Ellen married Andrew Hall,
Who dwells besides the moor,
Where yonder rose-tree shades the wall,
And wood-bines grace the door.

2 Who does not know how blest, how loved
Were her mild laughing eyes,
By every youth! but Andrew proved
Unworthy of his prize.

3 In tippling was his whole delight,
Each sign-post barr'd his way;
He spent in muddy ale at night
The wages of the day.

4 Though Ellen still had charms, was young,
And he in manhood's prime,
She sad beside her cradle sung,
And sigh'd away her time.

5 One cold bleak night, the stars were hid
In vain she wish'd him home;
Her children cried, half-cheer'd, half-chid,
"O when will father come?"

6 Till Caleb, nine years old, upsprung,
And kick'd his stool aside,
And younger Mary round him clung,
"I'll go, and you shall guide."

7 The children knew each inch of ground,
Yet Ellen had her fears;
Light from the lantern glimmer'd round,
And show'd her falling tears.

8 "Go by the mill and down the lane;
Return the same way home:
Perhaps, you 'll meet him, give him light;
O how I *wish* he 'd come!"

9 Away they went, as close and true
As lovers in the shade,
And Caleb swung his father's staff
At every step he made.

10 The noisy mill-clock rattled on,
They saw the water flow,
And leap in silvery foam along,
Deep murmuring below.

11 "We 'll soon be there," the hero said,
"Come on, 'tis but a mile,—
Here's where the cricket-match was play'd,
And here's the shady stile.

12 "How the light shines up every bough!
How strange the leaves appear!
Hark!—What was that?—'tis silent now,
Come, Mary, never fear."

13 The staring oxen breathed aloud,
But never dream'd of harm;
A meteor glanced along the cloud
That hung o'er Wood-Hill Farm.

14 Old caesar bark'd and howl'd hard by,
All else was still as death;

But Caleb was ashamed to cry,
And Mary held her breath.
15 At length they spied a distant light,
And heard a chorus brawl;
Wherever drunkards stopp'd at night,
Why there was Andrew Hall.
16 The house was full, the landlord gay,
The bar-maid shook her head;
And wish'd the boobies far away
That kept her out of bed.
17 There Caleb enter'd, firm, but mild,
And spoke in plaintive tone:—
"My mother could not leave the child,
So we are come alone."
18 E'en drunken Andrew felt the blow,
That innocence can give,
When its resistless accents flow,
To bid affection live.
19 "I'm coming, loves, I'm coming now,"—
Then, shuffling o'er the floor,
Contrived to make his balance true,
And led them from the door.
20 The plain broad path that brought him there
By day, though faultless then,
Was up and down and narrow grown,
Though wide enough for ten.
21 The stiles were wretchedly contrived,
The stars were all at play;
And many a ditch had moved itself
Exactly in his way.
22 But still conceit was uppermost,
That stupid kind of pride:—
"Dost think I cannot see a post
Dost think I want a guide?

23 "Why, Mary, how you twist and twirl!
Why dost not keep the track?
I'll carry thee home safe, my girl,"—
Then swung her on his back.

24 Poor Caleb muster'd all his wits
To bear the light ahead,
As Andrew reel'd and stopp'd by fits,
Or ran with thundering tread.

25 Exult, ye brutes, traduc'd and scorn'd,
Though true to nature's plan;
Exult, ye bristled, and ye horn'd,
When infants govern man.

26 Down to the mill-pool's dangerous brink
The headlong party drove;
The boy alone had power to think,
While Mary scream'd above.

27 "Stop!" Caleb cried, "you 've lost the path;
The water's close before;
I see it shine, 'tis very deep,—
Why, don't you hear it roar?"

28 And then in agony exclaim'd,
"O where's my mother *now*?"
The Solomon of hops and malt
Stopp'd short and made a bow.

29 His head was loose, his neck disjointed,
It cost him little trouble;
But to be stopp'd and disappointed,
Poh! danger was a bubble.

30 Onward he stepp'd, the boy alert,
Calling his courage forth,
Hung like a log on Andrew's skirt,
And down he brought them both.

31 The tumbling lantern reach'd the stream,
Its hissing light soon gone;

'Twas night, without a single gleam,
And terror reign'd alone.
32 A general scream the miller heard,
Then rubb'd his eyes and ran;
And soon his welcome light appear'd,
As grumbling he began:—
33 "What have we here, and where abouts?
Why, what a hideous squall!
Some drunken fool! I thought as much—
'Tis only Andrew Hall!
34 "Poor children!" tenderly he said,
"But now the danger's past."
They thank'd him for his light and aid,
And drew near home at last.
35 But who upon the misty path
To meet them forward press'd?
'Twas Ellen, shivering with a babe
Close folded to her breast.
36 Said Andrew, "Now you're glad, I know,
To se-se-see us come;—
But I have taken care of both,
And brought them bo-bo-both safe home.
37 With Andrew vex'd, of Mary proud,
But prouder of her boy,
She kiss'd them both, and sobb'd aloud,—
The children cried for joy.
38 But what a home at last they found!
Of comforts all bereft;
The fire out, the last candle gone,
And not one penny left.
39 But Caleb quick as lightning flew
And raised a light instead;
And as the kindling brands he blew,
His father snored in bed.

40 No brawling, boxing termagant
Was Ellen, though offended;
Who ever knew a fault like this
By violence amended?

41 No: she was mild as April morn,
And Andrew loved her too;
She rose at daybreak, though forlorn,
To try what love could do.

42 And as her waking husband groan'd,
And roll'd his burning head,
She spoke with all the power of truth,
Down kneeling by his bed.

43 "Dear Andrew, hear me,—though distress'd
Almost too much to speak,—
This infant starves upon my breast—
To scold I am too weak.

44 "I work, I spin, I toil all day,
Then leave my work to cry;
And start with horror when I think
You wish to see me die.

45 "But do you *wish* it? Can that bring
More comfort or more joy?
Look round the house, how destitute!
Look at your ragged boy!

46 "That boy should make a father proud,
If any feeling can;
Then save your children, save your wife,
Your honour as a man.

47 "Hear me, for God's sake hear me now,
And act a father's part!"
The culprit bless'd her angel-tongue,
And clasp'd her to his heart;

48 And would have vow'd, and would have sworn,
But Ellen kiss'd him dumb,—

"Exert your mind, vow to *yourself*,
And better days will come.
"I shall be well when you are kind,
And you 'll be better too."—
"I 'll drink no more,"—he quick rejoin'd,—
"Be poison if I do."
From that bright day, his plants, his flowers,
His crops began to thrive,
And for three years has Andrew been
The soberest man alive.

—R. BLOOMFIELD.

ROBERT AND RICHARD.

Quoth Richard to Bob, "Let things go as they will,
Of pleasure and fun I will still have my fill;
In frolic and mirth I see nothing amiss,
And, though I get tipsy, *what harm is in this?*
"For e'en Solomon says,—and I vow he says truth,—
'Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth.'"
"I am glad," answered Bob, "you 're of Solomon's creed;
But I beg, if you quote him, you 'll please to proceed.
"For 'God (as the wise man continues to sing)
Thy soul into judgment for all this will bring.'
Thus a man may get plunged in a woeful abyss,
By choosing to say, *Pray, what harm is in this?*"
"Come, come," says gay Richard, "don't grudge me a cup;
I'm resolved, while I'm able, I'll still keep it up;
Let old graybeards deny that in frolic there is bliss,
I'll game, love, and drink—*and what harm is in this?*"
Says Robert, "I grant, if you live for to-day,
You may game, love, and drink, and may frolic away;
But then, my dear Dick, I again must contend,

That the wise man has bid us—*remember the end!*"
Says Richard, "When sickness or peevish old age
Shall advance, to dismiss me from life's merry stage,
Repentence just, then, boy, may not be amiss,
But while young I'll be jolly—*what harm is in this?*"
They parted: and Richard his pastimes begun—
'Twas Richard the Jovial, the soul of all fun;
Each dancing-bout, drinking-bout, Dick would attend,
And he sung and he swore, *nor once thought of the end.*

* * * * *

Now beggared by gaming, distempered by drink,
Death stared in his face, yet he dared not to think;
Despairing of mercy, despising all truth,
He died of old age in the prime of his youth.
On his tomb-stone good Robert these verses engraved,
Which he hoped some gay fellow might read and be saved:—

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies a poor youth, who called drinking his bliss,
And was ruined by saying, *What harm is in this?*
Let each passer-by to his error attend,
And learn of poor Dick, *to remember the end!*

—HANNAH MORE.

43. DUTIES.

Life is full of duty, and to do well the work that lies close at hand is to fulfil the purpose for which we were sent here. The weakest and youngest amongst us is a power for good as well as for evil, and it should be our aim to do our part on the side of ever-increasing human goodness against ever-lessening human badness.

—EDWARD CLODD.

Duty begins with life, and ends with death. It encompasses our whole being. It bids us do what is right, and forbids our doing what is wrong. It begins with the upbringing of children. It bids us nurture them, instruct them, educate them, and bring them by our example, into the ways of well-doing.

—SMILES.

He holds no parley with unmanly fears:
When duty bids he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his god, surmounts them all.

—COWPER.

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

—SHAKESPEARE.

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.

—SOUTHEY.

When a duty is to be done, and you have the means of doing it, set about it, my young friend! set about it! Many a good will grows cold, and many a good deed is left undone, by pondering over it too long, and by putting it off till to-morrow. Where a duty is to be done, and you have the means of doing it, the sooner you set about it the better.

—"TEMPERANCE RECITER."

Unequal seems to be a strife,
Between Humanity and Fate;
None have on earth what they desire;
Death comes to all or soon or late;
And peace is but a wandering fire;
Expediency leads wild astray;
The right must be our guiding star;
Duty our watchword, come what may.*

—TORU DUTT.

ODE TO DUTY.

I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

—WORDSWORTH.

But duties are of two sorts. There are the duties every man owes to God, and there are the duties he owes to his fellows. Those due to his fellows are, it is true, due to God, and he is responsible to God for

* *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.*

discharging them, but there is this difference between these duties,—those he owes directly to God, worship and prayer, he cannot alienate: he alone can execute them, because he alone is responsible for their execution. But the duties he owes his fellows, non-interference with rights of property, rights of labour, freedom of person, he can delegate, and these he must delegate, because social organisation is a necessity, and requires the concurrence of all.*

—S. BARING-GOULD.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

—POPE.

It concerneth me not that I have not high office, what concerns me is to make myself worthy of office.

—CONFUCIUS.

Let us do that duty which is ours by birth, and when we have done that, do the duty which is ours by our position. Each man is placed in some position in life, and must do the duties of that position first. There is one great danger in human nature, that man never looks at himself. He thinks he is quite as fit to be on the throne as the king.

The only way to rise is by doing the duty that is in our hands now, and making ourselves stronger and going higher, until we reach the highest state. Nor is duty to be slighted. A man who does the lower work is not, therefore, a lower man, than he who does the higher work; a man should not be judged by the nature of his duties, but by the manner in which he does them.

* *From The Origin and Development of Religious Belief.*

His manner of doing them and power to do them is the test of a man.

When you are doing work, do not think of anything beyond. Do it as worship, and the highest worship, and devote your whole life to it for the time being.*

A great part of the art of life consists in the skill with which a man will do in the right way what he has to do.

Duties are ours; events are God's.

—CECIL.

Let men of all ranks, whether they are successful or unsuccessful, whether they triumph or not—let them do their duty, and rest satisfied.

—PLATO.

Happy is the man who is steady in the discharge of his duties, and is neither overjoyed nor depressed at the fruition or failure of their results. (Duties must be done, whether they repay or not).

—"YOGA VÂSISTHA."†

If I do my duty, I do what I ought, and do no more than all the rest.

Never desert your post.

He who has fixed in his heart a serious respect to God as his constant witness, and a solemn sense of

* *From an extract of a Lecture delivered in America by Swâmi Vivekânand, from The Awakened India.*

† *Translated by Vihâri Lâlâ Mitra.*

accountableness, and under the influence of these great principles is resolved, with the divine blessing, that conscience shall guide him and not the world's law,—the fear of God, and not the fear of man,—will be prompt to perceive, and firm to follow, and quick to regain the course of duty, while others waver and are lost.

—Rev. Dr. Carpenter.

There is no such thing as luck. It is a fancy name for being always at our duty, and so sure to be ready, when the good time comes.

Contentment, patience under injury,
Self-subjugation, honesty, restraint
Of all the sensual organs, purity,
Devotion, knowledge of the deity,
Veracity, and abstinence from anger,
These form the tenfold summary of duty.*

—Manu

Prayers to God, alms to the poor,
Repentence for sins, acquisition of piety from preceptors,
Living a life of virtue, bearing in mind the solemn truth
And love of God—these are the six duties incumbent on man.

—Dalpatrâm.†

Not that to others should one do
Which he himself objected to.

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

† *A Gujarâti poet.*

This is man's duty in one word;
All other rules may be ignored.
—"COMPENDIUM OF DUTY."

To work for suffering mankind is always a grand and noble undertaking, to fulfil which every child of man should persevere even to the end.
—DR. ROUTH.

Our duty is to be useful, not according to our desires, but according to our powers.

Napoleon's aim was "glory," Wellington's watch-word like Nelson's was "duty."

Onward, onward will we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty;
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.
—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Give help in every useful plan,
Enjoy this world of beauty;
Make others happy when you can,
But mind and do your duty.
—"TEMPERANCE RECITER."

When'er a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly wish it done;
Begin at once and do it.

Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

—LUTHER.

Act then, and do thine own appointed task,
In every action my assistance ask,
Do all with heart and soul absorbed in me,
So shalt thou gain thine end, and be from trouble free.*

—"BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ."

DUTIES OF MAN.

I shall now describe the ordinary duties of mankind;
Every man should perform good actions according to the wishes of God.
He should get up early in the morning and clean his person,
Then pray to the Creator of the universe with a steady mind.
He should devoutly worship God, the only Creator of the world,
Should observe good rules of conduct and swerve not from good resolves.
He who imparts knowledge and teaches virtues,
Should be highly respected as a preceptor.
Bearing in mind the excessive kindness of parents from our very infancy,
We should obey them—that being an act of great religious merit.
All things should be carefully borne in mind, and we should perform noble deeds,

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

We should never deviate from the path of morality.
Oh man! Do not unjustly and fraudulently rob another of his wealth;
But be industrious and turn an honest penny.
Give food to the hungry and water to the thirsty;
Afflict not another from pride of body or wealth.
On doubtful points as to right or wrong, consult men of learning;
Utter no improper words and curb your passions.
Do not mercilessly cause distress to any one;
Associate not with sinful men to perpetrate wicked deeds.
Do not accept bribes ambitiously and dishonestly;
Be ever ready to help him who is truthful and good.
With faith and sincerity peruse all good works;
Study them, take what is good in them and give up false pride.
Select as your companions only those who are righteous;
If you chance to see a wicked man committing vicious acts, be sorry for him.
Speak not a syllable of falsehood, for falsehood shortens life;
Contract no bad habits so that the body may remain quite sound.
Do not indulge in illicit gratification of the senses;
For faith, respect and wealth all shall depart with illicit love.
The treasure of religion ought to be strictly guarded;
We should take care that the mind does not become unclean in the mud of impiety.
Shake off indolence and entertain lofty aspirations;
Adore God and go along the path of duty;
Do not hastily believe what is said to you and do not fly into a fit of temper.
Make a strict inquiry as to what is true and what is false;

Do not stubbornly begin a quarrel with another person.
Heal up a breach rather than make disputes and brawls;
Anger, malice, cunning, fraud, slander, theft and murder,
These should be avoided together with all other evil ways of conduct;
Do not immoderately indulge in sensual joys, but restrain your mind.
Wish well to all;
Do good to others with love for them that God may be pleased with you.
Let your wealth be spent in such charities as may contribute to the happiness of all creatures;
By thinking independently and by the company of pious men, learn what is best in matters spiritual.
Let reason control the emotions of the mind;
If you meet a sinful man, be sorry and sympathise with him.
Live always in the company of virtuous men;
Let your sleep as well as food be moderate.
Do not be overpowered by anger, and do not over-exert yourself;
Speaking, laughing, and playing, when carried to excess are bad.
Excess of ambition and vanity bring about man's destruction;
Be always humble, and try to propitiate the Deity.
Remain always contented and seek the best means to do good deeds;
One should never sing his own praises as that is an improper thing.
Good and courteous men are highly praised by the saints;
In the sunshine of morality a man appears in his true cheerful spirits.

In the gloom of vice he is desponding;
Patiently bear what befals you at different times and in different places.
Loss and profit, joy and sorrow, all that you see is an illusion;
Good and bad bodies and tendencies are the net results of past actions.
Bearing this in mind, we should tolerate what people we meet with in society;
First try a man and if you find him virtuous, trust him.
He who is vicious should be forsaken at once;
Adversity may befal you at some time, still do not give up truthfulness.
Pray to God and all misfortunes shall be averted;
The all-powerful creator helps those who are truthful.
He is shrewd enough to desist from helping the deceitful;
Always observe the true religion with heart.
Such is the command of God, pay heed, oh man! to this all-important truth.
Those are thick-headed boors who do not know the rule
That "A man reaps as he sows," says Chhotum.

—CHHOTUM.*

* *A Gujarâti poet.*

44. EAST AND WEST.

We all remember the story of the Sleeping Beauty—how she was shut up by enchantment in a castle where she slept a hundred years, how during that time an impenetrable wood sprang up around her, and how at last she was disenchanted by a fair young prince and married him. India may be likened to that Sleeping Beauty: she has slept very long indeed and thick forests of confusing creeds—social, political and religious have grown up around her. The enchantment that sent her to sleep was Providence itself, the most mysterious of all kinds of magic. When she began to sleep, the fair young prince (the modern civilized world) now wooing her was not on the scene. At present, however, the lover's suit is progressing, the thick forests are clearing away, and the marriage of the east and the west, which promises to come off in no distant date, will be one of the grandest, the most romantic, and the most fruitful marriages known to history.

—"THE AWAKENED INDIA."

In obedience to God's injunction, England came and knocked at the doors of India, and said, "Noble sister, rise! thou hast slept too long." And India rose. The invitation was providential and the response too. India rose from her lethargy of ages, and saw the degraded condition into which she had sunk, and asked England for help: and the help so much needed has been given.

—KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

There is a glorious future before the Âryans in India, now that their activities, dormant for centuries, and threatening to become petrified, are likely to be revived and quickened by the ennobling and elevating many-sided civilization which the Western Âryas have developed, and which is brought to bear upon them.*

—M. M. KUNTE.

The inner spring (of all our exertions), the hidden purpose, not consciously realised in many cases, is the sense of human dignity and freedom, which is slowly asserting its supremacy over the national mind. It is not confined to one sphere of life. It invades the whole man, and makes him feel that individual purity and social justice have paramount claims over us all, which we cannot ignore long without being dragged down to a lower level of existence. * * * * The end is to renovate, to purify and also to perfect the whole man by liberating his intellect, elevating his standard of duty, and perfecting all his powers. Till so renovated, purified, and perfected, we can never hope to be what our ancestors once were—the chosen people to whom great tasks were allotted, and by whom great deeds were performed. Where this feeling animates the worker, it is a matter of comparative indifference in what particular direction it asserts itself and in what particular method it proceeds to work. With a liberated manhood, with buoyant hope, with a faith that never shirks duty, with a sense of justice that deals fairly by all, with unclouded intellect and powers fully cultivated, and, lastly, with a love that overleaps all bounds, renovated India will take her proper rank among the nations of the world. This is

* *From The Vicissitudes of Âryan Civilization in India.*

the goal to be reached—this is the promised land. Happy are they, who see it in distant vision; happier those who are permitted to work and clear the way on to it; happiest they who live to see it with their eyes and tread upon the holy soil once more.

—M. G. RANADE.

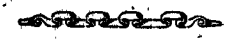
It is from England that all the ideas of Western thought which are revolutionising the country have sprung; the language of Shakespeare and Milton has become the common language of India; the future of India is linked with that of England, and it is to England that India must always look for guidance, assistance, and protection in her need.

—SIR HENRY COTTON.

Fair England! Fortune's darling child!
Dowered with every grace divine,
Amidst earth's dreary, cheerless wild,
Thou heroes' home, and freedom's shrine!
I breathe thy name: my eyes grow dim;
Whilst drop my chains from every limb.

Though mighty thou, and rich and bright,
Though great thy name, and grand thy story,
To raise this land to life and light,
Be still thy aim, 'thy highest glory!
In thy grasp quivers India's fate,
Oh! raise her, bless her, make her great.*

—RÂM SHARMÂ.



* *From an Ode of Welcome to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Calcutta.*

45. ECONOMY, FRUGALITY, &c.

I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease.

—SWIFT.

Whilst I wish you to be comfortable in every respect, I cannot too strongly inculcate economy. It is a necessary virtue to all; and however the shallow part of mankind may despise it, it certainly leads to independence, which is a grand object to every man of high spirit.*

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease, and the sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health, and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts, that is fetters them with irons that "enter into their souls."

Economy is not parsimony; it is separable in theory from it; and in fact it may, or it may not, be a part of economy according to circumstances. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part of true economy, if parsimony were considered as one of the kinds of that virtue; there is, however, another and a higher economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comprehension, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that

* *Advice given by the father of Francis Horner.*

not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection. The other economy has larger views. It demands a discriminating judgment, and a firm sagacious mind.

—BURKE.

The methods of practising economy are very simple. Spend less than you earn. That is the first rule. A portion should always be set apart for the future. The next rule is to pay ready money and never on any account to run into debt. The person who runs into debt is apt to get cheated; and if he runs into debt to any extent, he will himself be apt to get dishonest. The next is never to anticipate uncertain profits by expending them before they are secured. The profits may never come, and in that case you would have taken upon yourself a load of debt, which you may never get rid of. Another method of economy is to keep a regular account of all that you earn, and of all that you expend. Besides these methods of economy, the eye of the master or the mistress is always necessary to see that nothing is lost, that everything is put to its proper use, and kept in its proper place, and that all things are done decently and in order.

—SMILES.

Never, from a mistaken economy, buy a thing you do not want, because it is cheap; or from a silly pride, because it is dear. Keep an account in a book of all that you receive, and of all that you pay; for no man who knows what he receives, and what he pays, ever runs out.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

An orderly man will know beforehand what he requires, and will be provided with the necessary means for obtaining it. Thus his domestic budget will be balanced, and his expenditure kept within his income.

—SMILES.

The first lesson in economy is to learn to "do without." The second is to use what one has without waste. These two lessons are very hard to be learned by a people, which has always been accustomed to have whatever is wanted, and to treat costly things as if they were common.

No gain is so certain as that which proceeds from the economical use of what you have.

All economy, whether of states, households, or individuals, may be defined to be the art of managing labour. The world is so regulated by the Laws of Providence, that a man's labour, well applied, is always amply sufficient to provide him during his life with all things needful to him, and not only with those, but with many pleasant objects of luxury; and yet farther, to procure him large intervals of healthful rest and serviceable leisure. And a nation's labour, well applied, is, in like manner, amply sufficient to provide its whole population with good food and comfortable habitation; and not only with those only, but with good education besides, and objects of luxury, art treasures, such as these you have around you now. But by those same laws of Nature and Providence, if the labour of the nation or of the individual be misapplied, and much more if it be insufficient,—if the nation or man be indolent and unwise,—suffering and want result, exactly in proportion to the

indolence and improvidence,—to the refusal of labour, or to the misapplication of it. Wherever you see want, or misery or degradation, in this world about you, there, be sure, either industry has been wanting or industry has been in error. It is not accident, it is not Heaven-commanded Calamity, it is not the original and inevitable evil of man's Nature, which fill your streets with lamentation, and your graves with prey. It is only that, when there should have been providence, there has been waste; when there should have been labour, there has been lasciviousness; and wilfulness, when there should have been subordination.

In our use of it (economy), it constantly signifies merely sparing or saving; economy of money means saving money—economy of time, sparing time and so on. But that is a wholly barbarous use of the word. * * * * Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means the administration of a house; its stewardship; spending or saving, that is, whether money or time, or anything else, to the best possible advantage. In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy, whether public or private, means the wise management of labour; and it means this mainly in three senses; namely, first, applying your labour rationally; secondly, preserving its produce carefully; lastly, distributing its produce seasonably.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

Ready money payments are the best promoters of frugality.

Without frugality none can be rich; and with it few would be poor.

HINTS ON FRUGALITY.

1 Buy nothing but what you really need. Those who accustom themselves to buy things because they are pretty, or curious, or are offered a great bargain, are likely to fill their houses with *need-nots*, and to deprive themselves of the means of obtaining what they need.

2 In purchasing, choose such things as are durable, rather than such as are showy; and what is in itself neat and becoming rather than what is just the top of the fashion. Fashions soon change; and that which is glaringly fashionable now, will be notoriously unfashionable a little time hence.

3 Though it may sometimes call for the exercise of self-denial, whatever you purchase, or whatever you think you want, be resolute in retaining something in your power to meet an unforeseen, an indispensable need.

4 Endeavour to have different things for different purposes, and to keep each to its proper use. Nothing is more destructive than to make one thing do the work of two or three.

5 Never use a better thing of its kind without being satisfied that a worse would not answer the purpose.

—"DOMESTIC LIFE."

Thrift (private economy) does not require superior courage, nor superior intellect, nor any superhuman virtue. It merely requires common sense, and the power of resisting selfish enjoyments. In fact, thrift is merely common sense in every-day working action. It needs

no fervent resolution, but only a little patient self-denial. Begin is its device! The more the habit of thrift is practised, the easier it becomes; and the sooner it compensates the self-denier for the sacrifices which it has imposed.

—SMILES.

Thrift is better than an annuity.

The art of living easily is to pitch your scale of expenditure one degree below your means.

—SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

Cut your coat according to your cloth.

Measure your cloth ten times, you can cut but once.

—RUSSIAN PROVERB.

Ask your purse, not your pride, what you shall buy.

Gain is temporary and uncertain, but expense is constant and certain.

The principal difficulty lies in economising in small things.

Who heeds not a penny, shall likely ne'er have any.

It is too late to spare when all is spent.

Penny wise and pound foolish.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

An ant and a grasshopper, walking together on a green, the one carelessly skipping, the other carefully prying what winter's provision was scattered in the way; the grasshopper, scorning (as wantons will) this needless thrift, as he termed it, reproved him thus:

The greedy miser thirsteth still for gain;
His thrift is theft, his weal works others woe:
That fool is fond which will in caves remain,
When 'mongst fair sweets he may at pleasure go.

To this, the ant, perceiving the grasshopper's meaning, quickly replied:

The thrifty husband spares what unthrifty spends,
His thrift no theft, for dangers to provide;
Trust to thyself; small hope in want yield friends:
A cave is better than the deserts wide.

In short time these two parted, the one to his pleasure, the other to his labour. Anon harvest grew on, and reft from the grasshopper his wonted moisture. Then weakly skips he to the meadow's brinks, where till fell winter he abode. But storms continually pouring, he went for succour to the ant, his old acquaintance, to whom he had scarce discovered his estate, but the little worm made this reply:

Pack hence, quoth he, thou idle, lazy worm,
My house doth harbour no unthrifty mates;
Thou scorn'd'st to toil, and now thou feel'st the storm,
And starv'st for food, whilst I am fed with cates.
Use no entreats, I will relentless rest,
For toiling labour hates an idle guest.
The grasshopper, foodless, helpless, and strengthless,

got into the next brook, and in the yielding sand digged himself a pit: by which likewise he engraved this epitaph:

When spring's green prime arrayed me with delight,
And every power with youthful vigour filled,
Gave strength to work whatever fancy willed,
I never feared the force of winter's spite.
When first I saw the sun the day begin,
And dry the morning's tears from herbs and grass,
I little thought his cheerful light would pass,
Till ugly night with darkness entered in.
And then day lost I mourned, spring past I wailed;
But neither tears for this or that availed.
Then too, too late, I praised the emmet's pain,
That sought in spring a harbour 'gainst the heat;
And in the harvest gathered winter's meat,
Perceiving famine, frosts, and stormy rain.
My wretched end may warn green springing youth
To use delights, as toys that will deceive,
And scorn the world, before the world them leave,
For all the world's trust is ruin without ruth.
Then blest are they that like the toiling ant,
Provide in time 'gainst woeful winter's want.

With this, the grasshopper, yielding to the weather's extremity, died comfortless without remedy.

—Robert Green.

(A Fable of Æsop.)

46. EDUCATION.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

—POPE.

I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

—MILTON.

Education, moreover, is one of the subjects, which most essentially require to be considered by various minds, and from a variety of points of view. For, of all many-sided subjects, it is the one which has the greatest number of sides. Not only does it include whatever we do for ourselves, and whatever is done for us by others, for the express purpose of bringing us somewhat nearer to the perfection of our nature; it does more: in its largest acceptation, it comprehends even the indirect effects produced on character and on the human faculties, by things of which the direct purposes are quite different; by laws, by forms of government, by the industrial arts, by modes of social life; nay, even by physical facts, not dependent on human will; by climate, soil, and local position. Whatever helps to shape the human being; to make the individual what he is, or hinders him from being what he is not—is part of his education.

* * * * *

Education in the narrower sense is the culture which each generation purposely gives to those who are to be its successors, in order to qualify them for at least keeping up, and if possible for raising, the level of improvement which has been attained.

—JOHN STUART MILL.

Education is to draw out, not to cram in; to unfold the capacities of the growing mind, strengthen the reasoning faculty, create an interest in the surrounding universe; in a word to excite a love of knowledge, and impart the means of acquiring it.*

—S. LAING.

I consider an human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul.

—"SPECTATOR."

During a boy's school-life the main purpose to be kept in view is his education—of course—of course, so you will say, if you are his father, and you will think, in addition, most likely: that he may pass his examinations well, get some good berth or appointment, and earn his own living. But is this "of course" the main object of education? It often seems to be so regarded,

* *From A Modern Zoroastrian.*

for many are those, even among teachers, who look upon school-life as a time when knowledge is to be forced, by cram or otherwise, into a boy's head. The word "education," however, implies a process of "drawing out," and not one of cramming in, so that both because of its meaning, and still because of the deplorable results which follow from acting upon that idea, the wisest teachers consider the idea just alluded to as an utterly upside down conception of what the object of a boy's school-life should be.*

—BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

How to live?—that is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem is—the right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances. In what way to treat the body; in what way to treat the mind; in what way to manage our affairs; in what way to bring up a family; in what way to behave as a citizen; in what way to utilize those sources of happiness which nature supplies—how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others—how to live completely? And this being the great thing needful for us to learn, is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

The aim of education is to draw all the powers of the boy out on every side of his nature, to develop in him every intellectual and moral power, and to streng-

* *From The Central Hindu College Magazine.*

then him physically, emotionally, mentally and spiritually, that he may turn out at the end of his College career a useful, patriotic, and a pious gentleman who respects himself and respects those around him.*

—ANNIE BESANT.

Birth is good but breeding is better.

All the pious duties which we owe,
Our parents, friends, our country and our God,
The seeds of ev'ry virtue here below,
From discipline alone and early culture grow.

Of all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance or bears a heavenlier aspect, than Education. It is a companion which no misfortunes can depress—no clime destroy—no enemy alienate—no despotism enslave—at home a friend—abroad an introduction—in solitude a solace—in society an ornament—it chastens vice—it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius.

—PHILLIPS.

Man, when civilized and illuminated by knowledge, discovers, in the objects and occurrences around him, a scheme beautifully arranged for the gratification of his whole powers, animal, moral and intellectual; he recognises in himself the intelligent and accountable subject of an all-bountiful God, and in joy and gladness desires to study his works, to ascertain his laws, and to yield to them a steady and willing obedience. Without under-

* *From a report in the Bombay Gazette of the 16th March, 1903.*

valuing the pleasures of his animal nature, he tastes the higher, more refined, and more enduring delights of his moral and intellectual capacities; and he then calls aloud for education, as indispensable to the full enjoyment of his powers.

—GEORGE COMBE.

Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says:—

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment of knowledge always pays the best interest.

Good education is the foundation of happiness.

Beware of substituting quantity for quality in education.

Better to be untaught than ill-taught.

—MAXIM.

Of all learning the most difficult department is to unlearn; drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator.

Ability to read is one great distinction between human beings and brutes. When education is withheld, the effect is, so far to reduce the former to the condition of the latter.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

—THOMSON.

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* *From Pictures of Women in Many Lands, Madras.*

We should educate the whole man—the body to act, the head to think, and the heart to feel.

No lower aim should content the child's teacher than that of improving all his faculties and powers—bodily, mental, and moral.*

It is the threefold life and development that is wanted—physical, mental, spiritual. This gives the rounded life, and he or she who fails in any one comes short of the perfect whole.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

What you want for your children is that their bodily and mental powers and their best feelings should be exercised, whilst their sentiments and habits are formed to some extent each and every day, so that at maturity they may be full grown in body, mind, and character, able to control their passions, and shape their conduct in accordance with goodness and happiness, in themselves and all around them. Now, a child's daily supply of vital energy and nerve force is, of course, limited. If these are unduly expended in the activity of one part of the organism, the other parts necessarily suffer. If a man's nerve force is transformed into muscular energy, and spent on ploughing all day long, he will be unable either to think or feel at night; and if he tries to read, he will probably fall asleep. One-sided activity is bad for a man, but for a child it is simply ruinous, seeing that what is required in the child is *manysided growth*, to secure which there must be diffused nerve force and a variety of diverse activities.†

—JANE HUME CLAPPERTON.

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* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black.* † *From Scientific Meliorism.*

As the harmony and solidity of a building can only be secured by a strict attention to every part of the structure, which can then, and then only, be considered as complete, when nothing can be withdrawn or altered without a striking injury to the whole; so also in education, if any part whatever be either omitted or displaced, there will always be some defect or obliquity remaining which injures the whole effect.

—Bishop Otter.

As every one knows, it takes a soldier a long time to learn his drill—for instance, to put himself into the attitude of "attention" at the instant the word of command is heard. But, after a time, the sound of the word gives rise to the act, whether the soldier be thinking of it or not. There is a story, which is credible enough, though it may not be true, of a practical joker, who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out "attention!" whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down, and lost his mutton and potatoes in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effects had become embodied in the man's nervous structure. The possibility of all education (of which military drill is only one particular form) is based upon the existence of this power which the nervous system possesses, of organising conscious actions into more or less unconscious or reflex operations. It may be laid down as a rule, which is called the law of Association, that if any two mental states be called up together, or in succession, with due frequency and vividness, the subsequent production of the one of them will suffice to call up the other, and that whether we desire it or not. The object of intellectual education is to create such

indissoluble associations of our ideas of things, in the order and relation in which they occur in nature; that of a moral education is to unite as fixedly the ideas of evil deeds with those of pain and degradation, and of good actions with those of pleasure and nobleness.

—Dr. Huxley.

Man is a moral as well as an intellectual being; he has feelings, which require education, and on the right training of these depend the happiness of the individual and the welfare of society infinitely more than on the highest attainments merely intellectual. These feelings are incomparably more easily bent and moulded to good in infancy than in after years.*

It is training that improves the powers implanted in us by nature, and sound culture that is the armour of the breast; when moral training fails, the noblest endowments of nature are blemished and lost.

To establish by culture habits of elevated thought, moral reflection, industry, and self-control, and to increase the efficacy and readiness of these habits by exercise, cannot fail to be greatly advantageous to all, but especially to the young.

—Samuel Neil.

It is not easy to estimate the influence even of what may seem an inconsiderable effort, when directed to such an object as education. It has been said that a stone thrown into the sea agitates more or less every drop in that vast expanse of waters. So it may be with the influence we exert on the minds and hearts

* *From Chambers's Infant Education.*

of the young—who can tell what may be the effects of a single good principle deeply fixed, a single pure and virtuous association strongly riveted, a single happy turn effectually given to the thoughts and affections? It may spread a salutary and sacred influence over the whole life and through the whole mass of the character of the child. Nay, more, as the characters of others, who are to come after him, may and probably will depend much on his, the impulse we give may not cease in him who first received it; it may go down from one generation to another, widening and deepening its influences as it goes, reaching forth with various modifications, more or less direct, till the track of its agency shall be completely beyond human calculations.*

Education polishes good dispositions, and corrects bad ones.

—MAXIM.

Gentleness, patience and love are almost every thing in education; especially to those helpless little creatures, who have entered into a world where everything is new and strange to them. Gentleness is a sort of mild atmosphere; and it enters into a child's soul, like the sunshine into the rose-bud, slowly but surely expanding it into beauty and vigour.†

Let it be thoroughly understood that the human being, at the very dawn of intelligence, possesses various tendences or desires, some requiring to be encouraged and rendered habitual, and others, which, for his own comfort and that of his fellow creatures, must be kept

* *From Mr. Francis' Discourse on Errors on Education.*

† *From Mrs. Child's Mother's Book.*

in subjection. The latter seem by far the most ready to manifest themselves. The infant will show a disposition to beat and rob his neighbour, will be insolent, greedy, cruel, and violent, before he will manifest any of the better dispositions, with the exception, perhaps, of an affectionateness towards those from whom he is accustomed to receive benefits. The first business, then, of education is to check and put under habitual subjection all the former dispositions, and to draw forth and put into habitual exercise all that are opposite, such as kindness, justice, and self-denial.*

In minds unstrengthened by right culture there is a perverse belief that they can only raise themselves by lowering whatever stands beside them.

—Prof. Morley.

I for one believe that no system of education is complete which does not provide for the cultivation of character as well as for the development of the intellect. We must be trained to do right as well as to think right.

—Sir William Hunter.

Education must be based upon religion and morality; for education by itself will not eradicate vicious propensities. Culture of intellect has but little effect upon moral conduct. You may see clever, educated, literary men, with no conduct whatever—wasteful, improvident, drunken and vicious. It follows, therefore, that education must be based upon the principles of religion and morality.

—Smiles.

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* *From Chambers's Miscellany.*

Moral and religious education consist in training the feelings and the daily habits; and these are, in the main, beyond the sphere and inaccessible to the control of public education. It is the home, the family, which gives us the moral or religious education we really receive: and this is completed, and modified, sometimes for the better, often for the worse, by society, and the opinions and feelings with which we are there surrounded.

—JOHN STUART MILL.

Religious education in early life should be addressed to the heart, rather than to the mind. The affections should be filled with love and gratitude to God, but no attempt should be made to introduce doctrinal opinions into the understanding.*

Intellect is barren of beneficent fruit, however rich it may be in knowledge, until it be fired and prompted to act by moral and religious sentiment. In my view, knowledge by itself is worthless and impotent in comparison with what it becomes when vivified by lofty emotions. It is not enough that the intellect be informed; the moral and religious faculties must co-operate in applying the truths and in yielding obedience to the precepts which the intellect recognises to be true.

—GEORGE COMBE.

For myself, I have always held and maintained at home—and my views upon that subject have undergone no change, though I have come many miles across the sea—that no education can be complete, and thorough, if it does not combine religious and secular education.

—LORD RIPON.

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* *From Mrs. Child's Mother's Book.*

The cry of the present day is "education," but it is education in books, and books only. "Read, read, read!" as if God had not given us bodies as well as brains to be cared for and cultivated. Boys and girls are pressed to school. There is a great competition amongst teachers, for their income depends upon "results." The pupils are crammed in the shortest possible time, and the most delicate of organs, the brain, does more work, in a month than it used to do in a year. Some, however, by competition, may appear prodigies, and take prizes. But what of health, which is worth more than many prizes? If not worn out by over-excitement, the prize pupils often end as invalids, and sometimes as imbeciles.

—SMILES.

It ought to be universally made known, by means of education, that the uses of our intellectual nature are not to be properly realised without a just regard to the laws of that perishable frame with which it is connected; that, in cultivating the mind, we must neither overtask nor under-task the body, neither push it to too great a speed, nor leave it neglected; and that, notwithstanding this intimate connexion and mutual dependence, the highest merits on the part of the mind will not compensate for muscles mistreated, or soothe a nervous system which severe study has tortured into insanity. To come to detail—it ought to be impressed on all, that to spend more than a moderate number of hours in mental exercise, diminishes insensibly the powers of future application, and tends to abbreviate life; that no mental exercise should be attempted immediately after meals as the processes of thought and of digestion cannot be safely prosecuted together; and that, without a due share of exercise to the whole of the mental

faculties, there can be no soundness in any, while the whole corporeal system will give way beneath a severe pressure upon any one in particular.

—R. CHAMBERS.

Parents and teachers sometimes forget that the proper function of a child is to grow; that the brain cannot, in early years, be over-worked without serious injury to the physical health; that the body—muscles, lungs, and stomach—must first have its soundness established; and that the brain is one of the last organs to come to maturity. Indeed, in early life, digestion is of greater importance than thinking; exercise is necessary for mental culture; and discipline is better than knowledge. Many are the cases of precocious children who bloom only to wither, and run their little course in a few short years. The strain upon their nervous system is more than their physical constitution can bear, and they perish almost as soon as they have begun to live. Boys and girls are at present too much occupied in sitting, learning, studying and reciting. Their brain is over-worked; their body is underworked. Hence headache, restlessness, irritability, and eventually debility and disease.

—SMILES.

The system of a child who is studying to excess is becoming exhausted; it loses its powers in various directions; the muscular endurance may be enfeebled; the digestion is very apt to fail; appetite for food is lost, with the power to digest food; and sleep is very apt to be poor. It is pretty safe to say that a child who eats and sleeps well is not much over-driven.*

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* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black.*

In regard to the education of children, it may also be pointed out that nothing is to be gained by a hasty development of their powers. Far better is it to allow them plenty of out-door exercise, in order that they may develop a sound constitution or correct any imperfections they may have inherited, than cram them with book-knowledge in those early days.*

Let us understand then that it should be our aim in learning, not merely to know the one thing which is to be our principal occupation, as well as it can be known, but to do this and also to know something of all the great subjects of human interest: taking care to know that something accurately; marking well the dividing line between what we know accurately and what we do not: and remembering that our object should be to obtain a true view of nature and life in their broad outline, and that it is idle to throw away time upon the details of anything which is to form no part of the occupation of our practical energies.

—JOHN STUART MILL.

Liberal education must be an education which, whatever its subject, aims at training and purifying and strengthening the intellect, which seeks not merely to impress on men's memories, knowledge which may be useful and profitable to them, but which aims at training them to correct modes of thinking and reasoning, and to fill their intellects with the loftiest and most beautiful results of human thought.

—SIR BARTLE FRERE.

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* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black.*

In education most time is to be bestowed on that which is of the greatest consequence in the ordinary course and occurrences of that life the young man is designed for.

—LOCKE.

Of the laws which regulate health, and of the science which comprises a knowledge of Medicine and Surgery, there is a general ignorance very much to be lamented. How many illnesses, and how much suffering would not be averted, if a more sensible acquaintance with sanitary necessities existed in our homes! Lack of cleanliness, want of ventilation, deficiency of water-supply, non-knowledge of the functions of the body, blindness to first symptoms of disease, negligence of all wholesome precautions—these are culpable causes of accidents, diseases and deaths. Do not all of us know cases, wherein valuable and cherished lives of men, women and children have been lost, solely or principally from ignorance of elementary principles affecting human life and health? And it is sufficiently clear that, until people come to know more about the "house they live in," they will never extirpate chronic disease, nor shall we possess a population healthy and happy.

There is, however, no good reason why a fair knowledge of Medicine and the Philosophy of Health should not be gained by the general public; there is nothing hard or repulsive about the subject, and an amount of information which may be of great value can be obtained at very little trouble. In our belief, Physiology and the Laws of Health should form a branch of education in every important school in the country. Knowing something of these, men and women would be enabled to care, rationally, for their health, could observe

changes in their sensations suggestive of coming sickness, would have the ability to explain accurately to the doctor their particular symptoms of disorder, and so pave the way to fewer illnesses and quicker restorations to health. There is something curiously ironical in a state of things wherein we all bemoan the loss of health, and yet take no steps to learn anything about the object we prize. * * * *

We know that it is, indeed, impossible through any amount of book-teaching to impart that higher and more complete knowledge of the art of Healing, which only daily experience in the presence of facts can give. But, nevertheless, a theoretical knowledge will frequently be of immense service both in the case of ourselves and our families. Cases are constantly occurring in which an early remedy may serve to ward off very serious illness: also, many forms of disease require little beyond intelligent nursing, and the very simplest treatment; while in other cases a little elementary knowledge of understood symptoms will enable us to detect the earliest indications of serious illness, and lead us at once, in such instances, to seek the aid of the skilled practitioner.*

As no one can conform to laws with which he is unacquainted, the ability to live a rational life must be preceded by a familiarity with the laws of health: and as happiness and usefulness are so largely dependent upon vigorous health, the education that will confer upon us the means of acquiring it can yield to no other in importance.

And the importance of understanding the true condition of health and disease—of knowing how to acquire

* *From Beeton's Medical Dictionary—Preface.*

and preserve that healthy habit of body which the most tedious and costly medical treatment so often fails to restore when once lost, should secure a place in general education for the principal maxims of hygiene, and some of those even of practical medicine.

—JOHN STUART MILL.

The human body consists of bones, muscles, nerves, and blood-vessels, besides organs of respiration, of nutrition, of feeling, of thought, &c. These are all composed of physical elements, and to a certain extent, are subjected to the physical laws of creation. By the law of gravitation, the body when unsupported falls to the ground, and is liable to be injured. By another law, excessive cold freezes, and excessive heat dissipates, its fluides; and life, in either case, is extinguished.

To discover the real effect of the physical laws of nature on human happiness, we need to understand

1st. The physical laws themselves, as revealed by the phenomena of natural substances.

2ndly. The anatomical and physiological constitution of the human body.

3rdly. The adaptation of the physical laws to this constitution.

These expositions are necessary to ascertain the extent to which it is possible for man to place himself in accordance with the physical laws, so as to reap advantages from them; and also to determine how far the sufferings which he endures may be ascribed to the inevitable operation of those laws, and how far to his ignorance and infringement of them.

—GEORGE COMBE.

We are born into a world which we have not made; a world, whose phenomena take place according to fixed laws, of which we do not bring any knowledge into the world with us. In such a world we are appointed to live, and in it all our work is to be done. Our whole working power depends on knowing the laws of the world—in other words, the properties of the things which we have to work with, and to work among, and to work upon. We may—and do rely for the greater part of this knowledge, on the few, who in each department make its acquisition their main business in life. But unless an elementary knowledge of scientific truths is diffused among the public, they never know what is certain and what is not, or who are entitled to speak with authority, and who are not.

—JOHN STUART MILL.

If the Creator has bestowed on the body, on the mind, and on external nature determinate constitutions, and has arranged them to act on each other, and to produce happiness or misery to man, according to certain definite principles, and, if this action goes on invariably, inflexibly, and irresistably, whether men attend to it or not, it is obvious that the very basis of useful knowledge must consist in an acquaintance with these natural arrangements, and that education will be valuable in the exact degree in which it communicates such information, and trains the faculties to act upon it.

—GEORGE COMBE.

It is surely no small part of education to put us in intelligent possession of the most important and most universally interesting facts of the universe, so that the

world which surrounds us may not be a sealed book to us, uninteresting because unintelligible.

—JOHN STUART Mill.

A person in whom it was my duty as well as pleasure to be greatly interested set on foot an establishment (a most benevolent and disinterested experiment for promoting the welfare of his fellow-creatures) at Orleistan, in Lanarkshire. The labour and anxiety which he underwent at the commencement of the undertaking gradually impaired an excellent constitution; and, without perceiving the change, he, by way of setting an example of industry took to digging with the spade, and actually wrought for fourteen days at this occupation, although previously unaccustomed to labour. This produced haemoptysis, or spitting of blood. Being now unable for such severe exertion, he gave up his whole time to directing and instructing the people—about 250 in number—and for two or three weeks spoke the whole day, the effusion of blood from his lungs continuing. Nature sank rapidly under this irrational treatment, and at last he came to Edinburgh for medical advice.

When the structure and uses of his lungs were explained to him, he saw that his treatment of them had been equally injudicious as if he had thrown lime or dust into his eyes after inflammation. He was struck with the extent and consequences of his ignorance, and exclaimed, "how greatly should I have been benefited if one month of the five years which I was forced to spend in a vain attempt to acquire the Latin language had been dedicated to conveying to me information concerning the structure of my body, and the causes that preserve and impair its functions!"

He had departed too widely from the organic laws

to admit of an easy return: he was seized with inflammation of the lungs, and with great difficulty survived that attack; but it impaired his constitution so grievously, that he died after a lingering illness of eleven months. He acknowledged, however, even in his severest pain, that he suffered under a just law. The lungs, he perceived, were of prime importance to life, and a motive to their proper treatment was provided by instituting the painful consequences which followed from neglecting the conditions requisite to their health. Had he given them rest, and returned to obedience to the organic law at the first intimation of departure from it, the way to recovery was open; but in ignorance, he persevered for weeks in direct opposition to the law, till the melancholy result ensued.

This case affords a striking illustration of the principle—namely, the independence of the different natural laws, and the necessity of obeying all of them as a condition of safety and enjoyment.

—GEORGE COMBE.

Sanitary science may be summed up in the one word—cleanliness. Pure water and pure air are its essentials. Wherever there is impurity, it must be washed away, and got rid of. Thus sanitary science is one of the simplest and most intelligible of all the branches of human knowledge. Perhaps it is because of this, that, like most common things, it has continued to receive so little attention. Many still think that it requires no science at all to ventilate a chamber, to clean out a drain, and to keep house and person free from uncleanliness.

—SMILES.

It is a common saying that "manners make the man;" and there is a second, that "mind makes the man;" but truer than either is a third, that "Home makes the man." For the home-training includes not only manners, and mind but character. It is mainly in the home that the heart is opened, the habits are formed, the intellect is awakened, and character moulded for good or for evil.

—SMILES.

A child generally receives his first lessons in reading from his mother. But education, in the strict sense of the word, does not begin with the alphabet. It commences with the birth of the child. A mother's face is the child's first lesson book. A father's smile or sign of displeasure is the next step. Home teaching is of all the most important.*

I should not hesitate to attribute greater importance to home education than to school education; for it is beneath the parental roof, when the heart is young and melted by the warmth of fireside affection, that the deepest impressions are made; it is at home, beneath parental influence and example, that the foundations of physical, moral and mental habits are laid, it is at home where lasting opinions are founded. School instruction can never supersede the necessity of vigilant parental leading and training at the fireside.

Duty is first learned at home. The child comes into the world helpless and dependent on others for its health, nurture, and moral and physical development. The child at length imbibes ideas; under proper influences he

* *From Pictures of Women in Many Lands, Madras.*

learns to obey, to control himself, to be kind to others, to be dutiful and happy. He has a will of his own, but whether it be well or ill-directed depends very much upon parental influences.

—SMILES.

Domestic education is the institution of nature—public education the contrivance of man.

—ADAM SMITH.

The responsibility of educating your children is one that parents cannot escape. It is a task imposed on you by divine Providence, and you may look with confidence for guidance and aid. In short you must educate your child, whether you choose it or not; for every action, every word and look, the very tone of your voice, and the round of ordinary daily events, which form the moral atmosphere in which he breathes, influence him far more than the occasional lessons which he receives, however excellent.

The influence of parents and teachers is great. On them it very much depends whether the circumstances which surround the child shall operate to his good. They must help him to read, interpret, and use wisely the great volumes of Nature, Society and experience. They must fix his volatile glance, arrest his precipitate judgment, guide his observation, teach him to link together cause and effect in the outward world, and turn his thoughts inward on his own more mysterious nature. The young left to the education of circumstances—left without teaching, guidance, restraint—will in all probability, grow up ignorant, torpid in intellect, strangers to their own powers, and slaves to their passions.

—REV. CHANNING.

After all the best school of discipline is home. Family life is God's own method of training the young. And homes are very much as women make them.

—SMILES.

It is in the school of maternal tenderness that the kind affections must be first roused and made habitual—the early sentiment of piety awakened and rightly directed—the sense of duty and moral responsibility unfolded and enlightened. But next in rank and efficiency to that pure and holy source of moral influence is that of the school-master.

—AN AMERICAN WRITER.

The first rule, and the most important of all, in education, is that a mother should govern her own feelings and keep her heart and conscience pure. The state of a mother affects her child.*

The general principle that we should associate pleasure with whatever we wish that our pupils should pursue, and pain with whatever we wish that they should avoid, forms the basis of our plan of education. This maxim applied to the cultivation of the understanding, or of the affections, will, we apprehend, be equally successful; virtues, as well as abilities, or what is popularly called genius, we believe to be the result of education more than the gift of nature. A fond mother will tremble at the idea, that so much depends upon her own care in the early education of her children; but, even though she may be inexperienced in the art, she may be persuaded that patience and perseverance will ensure her success: even from her timidity, we

* *From Mrs. Child's Mother's Book.*

may prophesy favourably; for, in education, to know the danger is often to avoid it. The first steps require rather caution and gentle kindness, than any difficulty or laborious exertions; the female sex are, from their situation, their manners, and talents, peculiarly suited to the superintendence of the early years of childhood.*

The greatest and most common error in the training of children is allowed to be *irregularity of behaviour towards them.* At one time they are coaxed, petted and indulged in every fancy, and at another they are scolded, abused, and cruelly chastised. One moment a mother will be seen fondling her child, and the next pouring out her wrath upon him. Impetuous in temper, she will, for a trifling fault, inflict personal punishment on her infant, and then, moved by compassion or remorse, seize him up in her arms, and cover him with caresses. All this is decidedly improper, and ruinous to the dispositions of the children. Let it be remembered that *example* will go a great way in communicating both good and bad habits to children; and it is required of those who undertake the duty of infant education that they should learn to know themselves, and command themselves.†

Of errors in education one of the worst is inconsistency. As in a community, crimes multiply when there is no certain administration of justice; so in a family, an immense increase of transgressions results from a hesitating or irregular infliction of punishments. A weak mother, who perpetually threatens and rarely performs—

* *From Essays on Practical Education by Maria and R. L. Edgeworth.*

† *From Chambers's Miscellany.*

who makes rules in haste and repents of them at leisure—who treats the same offence now with severity and now with leniency, as the passing humour dictates, is laying up miseries for herself and her children. She is making herself contemptible in their eyes: she is setting them an example of uncontrolled feelings; she is encouraging them to transgress by the prospect of probable impunity; she is entailing endless squabbles and accompanying damage to her own temper and the tempers of her little ones; she is reducing their minds to a moral chaos, which after years of bitter experience will with difficulty bring into order. Better even a barbarous form of domestic government carried out consistently than a humane one inconsistently carried out. Again we say, avoid coercive measures wherever it is possible to do so; but when you find despotism really necessary, be despotic in good earnest.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

Obedience, occupation and order are the three grand essentials in the rearing of a child; he is sure, without each and all of the three, to come to grief. I do not, of course, mean by occupation, that a child is to work;—play is a child's work—his occupation—of which he ought, if he is to be well in mind and body, to have an abundance; indeed the principal of his time should be spent in play, and that, if possible, in the open air.

—CHAVASSE.

Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives to himself.

—GIBBON.

There are two kinds of education, which a man receives—the first, that which he gets from others; the second, that which he gives himself. The second is better than the first.

—HUME.

It is a great mistake to think that education is finished when young people leave school. Education is never finished. Half the character is formed after we cease to learn lessons from books; and at that active and eager age, it is formed with a rapidity and strength absolutely startling to think of. Do you ask what forms it? I answer, the every day conversation they hear, the habits they witness, and the people they are taught to respect. Sentiments thrown out in jest, or carelessness, and perhaps forgotten by the speaker as soon as uttered, often sink deeply into the youthful mind and have a powerful influence on future character. This is true in very early childhood; and it is peculiarly true at the period when youth is just ripening into manhood. Employ what teachers we may, the influences at home will have the mightiest influence in education. Schoolmasters may cultivate the intellect; but the things said and done at home are busy agents in forming the affections; and the latter have infinitely more important consequences than the former.*

The education of school is the mere portal to the higher education which every one may give to himself. In many cases, in fact, it may be said that education does not begin till we leave school. The mental energies are disciplined and brought into activity, the capacity is

* *From Mrs. Child's Mother's Book.*

formed; but the real life of thought is seldom awakened till those years of early manhood when most men have ceased to be under tutors and governors.

—TULLOCH.

A student at Trinity College went up to his professor to take leave of him because he had "finished his education," was wisely rebuked by the professor's reply, "Indeed! I am only beginning mine."

I protest against the fallacy that education ends with School days. Education lasts through life. I will add for my own part, giving a chapter from my own personal experience, that I do not think I began to learn anything until after I had left school and university, and became clearly possessed of the knowledge of how utterly ignorant I was. It is the business of each one of us throughout his life to try to make best of the gifts which providence has given him.

From the West, which owes so much in the past to the Aryan race, India has in turn received freedom, free speech, free trade, free movement. The mass of the population remains uneducated, and cannot tell whence comes the new spirit that moves on the face of the waters. But the spirit blows, and all men hear the sound thereof, and are stirred by its breath. The education of those who pass through our schools does not end in the school-room, and for those who are classed as "unable to read or write," it begins in the village, in the municipal town, in the courts of law and on the railways. Knowledge or ignorance, truth or error, must circulate like the currency through the multitudes. It cannot be a matter of indifference what lessons we

teach to the young, for what they learn they will pass on to the others. Whether they are trained in the right path, or left to stray into prejudice, intolerance and disloyalty to their neighbours, the rising generation are born to be citizens. An effort ought to be made to teach our future citizens the A. B. C. of their rights and duties.*

He who seeketh for Instruction will surely find her on every side,—
Not hidden in the depths of the earth, but so that the wayfaring man,
Walking to and fro in his business, may find and hold communion with her.

—CHARLES HENRY HANGER.

In education the process of self-development should be encouraged to the uttermost. Children should be led to make their own investigations, and to draw their own inferences. They should be told as little as possible, and induced to discover as much as possible. Humanity has progressed solely by self-instruction; and that to achieve the best results, each mind must progress somewhat after the same fashion, is continually proved by the marked success of self-made men.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

There was one cardinal point in this training, of which I have already given some indication, and which, more than anything else, was the cause of whatever good it effected. Most boys or youths who have had much knowledge drilled into them, have their mental capacities not strengthened, but overlaid by it. They

* *From Sir W. Lee-Warner's "Citizen of India."*

are crammed with mere facts, and with the opinions and phrases of other people, and these are accepted as a substitute for the power to form opinions of their own: and thus the sons of eminent fathers, who have spared no pains in their education, so often grow up mere parroters of what they have learnt, incapable of using their minds except in the furrows traced for them. Mine, however, was not an education of cram. My father never permitted anything which I learnt to degenerate into a mere exercise of memory. He strove to make the understanding not only go along with every step of the teaching, but if possible, precede it. Anything which could be found out by thinking I never was told, until I had exhausted my efforts to find it out for myself.

—JOHN STUART MILL.

According to Froebel, education is an all-sided continuous development. In its broad outlines it is the same for the individual as it has been for the race. Development is produced by exercise—exercise of the limbs, of the senses, and of the mental powers. The mind is reached through the senses, and Froebel urges that from the very first the senses should be as far as possible exercised as *organs of the mind*, and not as the organs of mere sensuous pleasure or of mere desire, as in animals; and the activities generally, as far as may be, should be made expressions of mind, or at least kept in close association with ideas. This is of the utmost importance for the growth of the higher or distinctly human nature. It may be described as the very life and soul of his method.

—H. C. BOWEN.

Froebel concluded that in dealing with the young the only wise course to adopt, at any rate in the

earliest years, was to seek to develop human nature's inborn original capacities and abilities by a carefully graduated and connected progress in every direction in which progress was demanded, and to take as our general guide the progress and development of the human race as a whole in the order indicated in history. The child's nature being what its creator intended it to be, that is, in its *essence* good—though liable to error inherited or newly induced,—what we have to do at first is merely to help its normal growth, by securing for it a proper environment, and by supplying it with, and enticing it to use, the fitting means for the activities which its nature needs for development.

Nothing which does not spring directly from the natural primary outfit of the child,—which is not a natural outcome of it,—should be imported into the child in the first stage, nor indeed in any stage to which it does not naturally and rightfully belong. And, on the other hand, every prescribing, restricting, encroaching kind of instruction or education, which interferes with natural development, must necessarily, if this view be allowed, be considered to operate hurtfully upon the normal child-nature, and should therefore be carefully kept from it.

—H. C. Bowen.

God does not cram in or ingraft, he develops the smallest and most imperfect thing in continuously ascending stages and in accordance with eternal laws grounded in and developing from the thing's own self.

—Froebel.

Do not then, my best friends, train boys to learning by force and harshness; but direct them to it by what amuses their minds, so that you may be the better able

to discover with accuracy the peculiar bent of the genius of each.

—PLATO.

By association with rules that cannot be obeyed, rules that can be obeyed lose their authority.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

When the acquisition of knowledge has been rendered habitually gratifying, then will there be as prevailing a tendency to continue, without superintendence, that self-culture previously carried on under superintendence.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

There is a great deal of harm done by excessive urging or over-driving of children in school.*

No improvement that takes place in either of the sexes can possibly be confined to itself; each is an universal mirror to each; and the respective refinement of the one, will always be in reciprocal proportion to the polish of the other.

—COLTON.

The right to a proper educational training of females is only admitted, but the quality and quantity of that training becomes the proper subject of discussion.

You must train us, mothers, who know how to educate their children.

—NAPOLEON I.

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* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black.*

A good mother's eyes, indeed, are marvellous in quickness, in intelligence, and in love, and are, as far as in her lies, ever watchful for the welfare of her child. True it is that either ignorance or over-indulgence often blinds her eyes to his true interests; hence the necessity that her eyes be educated to observe and discriminate.

—CHAVASSE.

You bring up your girls as if they were meant for side-board ornaments, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers; appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach them also that courage and truth are the pillars of their being.

JOHN RUSKIN.

The curriculum which is designed for girls should not be framed too much on the pattern of the curriculum prescribed for boys. It should be specially adapted to the wants of women in life. It is not enough that they learn to read and write, and keep accounts, but it is also necessary that they should be enabled to lay in a stock of knowledge which will be of service to them in managing the house, in nursing relations through illness, in bringing up and training children, in enforcing attention to cleanliness, and to the laws of health, in rendering the home neat and tidy, and in imparting to the home life a tone of cheerful contentment, and in sustaining and raising that energy of female character which creates a lovely and happy home out of bare competence, and in acquitting themselves well and honourably as wives, daughters, and mothers, amidst all the vicissitudes of life.

—THE HON. T. MUTHUSAMI IYER.

We must train up female teachers that they may carry on the work in a feminine spirit and with tender and affectionate hearts. The work of educating women belongs legitimately to women, and therefore it should be entrusted to native females, trained and qualified for the work. But if we leave it in the hands of men, who do not and cannot understand female society, they will fail to produce the desired effect.

—KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

I consider no scheme of National Education to be complete unless it includes a scheme for the training of men to be competent engineers and mechanicians, who can build railways, construct the steam engine and drive it, electricians who can construct telegraphic and other instruments and work the telegraph, construct and work machines for the manufacture of wool and cotton and do practical things of this kind. Intellectual culture and scientific research are as much part and parcel of higher education as a theoretical and practical knowledge of mechanical engineering and industrial operations, which have so rapidly advanced the progress of civilization all over the world during the past century. India is said to be full of material resources which need to be fully discovered, developed and utilized. To avert the calamities of a famine or relieve the necessities of a drought, no factor is so potent as a rail-road or a water-way, and no knowledge so useful as that of the production, conservation, and distribution of food-grains and volumes of water.

—KHANDERAO C. BEDARKAR.

I General education is the foundation and necessary antecedent of increased economic activity in all branches of national production,

in agriculture, small industries, manufactures and commerce. The ever-increasing differentiation of special and technical education, made necessary by the continual division of labour, must be based upon a general popular education and cannot be successful without it.

II The consequence of the increase of popular education is a more equal distribution of the proceeds of labour, contributing to the general prosperity, social peace, and the development of the powers of the nation.

III The economic and social development of a people, and their participation in the international exchange of commodities, are dependent upon the education of the masses.

IV For these reasons the greatest care for the fostering of all educational institutions is one of the most important national duties of the present.*

There is a vast difference between instruction and training, and that education should embrace both. Instruction means communicating knowledge; while training implies the repetition of certain modes of action in the mind and body until they have become habits. It is a law of our constitution that any organ, when accustomed to repeat frequently its action, acquires additional strength and facility in doing so, and the force and advantages of habit arise from this law. If we merely tell a pupil how to point his toes, and place his feet, and what series of movements to execute, this is *instructing* him in dancing; but it is not *training* him to the practice of the art. To

* *Remarks from an essay by Prof. Tews of Berlin.*

accomplish the latter object, we must teach him actively to dance; and the more frequently we cause him to repeat certain movements, short of occasioning fatigue, the more expert will he become in performing them. In like manner, mere information concerning natural objects, their agencies and relations, is instruction; while accustoming children to observe, to discriminate, to arrange, to operate, and to reason for themselves, is training their understanding.

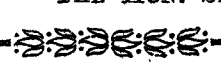
Teaching a child to repeat the precepts and doctrines of the New Testament is *instructing* him in religion and morality; but he is not *trained* to religion and morality until he shall have been accustomed to practise these precepts in his daily conduct.

—George Combe.

When Antipater demanded of the Spartans fifty of their children as hostages, they wisely replied that they would rather surrender fifty of the most eminent men of the state, whose principles were already formed, than children to whom the want of early instruction would be a loss altogether irrepairable.

Of all measures inaugurated by the great statesmen who were responsible for the consolidation of British rule in India, none has been so fruitful of blessing both to England and this country as the gift of education—blessing them that gave and them that took. It has conduced in innumerable ways, direct and indirect, to the welfare, progress, and development of the country, and at the same time it has contributed in no small measure to strengthen the foundations of the Empire, giving them both stability and permanence.

—The Hon. Sir P. M. Mehta.



47. ENVY.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neibors welth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he said;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But, when he heard of harme, he vexed wondrous glad.

—SPENSER.

Among the base, merit begets envy, among the noble, emulation.

—PROVERB.

Emulation looks out for merits that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by a defeat.

—COLTON.

An envious man feeds on other's evils, and hath no disease but his neighbour's welfare.

—JOSEPH HALL.

To all apparent beauties blind
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

—GAY.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

—THOMSON.

The praise of the envious, is far less creditable than their censure; they praise only that which they can surpass, but that which surpasses them—they censure.

—COLTON.

For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

—"BIBLE—JAMES, 3."

Envy and hate are the bane of the mind,
Good will and love are the bliss of mankind.

Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to death.

Envy has no holidays.

—BACON.

Thus it is with many mortals,
They desire another's lot,
Dreaming not their secret longings,
Wishing for they know not what.
While the very ones we envy
In their hearts may fret and tire
Of the gifts they do not care for,
And that others most desire.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious:

youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! To be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage.

—ADDISON.

If envy, like anger, did not burn itself in its own fire and consume and destroy those persons it possesses, before it can destroy those it wishes worst to, it would set the whole world on fire, and leave the most excellent persons the most miserable. Of all the affections and passions which lodge themselves within the breast of man, envy is the most troublesome, the most restless, hath the most of malignity, the most of poison in it.*

—LORD CLARENDON.

Envy always outlives the felicity of its object.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Beware! never invoke evil on the envious man,
For the unfortunate wretch is of himself in affliction.
What need (is there) that thou shouldst show him ill-will,
When he has such an enemy (as his own envious nature) in close pursuit of him?

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.†

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* *From Readings in English Prose Literature.*

† *Translated by Platts.*

What can I do to the envious man? For he is
in trouble from his own mind.
Die! that thou may'st escape (thy pain), O envious
one! for this is a malady,
From the annoyance of which thou canst not
escape but by death.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

Envy lies between beings equal in nature, though unequal in circumstances.

—JEREMY COLLIER.

Envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self; and where there is no comparison, no envy; and therefore kings are not envied but by kings.

—BACON.

The rich are more envied by those, who have a little than by those who have nothing.

The player only envies the player, the poet only envies the poet, because each confines his idea of excellence to his own profession and pursuit, and thinks, if he could but remove some one particular competitor out of his way, he should have a clear stage to himself, and be a "Phœnix gazed by all:" as if, though we crushed one rival, another would not start up; or as if there were not a thousand other claims, a thousand other modes of excellence and praiseworthy acquirements, to divide the palm and defeat his idle pretension to the sole and unqualified admiration of mankind.†

—W. HAZLITT.

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* *Translated by Platts.*

† *From Men and Manners.*

Whoever envies another confesses his superiority.
—JOHNSON.

Distance is the best remedy against an evil disposed man.
—MAXIM.

To silence envious tongues, be just and fear not.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Desire the good of your neighbour, you will find it in your house.
—ARABIC PROVERB.

Enjoy thou the prosperity of others,
Although thyself unprosperous; noble men
Take pleasure in their neighbour's happiness.*
—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now.

If all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take his own again rather than take a portion out of the common stock.

Expect not praise without envy until you are dead. Honours bestowed on the illustrious dead, have in them no admixture of envy; for the living pity the dead; and pity and envy, like oil and vinegar assimilate not.
—COLTON.

Envy's censure, Flattery's praise,
With unmoved indifference view;

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

Learn to tread life's dangerous maze,
With unerring virtue's clue.
* * * * *
Keep thy Conscience from offence
And tempestuous passions free,
So, when thou art call'd from hence,
Easy shall thy passage be;
Easy shall thy passage be,
Cheerful thy allotted stay,
Short the account 'twixt God and thee;
Hope shall meet thee on the way.
Truth shall lead thee to the gate,
Mercy's self shall let thee in,
Where its never-changing state,
Full perfection, shall begin.*

—LORD MELCOMBE.

Oh! envy not thy brother,
When happy seems his lot;
Full many a sorrow doth he know,
Which thou perceivest not.
And outwardly, tho' all is fair,
And thou dost think him blest,
It may be many an anxious care
He feels within his breast.

Oh, envy not thy brother,
Whom fortune doth caress;
Hath this dark world so much of bliss
That thou canst wish it less?
Oh, wouldst thou dim with tears the eye
That beamed with bliss ere while,
Or bid from a fair cheek to fly
Its bright and happy smile?

* *From Johnson's Lives of the Poets.*

Oh, envy not thy brother
Though thy own heart be sad!
But if he seem more blest than thou,
Still for his joy be glad.
Envy him not, envy him not,
Nor at thy griefs repine,
Perchance that brother's envied lot,
He'd gladly change for thine.

THE ENVIOUS MAN AND THE COVETOUS.

An envious man happened to be offering up his prayers to Jupiter, just in the time and place with a covetous miserable fellow. Jupiter, not caring to be troubled with their impertinences himself, sent Apollo to examine the merits of their petitions, and to give them such relief as he should think proper. Apollo therefore opened his commission, and withal told them that, to make short of the matter, whatever the one asked the other should have it double. Upon this, the covetous man, though he had a thousand things to request, yet forebore to ask first, hoping to receive a double quantity; for he concluded that all men's wishes sympathised with his. By this means, the envious man had an opportunity of preferring his petition first, which was the thing he aimed at; so, without much hesitation, he prayed to be relieved, by having one of his eyes put out; knowing that, of consequence, his companion would be deprived of both.

APPLICATION.

In this fable the folly of those two vices, envy and avarice is fully exposed, and handsomely rallied. The miser, though he has the riches of the world, without stint, laid open to his choice, yet dares not name the

sum, for fear another should be richer than himself. The advantage of a double quantity, by receiving last, is what he cannot bear to lose, and he fares accordingly. The envious man, though he has a power of calling for good things, without measure, to himself or others, yet waves this happy privilege, and is content to punish himself by a very great loss, even that of an eye, that he may bring down a double portion of the like calamity upon another. These are the true tempers of the covetous and envious: one can scarce determine, whether they are more mischievous to themselves, or to the public; but it is manifest that they are highly noxious to both, and should be treated accordingly.*

* *From Æsop's Fables.*

48. EXAMPLE.

Example is one of the most potent of instructors, though it teaches without a tongue. It is the practical school of mankind, working by action, which is always more forcible than words.

—SMILES.

Example is far more than precept. It is instruction in action; it is teaching without words.

Example is a living law, whose sway men more than all the written laws obey.

—SEDLEY.

Men trust rather to their eyes than their ears; the effect of precept is therefore slow and tedious, while that of example is summary and effectual.

Nothing is more contagious than a bad example.

—MORAL MAXIM.

One watch set right will do to try many by, but on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighbourhood. And the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

He put so much of his soul into his act
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were prompt to follow whom all loved.

—COWPER.

Even the humblest person, who sets before his fellows an example of industry, sobriety, and upright honesty of purpose in life, has a present as well as a future influence upon the well-being of his country; for his life and character pass unconsciously into the lives of others, and propagate good example for all time to come.

—SMILES.

A life well-spent, a character uprightly sustained, is no slight legacy to leave to one's children and to the world; for it is the most eloquent lesson of virtue, and the severest reproof of vice, while it continues an enduring source of the best kind of riches.

—SMILES.

The example of men who hold a high and responsible position before the world, exercises a more than common influence and it is therefore specially desirable, that they should be men of untarnished honour and blameless lives.

—LECKY.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

—POPE.

49. EXPERIENCE.

Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Experience is a slow preceptress.

Experience teaches people a lot of things they would rather not know.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

It is far better to borrow experience than to buy it.

—MAXIM.

Practical wisdom is only to be learnt in the school of experience. Precepts and instructions are useful, so far as they go, but, without the discipline of real life, they remain of the nature of theory only. The hard facts of existence have to be faced, to give that touch of truth to character, which can never be imported by reading or tuition, but only by contact with the broad instincts of common men and women.

—SMILES.

The chief result gained by experience of life is clearness of view. This is what distinguishes a man of mature age, and makes the world wear such a different aspect from that which it presented in his youth or boyhood. It is only then that he sees things quite plain and takes them for that which they really are.*

—SCHOPENHAUER.

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* *From Counsels and Maxims, translated by Saunders.*

What thy experienc teaches true
Be vigilant to heed;
The wisdom that we suffer to
Is wiser than a creed.

Men there have been, ignorant of letters; without art, without eloquence; who yet had the wisdom to devise and the courage to perform that which they lacked language to explain. Such men have worked the deliverance of nations and their own greatness. Their hearts are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence.

—MACAULAY.

In misfortunes a man may know a friend: in battle, a hero: in a loan, an honest man: a wife, in diminished fortunes: and kinsmen in afflictions.

—"HITOPADESHA."*

It is human to err but diabolical to persevere in error.

—MORAL MAXIM.

But th' only good that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.

—SPENSER.

Our greatest glory is not in ever failing, but in rising every time we fall.

Experience joined with common sense
To mortals is a providence.

A proverb is the child of experience.

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* *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

50. FAITH.

Faith is the dominant principle in men: whatever is a man's faith that is a man's self.

—"BHAGAVAD—GÎTÂ."

Faith consists in four qualities: belief, self-sacrifice, sincerity, and obedience.

—"JAVIDAN—KHIRAD."*

When one has faith he is zealous; the faithless is not possessed of zeal; the faithful is alone zealous.

That faith, O Lord, is sought by me.

—"UPANISHAT."

A firm faith is the best divinity.

Let faith in God characterize all your thoughts, words and actions. He who serveth God, places confidence in nothing else.†

—DÂDU.

There is a calm the poor in spirit know,
That softens sorrow, and that lightens woe;
There is a peace that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distrest;
There is a light that gilds the darkest hour,

* *From Ancient Iranian and Zoroastrian Morals, by D. J. Medhora.*

† *From the Works of H. H. Wilson.*

When dangers threaten, and when troubles lour:
That calm to faith, and hope and love is given;
That peace remains when all beside is riven.
That light shines down to man direct from heaven.*

Faith, hope and love are golden keys,
That brighten in the using;
Thou may'st unlock all heaven with these,
Thine every foe confusing.

Faith is the star that gleams above,
Hope is the flower that buds below;
Twin tokens of celestial love
That out from Nature's bosom grow;
And still alike in sky, on sod,
That star and blossom ever point to God.

—KENT.

We need more faith in every day life,—faith in the power that works for good, faith in the Infinite God and hence faith in ourselves created in His image. And however things at times may seem to go, however dark at times appearances may be, the knowledge of the fact that "the Supreme Power has us in its charge as it has the suns and endless systems of worlds in space," will give us the supreme faith that all is well with us, the same as all is well with the world.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

When sorrow sinks my spirit down,
And grief overwhelms my troubled mind,
Faith cries, "Look up to God alone,
A refuge thou in Him shalt find."

* *From Mary Carpenter's Meditations.*

My soul obeys the sacred word,
And casts her care upon the Lord.

What though affliction's shades surround,
My path, yet God is wise and just;
And oft my fainting soul has found
The promise true, in which I trust:
Shall I then doubt His Sacred word?
No,—let me humbly trust the Lord.

'Tis in the hour of deep distress,
That we religion's comfort prove;
The chastening hand we feel and bless
Of God, that scourges us in love:
Though nature sinks beneath the rod,
Yet faith reposes still in God.*

—MRS. C. RICHARDSON.

Moments there are in life—alas, how few!
When casting cold prudential doubts aside,
We take a generous impulse for our guide,
And following promptly what the heart thinks best,
Commit to Providence the rest;
Sure that no after-reckoning will arise,
Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise.
And happy they who thus in faith obey
Their better nature: err sometimes they may,
And some sad thoughts lie heavy in the breast,
Such as by hope deceived are left behind;
But like a shadow these will pass away
From the pure sunshine of the peaceful mind.

—SOUTHEY.

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* *From Practical Sermons, by Rev. Dr. Carpenter.*

A great fortune is not necessary for the attainment of faith, hope, or charity; and he that is endowed with these cannot be miserable; you may learn the whole system of divine and important truths; you may acquit yourself with all the beauty and enjoyments of virtue at a very cheap rate; and you may learn temperance, fortitude, justice, modesty, constancy, patience, contempt of the world, without the assistance of much more wealth than will serve to feed and clothe you. And canst thou not be content with these possessions? Is not this a sort of merchandize to be preferred before that of fine gold?

—RICHARD LUCAS.

Once shatter *inborn Truth* divine,
The soul's transparent mirror,
Where Heaven's reflection loved to shine,
And what remains but terror?

Terror and woe;—Faith's holy face
No more our heart's relieving—
Fades from the past each early grace
The future brings but grieving;
However fast life's blessings fall
In lavish sunshine o'er us,
That Broken Glass distorts them all,
Whose fragments glare before us.

—B. SIMMONS.

The mind which hath not faith, is fickle and unsettled, because, not being fixed by any certainty, it changeth from one thing to another.*

—DÂDU.

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* *From the Works of H. H. Wilson.*

Fear and lack of faith go hand in hand. The one is born of the other. Tell me how much one is given to fear, and I will tell you how much he lacks in faith.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

'Tis not enough of faith to talk;
A man of God with God must walk.

* * * * *

If faith produce no works, I see,
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow;
No separate life they e'er can know:
They 're soul and body, hand and heart;
What God hath joined, let no man part.

—HANNAH MORE.

Sing the song with earnestness, making pure the heart;
If you would attain God, then this is an easy way.
Make your heart lowly, touch the feet of saints,
Of others do not hear the good or bad qualities, nor think of them,
Tukâ says—"Be it much or little, do good to others."*

* *From Sir A. Grant's Translation in Fortnightly Review, (1867.)*

51. FAMILY.

PARENTS.

Every parent is like a looking-glass for his children to dress themselves by. Therefore parents should take care to keep the glass bright and clear, and not dull and spotted, as their good example is a rich inheritance for the rising generation.

Besides setting them a good example, parents should teach their children what is right. They should tell them that God sees them always, that He hears every word they say, that He knows every thought that passes through their mind.*

To fix a good or evil course,
Example is of potent force;
And they, who wish the young to teach,
Must even practise what they preach.

Parents should very carefully guard against that weak partiality towards their children which renders them blind to their failings and imperfections, as no disposition is more likely to prove prejudicial to their future welfare.†

Lay not a sin upon the child, but upon its parents.

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* *From Pictures of Women in Many Lands, Madras.*

† *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

Few parents like to be told of the faults of a child. The reason is obvious. All faults are *hereditary* or *educational*, and in either case to point a finger at the child is indirectly to reprove the parent.

Be careful to discountenance in children anything that looks like rage and furious anger.

—TILLOTSON.

Parents should—

1 Restrain their children from vice.
2 Train them in virtue.
3 Have them taught arts or sciences.
4 Provide them with suitable wives or husbands.
5 Give them their inheritance *

—GAUTAMA.

A father and a mother in managing and training their children should have "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether;" there should be no divided authority; for if there be, discipline cannot be enforced, good rules cannot be observed, and good results, therefore, are not likely to follow. * * * * * Unanimity between father and mother in the bringing up of their children is essentially necessary, or evil results will assuredly follow.

—CHAVASSE.

DUTY OF PARENTS TO CHILDREN.

FIRST There is the care of nourishing and sustaining it; which begins from the very birth, and con-

* *From David's Buddhism.*

tinues a duty from the parent till the child be able to perform it to himself. But besides this first care, which belongs to the body of the child, there is another, which should begin almost as early, which belongs to their souls.

SECONDLY The parents must provide for the education of the child; they must as Solomon speaks, Train up a child in the way he should go. As soon, therefore, as children come to the use of reason, they are to be instructed; and that first, in those things which concern their eternal well-being: they are by little and little to be taught all those things which God hath commanded them as their duty to perform; and also what glorious rewards he hath provided for them if they do it: and what grievous and eternal punishments if they do it not. These things ought, as early as possible, to be instilled into the minds of children, which (like new vessels) do usually keep the savour of that which is put into them; and therefore it nearly concerns all parents to look they be at first thus seasoned with virtue and religion. To this great duty of educating of children, there is required as means, first, encouragement, secondly, correction. Encouragement is first to be tried. We should endeavour to make children in love with duty by offering them rewards and invitations: and whenever they do well, take notice of it and encourage them to go on. * * * Correction must be given in such a manner as may be likely to

do good: to which purpose, it must first be given timely; the child must not be suffered to run on in any ill, till it hath got a habit and stubbornness too.

THIRDLY After children have grown up and are past the age of education, the parent is still to watch over them in respect of their souls, to observe how they practise those precepts which were given to them in their education, and accordingly to exhort, encourage, or reprove, as they find occasion. So also for their outward estate, they are to put them into some course of living in the world.

A FOURTH Thing the parent owes to the child is good example. He is not only to set him rules of virtue and godliness, but he must himself give him a pattern in his own practice. We see the force of example is infinitely beyond that of precept, especially where the person is one to whom we bear a reverence, or with whom we have a continual conversation; both which we usually meet in a parent. It is therefore a most necessary care in all parents to behave themselves so before their children, that their example may be a means of winning them to virtue.

A FIFTH Duty of parents is blessing their children; the way of doing that is double; first by their prayers; they are by daily and earnest prayers to commend them to God's protection and blessing, both for their spiritual and temporal estate; and secondly, by their piety; they are to be such persons themselves as that a blessing may descend from them upon their posterity

SIXTHLY Parents must take heed that they use their power over their children with equity and moderation, not to oppress them with unreasonable commands, only to exercise their own authority; but in all things of weight to consider the real good of their children, and to press them to nothing which may not consist with that.

—"THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN."

Parental care and anxiety, the hours devoted to the instruction of a family, will not be thrown away. If parents have the patience to wait for their reward, that reward will far surpass their most sanguine expectations; they will find in their children agreeable companions, sincere and affectionate friends. Whether they live in retirement or in the busy world, they will feel their interest in life increase, their pleasures multiplied by sympathy with their beloved pupils; they will have a happy home. How much is comprised in that single expression! The gratitude of their pupils will continually recall the delightful reflection, that the felicity of a whole family is their own work; and that the virtues and talents of their children are the necessary consequences of a good education.*

Ever mindful of the true welfare of his children and their growth in every manly virtue, he devoted a good deal of his attention to their mental and moral training. The skill he had of giving in fewest possible words lucid account of even most difficult scientific matters, enabled him to impart to them useful knowledge at home with remarkable facility. His love towards them was alone equalled by his solicitude for

*From *Essays on Practical Education, by Maria and R. L. Edgeworth.*

their advancement in life as large-hearted and high-motived men. "In no relation of life," says one of his children, "did the goodness and greatness of his character appear more than in the management of his children. The most judicious, impartial and loving of fathers, he was at once the friend and master ever by his example enforcing precepts he sought to instil.*

Nature has implanted in every human breast a disposition to love and revere the authors of our being, on whom, from our earliest infancy, we are dependent for every comfort, convenience, and pleasure in life; every heart which is not wholly destitute of feeling, must beat with the warmest emotions of gratitude towards them, and be alive to the tenderness of filial piety.

—ELIZABETH STARLING.

Honour thy father and thy mother.

—"BIBLE-COMMANDMENTS."

The Prophet (Muhammed) was asked, "What act does God love best?" He said, "the performance of the prayers at their stated times; and next to this, honouring your parents, obeying them and not vexing them."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH"†

In serving father and mother, advise them with respectful gentleness; observing their desire, do not disregard it; venerate, and by no means contradict them. Used harshly, you should not murmur.‡

—CONFUCIUS.

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* *From Life and Character of Prince Albert—a Lecture by Gosto Behary Mullick.*

† *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

‡ *From Marshman's Works of Confucius.*

We should courteously respect and revere our parents,
By doing so God will fulfil our desires and men will praise us.
Mother, father, teacher and master should all be obeyed promptly,
Do not put off carrying out their orders, nor put forth any conditions in doing so.
When the elders ask us to cast off the company of mischievous children,
Their advice should be heeded as it tends to our welfare.
The giver of food, the teacher of wisdom, and the preserver from danger,
These three are our benefactors, we should respect them as we do our father.
If we act with decency and propriety towards our elders,
Then only will our children duly regard and respect us.

—NARMADÂSHANKAR.*

DUTIES OF CHILDREN TO THEIR PARENTS.

I You are required to view and treat your parents with respect.

II You should be grateful to your parents. Consider how much you owe them.

III You must make it your study to obey your parents, to do what they command, and do it cheerfully. Your own hearts will tell you that this is a most natural and proper expression of honour and love.

* *A Gujarâti poet.*

IV You must further express your respect, affection, and gratitude, by doing all in your power to assist and oblige your parents. Children can very soon make some return for the kindness they receive. Every day you can render your parents some little service, and often save them many cares, and sometimes not a little expense.

V You should express your respect for your parents, and your sense of their kindness and superior wisdom by placing unreserved confidence in them. This is a very important part of your duty. Children should learn to be honest, sincere, and open-hearted to their parents.

VI. You must prove your respect and gratitude to your parents by attending seriously to their instructions and admonitions, and by improving the advantages they afford you for becoming wise, useful, good and happy for ever.

—REV. CHANNING.

The love of our parents, we know,
We never can fully repay;
Then let us, as older we grow,
More cheerfully still them obey.

They loved us before we could tell
Who for us so tenderly cared;
They grieved when they saw us unwell,
And fear'd lest we should not be spared.

They watch'd all our footsteps to guide,
And save us from every distress;

They labour'd for us to provide,
And often did fondly caress.

How wicked it is then we should
At any time give them a pain!
Each day let us try to be good,
And never to grieve them again.*

FATHER.

The father moulds the head, the mother the heart; the father appeals to the understanding, the mother to the affections; the father prepares for time, the mother for eternity. Happy they who heed the wise teachings of both.

One father is more than a hundred school-masters.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

—SHAKESPEARE.

The best inheritance that a father can leave to his children, and which is superior to any patrimony is the glory of his virtue and noble deeds; to disgrace which ought to be regarded as base and impious.

—CICERO.

It was a remark of Socrates that "he who makes his son worthy of esteem by giving him a liberal education has a far better title to his obedience and duty than he that gives a large estate without it."†

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* *From Chambers's Infant Education.*

† *From The Book of Humour, Wit and Wisdom.*

Good counsel is the best legacy a Father can leave to a child; and it is still the better, when it is so wrapt up, as to beget a curiosity as well as an inclination to follow it.*

Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS."

Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS."

For riches, worldly power, or rank
I care not,—I would have my son
Pure, wise, and brave.†

—TORU DUTT.

The worship of mother, father and preceptor is most important according to me. The man who attends to that duty here, succeeds in acquiring great fame and many regions of felicity.

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

Honour thy father and thy mother: and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

—"BIBLE—ST. MATTHEW, 19."

From death itself I would not fly
My father's wish to gratify.
What deed soe'er his loving son
May do to please him, think it done.

* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

† *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.*

Amid all duties, Queen, I count
This duty first and paramount,
That sons, obedient, aye fulfil
Their honoured father's word and will.*

—RÂMA.

Let thy father be to thee like unto a god.

—"UPANISHAT."

MOTHER.

A mother's love!

If there be one thing pure,
Where all beside is sullied;
That can endure
When all else pass away;
If there be aught
Surpassing human deed, or word, or thought,
It is a mother's love!

No voice so sweet attunes his cares to rest,
So soft no pillow as his mother's breast.

The hands of a mother are, to her child, the softest and the whitest in the world; her kiss the sweetest; her eye, the brightest; her voice, the most melodious; her presence, the most charming; and her looks fill him with joy, confidence, and gladness.

—CHAVASSE.

No joy in nature is so sublimely affecting as the joy of a mother at the good fortune of a child.

The best shelter for a girl is her mother's wing.

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* *From the Râmâyana, translated by Griffith.*

My son! My son! I cannot speak the rest,
Ye who have sons can only know my fondness!
Ye who have lost them, or who fear to lose,
Can only know my pangs! None else can guess them,
A mother's sorrows cannot be conceiv'd
But by a mother!

—HANNAH MORE.

One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

It is because the mother, far more than the father, influences the action and conduct of the child, that her good example is of so much greater importance in the home. It is easy to understand how this should be so. The home is the woman's domain—her kingdom, where she exercises entire control. Her power over the little subjects she rules there is absolute. They look up to her for everything. She is the example and model constantly before their eyes, whom they unconsciously observe and imitate.

—SMILES.

The softening of the temper, the bending of the will, the turning of the half-formed purpose—how often and how justly, are these attributed to the reciprocal working together of those impulses of nature which belong to the mutual affection of the mother and the child!*

—MRS. ELLIS.

Men who have risen from obscurity, and who have had their own way to make, are often those who have

* *From The Mothers of Great Men.*

been most indebted to their mothers, and indebted to this very quality of bravery or magnanimity for setting them an example of endurance, and stimulating them to overcome all obstacles that might stand in the way of their adventurous or laudable career.*

—MRS. ELLIS.

The Author of our being has placed in the hands of every mother a power with which she may direct and train her children, according to the deliberate purpose of her own heart.

In attempting to do this, some mothers may fail through ignorance of the most appropriate means. Others may fail from causes inevitable to their own position and circumstances. But whether a far greater number do not fail to instil the principles of greatness into the characters of their children, from the absence, on their part, of all definite purpose whatever, is a question of vast importance to those who take upon themselves the responsibility of maternal duty.*

MRS. ELLIS.

Let thy mother be to thee like unto a god.

—"UPANISHAT."

TO MY MOTHER.

If e'er from human bliss or woe
I feel the sympathetic glow;
If e'er my heart has learnt to know
The generous wish or prayer;
Who sow'd the germ with tender hand?

* *From The Mothers of Great Men.*

Who mark'd its infant leaves expand? –
My mother's fostering care.
And if one flower of charms refined
May grace the garden of my mind,
'Twas she who nursed it there:
She loved to cherish and adorn
Each blossom of the soil;
To banish every weed and thorn
That oft opposed her toil!

—MRS. HEMANS.

I must not tease my mother,
For she is very kind;
And everything she says to me
I must directly mind.
For when I was a baby,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the head-ache, I will step
Most silently indeed.
I will not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother;
I've heard dear father say,
When I was in my cradle sick,
She nurs'd me night and day.
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food,

And I have nothing else to pay,
But trying to be good.

I must not tease my mother;
She loves me all the day,
And she has patience with my faults,
And teaches me to pray.
How much I'll strive to please her,
She every hour shall see,
For should she go away or die,
What would become of me?*

AD MATREM MORTUAM.

Dear mother-eyes
That watched while other eyes were closed in sleep,
That o'er my sliding steps were wont to weep—
Are ye now looking from the starry skies,
With clearer spirit-vision, love more deep,
Undimmed by tears, while I my vigil keep:
Dear mother-eyes?

Dear mother-hands
That toiled when other hands inactive were,
That clasping mine, constrained me soft to prayer
For grace to run the way of God's commands—
Are ye now resting, or in realms more fair
Still find ye some sweet mode to minister:
Dear mother-hands?

Dear mother-heart
That felt the good where others found the ill,
That loathed the sin, yet loved the sinner still,
And charmed his soul to choose the better part;

* *From Chambers's Infant Education.*

Farewell! a moment's fleeting space until
God re-unites us when it be His will:
Dear mother-heart.
—JOHN HENDERSON.

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.

When sleep foresook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping in my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My mother.

Who dressed my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy Word and day
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be,
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My mother?
Oh no! the thought I cannot bear:
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My mother.
When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My mother.
And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My mother.
For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in His eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My mother.*

Oh mother!—in that early word
What loves and joys combine;
What hopes—too oft, alas! deferr'd;
What vigils—griefs—are thine!—
Yet, never, till the hour we roam—
By worldly thralls opprest,
Learn we to prize that truest home—
A watchful mother's breast!

The thousand prayers at midnight pour'd
Beside our couch of woes;

* *From Chambers's Poems for Young People.*

The wasting weariness endured
To soften our repose!—
While never murmur mark'd thy tongue—
Nor toil relaxed thy care:—
How, mother, is thy heart so strong
To pity and forbear?

What filial fondness e'er repaid
Or could repay the past?—
Alas! for gratitude decay'd!
Regrets—that rarely last!—
'Tis only when the dust is thrown
Thy lifeless bosom o'er;
We muse upon thy fondness shown—
And wish we'd loved thee more!

Tis only when thy lips are cold—
We mourn with late regret,
'Mid myriad memory of old—
The days for ever set!
And not an act—nor look—nor thought—
Against thy meek control,
But with a sad remembrance fraught
Wakes anguish in the soul!

On every land—in every clime—
True to her sacred cause,
Fill'd by that effluence sublime
From which her strength she draws,
Still is the mother's heart the same—
The mother's lot as tried:—
Then Oh! may nations guard that name
With filial power and pride!

—CHARLES SWAIN.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

Some years ago a fire broke out at Whitechapel, in a row of houses principally occupied by lodgers. So rapid were the flames that it was with the utmost difficulty the unfortunate inhabitants could be rescued. One poor woman with a large family, who had just escaped, was kneeling, with her children around her, to return thanks to God for their preservation, when she found that her youngest child, an infant, was still missing. With a courage and desperation which maternal affection, heightened by despair, could alone have prompted, she flew, half-naked as she was, up the blazing stair-case, rushed into the room, snatched the babe from the cradle, and bore it in triumph to her family group: a triumph, alas! short-lived, for the infant was not her own. Misled by the smoke which filled the building, she had entered a wrong apartment, and rescued the child of one of her neighbours, instead of her own. She hastened back, but, by this time, the whole building had fallen in, when she sunk senseless on the ground, and died within a few hours.*

SON.

Think constantly, O son, how thou mayest please
Thy father, mother, teacher—these obey.
By deep devotion seek thy debt to pay.
This is thy highest duty and religion.†

—MANU.

To support father and mother,
To cherish wife and child:
To follow a peaceful calling:
This is the greatest blessing.‡

—GAUTAMA.

* *From Noble Deeds of Women by Elizabeth Starling.*

† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.* ‡ *From David's Buddhism.*

A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS 10."

He who makes his parents happy, is indeed a wise man:
He who displeases and annoys his parents, is not a worthy son, but as worthless as a piece of stone.

—SÂMAL.*

A wise son heareth his father's instruction.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS 13."

A fool despiseth his father's instruction: but he that regardeth reproof is prudent.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS."

As you use your father, so your children will use you.

—OLD SPANISH PROVERB.

What parents constantly do for a son can never be recompensed: the tenderness of a father and a mother in rearing their children, in bathing and clothing them, in constantly giving them excellent counsel, and in training them up in virtue, can never be repaid. What, therefore, my father has commanded me, shall not be rendered ineffectual.†

—RÂMA

THE GRIEF OF YAJÑADATTA.

"Ah me, I'm slain," a feeble moan—
In trembling human accents came.
"Ah whence hath come this fatal shaft—

* *A Gujarâti poet.*

† *Râmâyana, from Wheeler's History of India.*

Against a poor recluse like me,
Who shot that bolt with deadly craft—
Alas! what cruel man is he?
At the lone mid-night had I come—
To draw the river's limpid flood,
And here am struck to death, by whom?—
Ah, whose this wrongful deed of blood.
Alas! and in my parent's heart—
The old, the blind, and hardly fed,
In the wild wood, hath pierced the dart—
That here hath struck their offspring dead.
Ah, deed most profitless as worst—
A deed of wanton useless guilt;
As though a pupil's hand accurs[illegible]—
His holy master's blood had spilt.
But not mine own untimely fate—
It is not that which I deplore,
My blind, my aged parent's state
'Tis their distress afflicts me more.
That sightless pair, for many a day
From me their scanty food have ea[illegible]ed,
What lot is theirs, when I'm away—
To the five elements returned?
Alike all wretched they, as I—
Ah, whose this triple deed of blood?
For who the herbs will now supply—
The roots, the fruits, their blameless [illegible]?"

—THE GRIEF OF YA[illegible]ATTA.*

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* *When he had gone to fetch water for his blind par[illegible]a was accidentally shot by Dasharatha. From the Ramáyana, [illegible]ted by the Rev. H. H. Milman.*

KING FREDERICK AND HIS PAGE

Frederick, King of Prussia, one day rang his bell, and nobody answered; on which he opened the door and found his page fast asleep in an elbow-chair. He advanced towards him, and was going to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket. His curiosity prompting him to know what it was, he took it out and read it. It was a letter from the young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her part of his wages to relieve her in her misery, and finished with telling him that God would reward him for his dutiful affection. The king, after having read it, went back softly into his chamber, took a bag full of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his chamber, he rang the bell so violently that he awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance. "You have had a sound sleep," said the king. The page was at a loss how to excuse himself, and putting his hand into his pocket by chance, to his utter astonishment he there found a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and looking at the bag, burst into tears without being able to utter a single word. "What is that?" said the king; "What is the matter?" "Ah, Sire!" said the young man, throwing himself on his knees, "some body seeks my ruin! I know nothing of this money, which I have just found in my pocket!" "My young friend," replied Frederick, "God often does great things for us even in our sleep. Send that to your mother, salute her on my part, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."

DUTIFUL GEM.

There was a poor widow, who lived in a cot,
She scarcely a blanket to warm her had got;
Her windows were broken, her walls were all bare,
And the cold winter-wind often whistled in there.

Poor Susan was old and too feeble to spin,
Her forehead was wrinkled, her hands they were thin;
And bread she'd have wanted, as many have done,
If she had not been blessed with a good little son.

But he loved her well, like a dutiful lad,
And thought her the very best friend that he had;
And now to neglect or forsake her, he knew,
Was the most wicked thing he could possibly do.

For he was quite healthy, and active, and stout,
While his poor mother hardly could hobble about;
And he thought it his duty, and greatest delight,
To work for her living from morning to night.

So he started each morning as gay as a lark,
And worked all day long in the fields till 'twas dark;
Then came home again to his dear mother's cot,
And cheerfully gave her the wages he got.

And oh, how she loved him! how great was her joy!
To think her dear Jem was a dutiful boy:
Her arm round his neck she would tenderly cast,
And kiss his red cheek, while the tears trickled fast.

Oh, then, was not little Jem happier far,
Than naughty, and idle, and wicked boys are?
For as long as he lived, 'twas his comfort and joy,
To think he'd not been an undutiful boy.*

—JANE TAYLOR.

* *From Chambers's Miscellany.*

THE THREE SONS.

I have a son, a little son,
A boy just five years old;
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness,
And mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace
In all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise,
Of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be,—
I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness
Is his sweet and serious air.
I know his heart is kind and fond,
I know he loveth me;
But loveth yet his mother more
With grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire
Is the thought which fills his mind;
The food for grave inquiring speech
He everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me,
When we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think,
Or talk as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports,
Dotes not on bat or ball;
But looks on manhood's ways and works,
And aptly mimicks all.
His little heart is busy still,
And oftentimes perplext
With thoughts about this world of ours,
And thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee,

She teaches him to pray ;
And strange and sweet, and solemn then,
Are the words which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared,
To manhood's years like me ;
A holier and a wiser man,
I trust that he will be.
And when I look into his eyes,
And stroke his thoughtful brow ;
I dare not think what I should feel,
Were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son,
A simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair
His little features be ;
How silver sweet those tones of his,
When he prattles on my knee ;
I do not think his light blue eye
Is, like his brother's, keen ;
Nor his brow so full of childish thought
As his hath ever been.
But his little heart's a fountain pure
Of kind and tender feeling ;
And his every look's a gleam of light,
Rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk,
Who pass us in the street ;
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy,
He looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all,
And yet with cheerful tone ;
Will sing his little song of love,
When left to sport alone.

His presence is like sunshine sent
To gladden home and hearth;
To comfort us in all our griefs,
And sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years,
God grant his heart may prove;
As sweet a home for heavenly grace
As now for earthly love.
And if, beside his grave, the tears
Our aching eyes must dim;
God comfort us for all the love
Which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son,
His age I cannot tell;
For they reckon not by years or months
Where he is gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months,
His infant smiles were given;
And then he bade farewell to Earth,
And went to live in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his,
What looks he weareth now;
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns,
His shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul,
The bliss that he doth feel,
Are number'd with the secret things
Which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this)
That he is now at rest;
Where other blessed infants be,
On their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more
This weary load of flesh;

But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams
Of joy for ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close
Beneath their glittering wings;
And soothe him with a song that breathes
Of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe
(His mother dear and I);
When God for aye shall wipe away
All tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain,
His bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear,
But *his* is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles
Their souls from bliss may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not,
He must be ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is,
And what we still must be,—
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss,
And *this* world's misery;—
When we groan beneath this load of sin,
And feel this grief and pain,—
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two
Than have him here again.

—J. Moultrie.

THE UNGRATEFUL SON.

A Florentine merchant, who had been extremely rich, becoming sickly and feeble, and being no longer of service to his family, in spite of his intercessions, was sent by his son to the hospital. The cruelty of this conduct made a great noise in the city, and the son, more from shame than

affection, despatched one of his children, who was about six years of age, with a couple of shirts to his grandfather. On his return he was asked by his parent if he had executed the commission. "I have taken only one shirt," replied he. "Why so?" asked the father. "I have kept the other," said the child, "for the time when I shall send you to the hospital." This answer had the effect of despatching the unnatural son to beg his father's pardon, and to conduct him home from his wretched habitation.*

THE UNGRATEFUL SON.

There was in a certain town a very honourable merchant, who had commercial relations with many friends in the same city. Being afraid that his partners would waste the capital which he had acquired, he withdrew from them, and took the wise step of leaving that town and setting up his business in another. He took his wife and son with him. After having chosen a suitable position, he commenced a small business, which prospered by degrees, and gave him the means of living comfortably. When he had been twenty years, in the new establishment, and was intending to retire from business, his wife died suddenly. They had lived together for thirty years, and neither of them had ever given the other the least cause of reproach. It is easy to concieve how sad a loss was her death to the merchant. However, seeing that his son was also afflicted, he tried to overcome his own grief in order to console him. "Thy mother is no more," he said, "the loss is irreparable. All we can do is to pray to God for her soul, for our tears will not restore her to life. Here I have no one but thee to love me, for my friends remain in the city where we formerly dwelt. If thou dost

* *From Clouston's Popular Tales and Fictions.*

wish to be wise and to conduct thyself well, labour, and I will try to marry thee to some girl of our rank." And indeed the old man set about seeking a wife for his son.

In their neighbourhood lived three brothers, the eldest of whom had a daughter. Formerly rich, they were at that time living in a condition bordering on poverty; and the old man had often thought of their daughter. One day he made up his mind, put on his new clothes, and went to ask her in marriage for his son. He thought that, being poor, she must be honest. The first question of the three brothers was this: "What does your son possess?" He replied, "All my wealth, goods and money may amount to a thousand pounds; I give now the half of it to the young couple, and the rest will be theirs after my death." They came to an agreement, and the marriage took place. After some time a child was born to the couple, who showed himself intelligent and endowed with many good qualities.

But, unhappily for the old man, his daughter-in-law did not love him. At first she had still some regard for him, but soon she lost all respect: she spared no outrage, and even went so far as to refuse him bread. The unfortunate one concealed his grief, and dared not speak of it to any one. At last he once heard his daughter-in-law say to her husband, "I can no longer endure to live under the same roof with that man"; and one day his own son desired him to look out for another abode, saying that he should support himself at his own charge. At these words the poor man changed colour, and his whole body trembled. "What, my son," said he, "is it you who speak thus to me? From whom have you received all that you possess? Nevertheless, do not drive me away—no, no, leave me a shelter till I die; reflect, my dear son, on what I have suffered in order to bring you up!" This address of the old man deeply moved his son, but his daughter-in-law would no longer

bear the sight of him. Then he said to the former: "Where do you wish me to go? How can I approach strangers when my son drives me away?" And as he spoke the tears ran down his face. He ended, however, by taking his staff, and rising, prayed to God to pardon the ungrateful son; and then he said: "Winter approaches, if God does not pity me, but leaves me in life till that time, I shall have nothing to cover me. I conjure you, give me some old garments—something you no longer wear." The daughter-in-law, who heard him make this request, replied that she had no clothes to spare. Then he prayed that they should give him one of the horse-rugs, and the son made a sign to his little boy to bring one of them. The child, who had lost none of the conversation, went to the stable, and having taken the best of the rugs, he cut it in two, and brought one-half to his grandfather. "Everybody, it seems, desires my death," he cried, "since even this young child wishes it!" The son growled at the boy for not executing the order as he had given it. "I was wrong father," said the child; "but I had something in my mind: I wish to keep the other half for you, when you will become old in your turn." This reproach made him see himself; he understood all the extent of his crime, sent away his wife, and falling at the old man's feet, he begged him still to stay with him.*

DAUGHTER.

Filial Affection.

In the severe winter of 1783, which was a time of general distress in New York, an aged couple found themselves reduced to their last stick of wood. They had been supported by the industry of a daughter who lived with them, but who now found herself unable to

* *From Clouston's Popular Tales and Fictions.*

procure them either fuel or provisions. Overcome with grief at their destitute situation, she yet devised an expedient by which they might be rescued from the emergency. She had accidentally heard that a dentist had advertised to give three guineas for every sound foretooth, provided only, that he was allowed to extract it himself; the generous girl, on remembering this, came to the resolution of disposing of all her foreteeth, and went to the dentist for that purpose. On her arrival, she made known the circumstances which had induced her to make so uncommon a sacrifice.

Affected even to tears by the girl's filial affection, the dentist refused to avail himself of the offer, at the same time presenting her with ten guineas, with which, her heart overflowing with joy and gratitude, she hastened home to relieve her parents.*

BROTHER AND SISTER.

The Pair of Doves.

No one could see Mary and Harry Woodford together without remarking the warm affection that united them. They were so nearly of an age (Mary being six, and Harry five years old) that they participated in the same merry games, pursued their little studies together; and rarely, indeed, were they separated from one another.

It happened that a lady, one of their mamma's friends, was so delighted to see the warmth of their affection for each other, that she presented them with a pair of doves, an emblem, as she thought, of their own innocence and fondness. These beautiful creatures were of a pure white, only their necks had a ring or belt

* *From Noble Deeds of Women, by Elizabeth Starling.*

of a darker colour encircling them. The children were enchanted with their present, and seemed never to tire of looking at them, caressing them, and watching their movements. The doves were so tame that they would readily perch upon the arms, heads and shoulders of their little owners, and wood even feed out of their hands.

"What pretty birds they are!" said Mary, as she and her brother were standing by the cage, and admiring the glossy plumage of their new pets. "I never liked anything so much before." "And see how fond they are of each other!" added the little boy. "Do you know, Mary, I think the lady was right when she said we were like the doves, for I am sure I love you very dearly. I wonder if they ever quarrel."

"Mamma told me," returned Mary, "that they did not; and she said, too, that we must imitate them in that as well, and never speak crossly to each other."

They both seemed to think this advice very easy to follow; for they had yet to learn how slight a cause will occasion discord, if we do not carefully guard against it.

Some time elapsed. The doves, which were tended with great solicitude and care, grew every day more and more beautiful. Their plumage became fuller and whiter, and their every movement more graceful and lively. They were not always confined to their cage, for it was the delight of Mary and Harry to open the doors and give the captives liberty for a time. Nay, the little brother and sister even contended who should have this pleasure. Alas! this trifling contention was but the forerunner of others. They next began to dispute about giving the birds food and water. One claimed it as his right, and the other as hers. Now one wished to have the first caresses of the enlarged captives, and was jealous and disappointed if the wish was not gratified. Then the

other desired to feed the birds from his shoulder, and thought his sister unkind if she made any objection. Mary complained that they liked her brother best, and that she could not enjoy them at all. Harry maintained that they loved her the best, and cared little or nothing for him. Hence a selfish feeling arose in the hearts of these little people. For the first time in their lives they desired to possess pleasure apart from the other. They had no idea at the time (but they soon discovered) how little real satisfaction there is in unshared pleasures. The desire to stand alone, and be perfectly independent of others in our enjoyments and amusements, though a very natural feeling, is one that can never fail to deprive those who indulge in it of the best and noblest part of their enjoyment. It was this feeling, which led these dear children to wish that each one should have his own dove, and treat it as he pleased, without the interference of the other.

Their request, it will be observed, was exceedingly selfish. The children consulted only their own pleasure; they thought not of the happiness of the doves; and thus it may be often noticed in the case of people who affect to be kind to animals, they but think of their own amusement; whereas no one really kind to animals would do anything to distress them.

When Mary and Harry told their Mamma their desires, she proposed that they should both enter the apartment together—that the doves should be let out as usual, and that the one that first settled on her head or arm should belong to her, and the other to Harry. The latter consented to this arrangement: the cage was opened, and brother and sister were soon each possessed of a dove, which they called their own, and which they

caressed with such vehemence, that the poor little birds were almost stifled.

The doves, thus separated, soon became very mournful and languid: their plumage, formerly so full and so white, became scanty and yellow; they no longer fluttered their wings, or cooed with delight as they had done; the food that they liked the best, and the clearest and purest water, were supplied them in abundance; but remained untouched, untasted. They could not bear their separation. Sometimes they would be sitting on the perch of their cages, looking mournfully at each other, as if pining for each other's society; at other times they would make desperate efforts to force their way through the wires, till fatigued with the useless efforts, they again became quiet, but moping and gloomy.

Poor Harry and Mary were very much distressed at seeing such a sad alteration in their favourites; and soon they carried their trouble to their mother. She, upon the plea of having the birds more carefully attended to, desired them both to remain in their own rooms apart from each other, with their doves for their only companions. They accordingly did so; the servants who waited upon them were very kind and attentive; but yet the first day that the two little ones spent in this manner seemed uncommonly tedious and wearisome. The second day was still more so; none of their usual amusements or occupations had any charms for them. One feeling of listlessness and ennui pervaded them; and this feeling on the third day became so positively unbearable, that the children earnestly begged to be allowed to be together again; "for," said Harry, "it is so tiresome to play by myself, I would give all my playthings to see dear Mary for a minute." Mary, too, complained that she could do nothing without her bro-

ther. "Everything," added the little girl sorrowfully, "tires me that I try to do when he is not here. Dear uncle, do ask mamma to let me go to Harry?"

At the united entreaty of both, their mamma consented to let them be together again; and after their tumult of joy at meeting had a little subsided, she said to them—"I think, my dear children, you can now understand what is the matter with your doves: they were born in the same nest; they were fed and brought up together; and they have always been accustomed to live together. Like you, they feel the anguish of separation; and were you not to restore them to each other, they would continue to pine away, and in all probability you would lose your pretty little birds." At these words Harry and Mary ran and opened the cages: the two little prisoners hastened to each other with joy. They flew round their liberators, and expressed, as well as they could, the delight and gratitude of their hearts. The second cage was removed; and the children determined for the future to share their doves together.

On their return to their mamma, she gently reproved them for the selfishness which had in the first instance, been the cause of their separating the birds, and pointed out to them the danger, of giving way to a feeling which, if indulged in, might have the effect of lessening the warm and tender affection they had for each other. Mary and Harry were fully sensible of their fault; and profited so well by the lesson they had received, that they were again known as the United Brother and Sister.*

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* *From Chambers's Stories.*

SISTER.

Sisterly Affection.

Anthony, having made himself master of Rome caused his severe decrees against the banished to be carried into effect.

Lucius Cæsar, Anthony's uncle, finding his name inscribed on the fatal list, took refuge in the house of his sister Julia, and as that lady was the mother of Anthony, and respected by the soldiers for their general's sake, he remained there for some time in security.

Some of the soldiers were, however, bold enough to attempt to force admission, which Julia perceiving, appeared at the door, and extending her arms to prevent the assassins from passing, said to them, "you shall not kill Lucius Cæsar till you have deprived the mother of your general of life." Accustomed as the soldiers were to violence and cruelty, they were arrested in a moment by this generous speech, not daring to proceed.

Julia, then, to deliver her brother more effectually from danger, went to the place where Anthony was seated between his two colleagues, and thus addressed him, "I come to accuse myself of concealing Lucius Cæsar; order me to be put to death since the penalty of death is pronounced against those who save the banished." Anthony could not resist so much greatness of soul: and this intrepid woman succeeded in obtaining for her brother an assurance of complete security.*

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears;

* *From Noble Deeds of Women, by Elizabeth Starling.*

A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love and thought and joy.

—WORDSWORTH.
(ABOUT HIS OWN SISTER).

MARRIAGE.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

—COTTON.

Marriage is a tie that hope embellishes, that happiness preserves, and that adversity fortifies.

In contracting marriage, the senses are dangerous counsellors.

It is better to be disappointed in love than in marriage.

A woman should never accept a lover without the consent of her heart, not a husband without the consent of her judgment.

A woman selects a husband by herself, but she takes three other women with her to pick out a hat.

Before marriage a girl looks upon her intended as her treasure, but after marriage as her treasurer.

To know how to keep a tidy house and well-aired apartments; to know how to select the best kinds of food; to know how to prepare them in the best manner,—these are first things, and every daughter should learn them before marriage.*

—Dr. W. W. Hall.

In whatever sphere of life a female may be placed, it is absolutely essential to conjugal excellence, that she should possess a complete knowledge of the principles of domestic economy, and a practical aptitude in applying them to the daily circumstances of life. But what is economy? "It is not," says a valuable author, "it is not the stopping of one hole in the sieve; it is not a particular retrenchment, an occasional saving; it is not the pinching of the servants, and stinting the family one week to give a showy dinner the next. It is a mode of regulation that eyes the whole detail of household expense. It is the art, not of sordid saving; but of making a little go a great way; it excludes meanness as well as waste. Stinginess is one extreme, profusion is another. There is a steering between them, but this is not easy; it requires the judgment and skill which some females seem to exercise by a kind of intuition or instinct; so that they always appear to advantage; unembarrassed, unconfused, ready, without haste; deciding, without design; and while causing everything to move in its proper time and place, keeping the mechanism of the process invisible." * * * Economy is a very comprehensive word. It is a system on which conduct is adapted to circumstances, and the means in hand are rendered as effectual as possible to their

* *From How to Live Long.*

purpose. Domestic economy comprehends plan, method, management, frugality, regularity; which, when duly combined, according to the sphere and circumstances of the person who is called to exercise them, result in order and comfort to all who come within the range of their influence. The internal economy of a family depends principally on the prudent management of its female head. How important is it, then, that every young female who enters on that important station should possess and cultivate that invaluable female accomplishment, a competence to "guide the house!" 1 Tim. V 14. "Order is heaven's first law:" and a like precedency must be assigned to it in every wise and successful human plan. Without a clear perception of what is to be done, the extent of means and resources required and possessed, the proper methods of applying them, and the results that may fairly be expected to ensue, all will be confusion, waste, and disappointment. Much labour may be bestowed; and a wearying bustle kept up; but it will be to no good purpose.*

—Mrs. Copley.

Before you marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry.

Marriage is a very serious business indeed, and gives rise to many weighty considerations. "Be sure to marry a woman with good common-sense" was the advice given me by my mentor, and I just hand it down to you. Common-sense is the most uncommon and most valuable quality in man or woman.

—Andrew Carnegie.

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* *From The Young Wife.*

I would not have the girl I love
In sparkling gems arrayed;
I would not have her proudly move
In silks or stiff brockade.

No diamonds should adorn her head,
Or glitter round her neck;
Nor vile cosmetics idly spread
Their poison o'er her cheek.

The modest look, the artless air,
Best heighten ev'ry grace;
And the pure blush that mantles there
Sheds lustre o'er her face.

—BONNEFONS.

He that would have a wife without a fault must remain a bachelor.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity and perhaps forgive.

—COWPER.

The venerable Philip Henry, when his son was married, sent the following lines to the wedded pair.

Love one another, pray oft together, and see
You never both together angry be.
If one speak fire, t'other with water come;
Is one provoked? be the other soft and dumb.

Marry your son when you will, your daughter when you can.

—MAXIM.

If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

—ROWE.

He is the half-part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Oh happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortune, and their beings blend.

—THOMSON.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!

—MOORE.

O ye brides and bridegrooms, husbands and wives, I say to you these words: Live with one mind; do together all your religious duties with purity of thought; live towards each other with truth and by these (things) with certainty you shall be happy.

—ZOROASTER.

Let us then, through wind and weather,
Dare the storms of life to try,
Hand and heart thus link'd together,
Cloud or sunshine, till we die!

—R. BLOOMFIELD.

A mother, a sister,—a wife,—a daughter,—what magic dwells in those tender names. Blot them out and the world would be for us only a heart-breaking wilderness, and life a bitter weed which we would gladly cast away.

—ROBERT P. DOWNES.

HUSBAND.

In that family where the husband is pleased with his wife, and the wife with her husband, happiness will assuredly be lasting.

—MANU.

Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence: and likewise also the wife unto the husband.

—"BIBLE—CORINTHIANS, 7."

All the blessings of a household come through the wife, therefore her husband should honour her.

Husbands love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it;
So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies.
He that loveth his wife loveth himself.
Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband.

—"BIBLE—EPHESIANS 5."

Women must be honoured and adorned by fathers, brothers, husbands, and brothers-in-law, desiring welfare.

—MANU.

The husband should cherish his wife—

1. By treating her with respect.
2. By treating her with kindness.
3. By being faithful to her.
4. By causing her to be honoured by others.
5. By giving her suitable ornaments and clothes.*

—GAUTAMA.

The season of adversity and affliction is peculiarly calculated to call forth the female character, and to show a man the real value of his conjugal possession.†

—MRS. COPLEY.

A judge says that marriage revokes a man's will. Precious few men ever stay long married without finding out that they have no will of their own.

As no man can tell where a shoe pinches better than he that wears it, so no man can tell a woman's disposition better than he that hath wedded her.

No monied man has the moral right to enter on engagements or speculations hazarding his estate without the consent of his wife.

HUSBAND'S DUTY.

There is first love. * * * This utterly forbids all harshness and roughness to them; men are to use them as parts of themselves, to love them as their own bodies, and therefore to do nothing that may be hurtful and grievous to them, no more than they would cut and gash their own flesh.

* *From David's Buddhism.*

† *From The Young Wife.*

A second duty of the husband is faithfulness.

A third duty of the husband is to maintain and provide for the wife. He is to let her partake with him in those outward good things wherewith God hath blessed him, and neither by niggardliness debar her of what is fit for her, nor yet by unthriftiness to waste his goods, that he shall become unable to support her. This certainly is the duty of the husband, who, being to account his wife as a part of his own body must have the very same care to sustain her, that he hath for himself.

Fourthly, the husband is to instruct the wife in the things that concern her eternal welfare, if she be ignorant of them.

Lastly husbands and wives are mutually to pray for each other, to beg all blessings from God, both spiritual and temporal, and to endeavour all they can to do good to one another, especially to each other's souls, by stirring up to the performance of duty, and dissuading and drawing back from all sin, and by being like two yoke-fellows helpful and assistant to each other, in the doing of all sorts of good, both to their own family, and all others within their reach. This is of all others the truest and most valuable love.

—"THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN."

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.

—MOORE.

I do not promise that our life
Shall know no shade on heart or brow:
For human lot and mortal strife
Would mock the falsehood of such vow.

But when the clouds of pain and care
Shall teach us we are not divine;
My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,
And I will strive to lighten thine.

—ELIZA COOK.

WISHES.

I

Say, what should be thy first wish, if
A fairy said to thee:
"Now ask a boon—I'll grant it—
Whatever it may be."
The first wish of thy heart, I think,
May easily be told;
Confide in me, deny it not—
Thy wish would be for gold.

II

Oh, no! thou art mistaken;
That should not be the boon;
My thirst for this world's lucre
Is ever sated soon.
The only gold I prize is such
As industry hath bought,
And gold like that, from fairy hands,
Would fruitlessly be sought.

III

Then say, what would thy first wish be?
Ambition's laurell'd name?
The pride of popularity,
The pinnacle of fame?
The pamper'd board of luxury,
Where crowds of menials wait?
Thy second wish will still be gold,
To furnish forth thy state.

IV

Ah! no, the days are long gone by,
When such had been my choice;
I ask not fame—far more I prize
The self-approving voice.
My first wish should not be for fame,
My second not for gold;
But listen to me patiently,
My wishes shall be told.

Oh, give me but a happy home,
To share with her I love;
Oh, let me from her path of life
Each anxious care remove.
And like the sweet days of the past,
"May we have days in store,"
Oh, give me this, and only this,
I'll never ask for more.

—T. Haynes Bayly.

TO A LADY.—WITH A RING.

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed,"
So, sixteen years ago, I said.
Behold another ring—"For what?"
To wed thee o'er again. Why not?
With the first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth:
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Mary *then* appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now
To justify a double vow.
Here, then, to-day, with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense and pure,

As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine;
To thee, dear wife, this second ring,
A token and a pledge I bring:
With it I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience sake as well as love's.
For why? They show me hour by hour,
Honour's high thought, affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence;
And teach me all things—but repentence.

May every reader, after an equal length of trial, merit a similar testimony, and be united to one who is as honourably willing to accord it.*

—MRS. COPLEY.

WIFE.

A wife is half the man, his truest friend—
A loving wife is a perpetual spring
Of virtue, pleasure, wealth; a faithful wife
Is his best aid in seeking heavenly bliss;
A sweetly-speaking wife is a companion
In solitude; a father in advice;
A mother in all seasons of distress;
A rest in passing through life's wilderness.†

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA.'

* *From The Young Wife.*

† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage bond divine?

—COWPER.

The three most beautiful words in the English language are, mother, home and Heaven; a young married man says that all the beauty and happiness connected with the above three words are associated with the single word "wife."

DUTIES OF WIFE TO HUSBAND.

FIRSTLY she owes obedience to her husband.

SECONDLY she owes fidelity to her husband.

THIRDLY she owes him love and together with that, all friendliness, and kindness of conversation. She is to endeavour to bring him as much assistance and comfort of life, as is possible, that so she may answer that special end of the woman's creation, she being a help to her husband.

—"THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN."

The love of a wife for her husband is to be associated with reverence, submission, deference. * * * * On the whole, it seems that this portion of conjugal duty, reverence, submission and obedience, comprehends the cherishment of respectful feelings towards a husband: feelings which willingly yield to him a natural and official superiority, and which delight to dwell on any personal superiority; a deference for his judgment, admiration of his virtues, and a habit of consulting him. It includes also a respectful mode of address, not the obse-

quiousness of a lackey, or the abject servility of a slave, but the combined veneration and tenderness with which it would be proper to address a near and beloved relative, to whom Heaven has conceded superiority of age, office or endowment; and a careful maintenance of his honour and respectability among others. A wife who performs aright this part of her duty, will not speak disrespectfully of her husband, to or before her children, servants, or friends; nor will any one be countenanced in speaking of him disrespectfully in her presence. There is included also a willing compliance with all his expressed commands in things not in themselves unlawful; and a prompt and delicate attention to his known wishes and preferences, which confers on a wife the privilege of gratifying and obliging, where no direct authority is interposed.*

—MRS. COPLEY.

The wife should show her affection for her husband.

1. She orders her household aright.
2. She is hospitable to kinsmen and friends.
3. She is a chaste wife.
4. She is a thrifty house-keeper.
5. She shows skill and diligence in all she has to do.†

—GAUTAMA.

The wife is the key of the house.

—OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

The man at the head of the house can mar the pleasure of the household; but he cannot make it. That must rest with the woman, and it is her greatest privilege.

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* *From The Young Wife.* † *From David's Buddhism.*

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
—MILTON.

The husband and wife who live with patience make quite a happy home.
—NISHKULÂNAND.

Good usage, with knowledge and quiet withall,
Makes huswife to shine, as the sun on the wall.
—TUSSER.

A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.
—BEN JONSON.

A devoted and virtuous wife regards her husband as a god;
She serves him with great affection and considers him to be peerless like the Lord.
Early in the morning she rises and bathes, and keeps all things snug and clean in the house;
A chaste and dutiful wife says Muktânand never disrespects her spouse.
—MUKTÂNAND.

What treasure on earth can compare with the prize
That falls to the man who obtains a good wife?
As stable and chaste as the lofty blue skies
She brightens his life.*

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* *A Cural Song, from the Folk-songs of Southern India by Gover.*

She is a model wife who serves her husband;
She is a model wife who regards her husband as a god;
She is a worthy wife who patiently suffers what joy and grief fall to her lot;
She is a true wife who ungrudgingly bears the demerits of her spouse.

—SÂMAL.*

A good wife and health
Are a man's best wealth.

A good wife makes a good husband.

—OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

The things which you ought to desire in a wife are: 1, chastity; 2, sobriety; 3, industry; 4, frugality; 5, cleanliness; 6, knowledge of domestic affairs; 7, good temper; 8, beauty.

—COBBETT.

A faithful wife who wishes to attain
The heaven of her lord, must serve him here
As if he were a god, and ne'er do aught
To pain him, whatsoever be his state.
Be it her duty to preserve with care
Her husband's substance; let her too be trusted
With his expenditure, with management
Of household property and furniture,
Of cooking and purveying daily food.
Let her be ever cheerful, skilled in all
Domestic work, and not too free in spending.

* *A Gujárati poet.*

Fidelity till death, this is the sum
Of mutual duties for a married pair.*

—MANU.

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS 12".

The beauty of a woman is constancy to her husband.

—"HITOPADESH"†

The Prophet (Muhammed) said,

"Shall I not inform you, the best of man's treasures? It is this, a virtuous woman, who acts by God's orders, and is obedient and pleasing to her husband; when he looks at her with joy and delight, beholding her personal and mental beauties, and when he orders her to do anything, she obeys him; and when he is absent from her, she guards his right, in property and honour."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."‡

Woman her holiest offering pays
When she her husband's will obeys.§

—SÎTÂ.

Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord.

—"BIBLE—EPHESIANS 5."

A maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied—I will bring him what gold cannot

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

† *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

‡ *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

§ *From the Râmâyana, translated by Griffith.*

purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain, which is all that descends to me from my parents.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

—THOMAS CAREW.

A bad woman in a good man's house
Is his hell in this world itself.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

Shut on that house the door of happiness,[1]
Whence the wife's voice issues in loud tones.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

When wedded dames their lords forsake,
Long for the crime their souls shall ache.†

—RÂMA.

The wife does not beat the husband, but her temper rules him.

—RUSSIAN PROVERB.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.

—BEN JONSON.

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* *Translated by Platts.*

† *From the Râmâyana, translated by Griffith.*

[1] *i.e.*, Hope not for happiness in that house.

"Next to the attractions of virtue," says a writer, "the qualification which contributes, perhaps more than any other to cherish the tender feelings of regard, and to establish connubial happiness, is good temper." It is, indeed, itself a virtue. So far as it is the mere gift of nature, it is not in strictness entitled to that appellation. But, so far as it results from cultivation, and conscientious vigilance, it has a claim to the honourable distinction.*

—MRS. COPLEY.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience:
Too little payment for so great a debt.

—SHAKESPEARE.

GOOD WIFE.

High hopes are thine, oh! eldest flower,
  Great duties to be greatly done;
To soothe, in many a toil-worn hour,
  The noble heart which thou hast won.

Covet not, then, the rest of those
  Who sleep through life unknown to fame;
Fate grants not passionless repose
  To her who weds a glorious name.

* *From The Young Wife.*

He presses on, through calm and storm
Unshaken, let what will betide;
Thou hast an office to perform
To be his answering spirit-bride.

The path appointed for his feet
Through deserts wild and rocks may go,
Where the eye looks in vain to greet
The gales, that from the waters blow.

Be thou a balmy breeze to him;
A fountain, singing at his side;
A star, whose light is never dim;
A pillar, through the waste to guide.*

ADVICE TO SHAKUNTALA.

Honour thy betters; ever be respectful
To those above thee: * * *
* * * Should thy wedded lord
Treat thee with harshness, thou must never be
Harsh in return, but patient and submissive.
Be to thy menials courteous; and to all
Placed under thee, considerate and kind.
Be never self-indulgent, but avoid
Excess in pleasure; and when fortune smiles,
Be not puffed up. Thus to thy husband's house
Wilt thou a blessing prove, and not a curse.†

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* *Lines addressed to Mrs. Gladstone at the time of her marriage with Mr. Gladstone by Sir Francis H. Doyle. (The prediction proved true.)*

† *Advice to Shakuntalâ by her foster-father, from Mrs. Manning's Ancient and Mediæval India.*

REPLY OF DAMAYANTÎ TO HER HUSBAND NALA.

These sad words did Damayantî
To Nishadha's monarch speak:—
"My afflicted heart is breaking—
And my sinking members fail,
When, O King, thy desperate counsel—
Once I think of, once again.
Robbed of kingdom, robbed of riches—
Naked, thirst and hunger worn;
How shall I depart and leave thee—
In the wood by man untrod.
When thou sad and famine-stricken—
Thinkest of thy former bliss,
In the wild wood, Oh, my husband—
I thy weariness will soothe.
Like a wife, in every sorrow—
This the wise physicians own,
Healing herb is none or balsam—
Nala, 'tis the truth I speak."

—"NALA AND DAMAYANTÎ."*

REPLY OF SÎTÂ TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

When Sîtâ heard Kausalyâ's speech
Her duty and her gain to teach,
She joined her palms with reverent grace,
And gave her answer face to face:
"All will I do, forgetting naught,
Which thou, O honoured Queen, hast taught.
I know, have heard, and deep have stored
The rules of duty to my lord.

* *Translated by the Rev. Henry Hart Milman.*

Not me, good Queen, shouldst thou include
Among the faithless multitude.
Its own sweet light the moon shall leave,
Ere I to duty cease to cleave.
The stringless lute gives forth no strain,
The wheelless car is urged in vain:
No joy a lordless dame, although,
Blest with a hundred sons, can know.
From father, brother, and from son
A measured share of joy is won:
Who would not honour, love, and bless
Her lord, whose gifts are measureless?
Thus trained to think, I hold in awe
Scripture's command and duty's law.
Him can I hold in slight esteem?
Her lord is woman's God, I deem.*

A wife must share her husband's fate.
My duty is to follow thee
Where'er thou goest. Apart from thee
I would not dwell in heaven itself.
Deserted by her lord a wife
Is like a miserable corpse;
Close as thy shadow, would I cleave
To thee in this life and hereafter.
Thou art my king, my guide, my only
Refuge, my divinity.
It is my fixed resolve to follow
Thee. If thou must wander forth
Through thorny trackless forests, I
Will go before thee, treading down

* *From the Râmâyana, translated by Griffith.*

The prickly brambles to make smooth
Thy path. Walking before thee, I
Shall feel no weariness: the forest
Thorns will seem like silken robes;
The bed of leaves, a couch of down,
To me the shelter of thy presence
Is better far than stately palaces,
And paradise itself.
Protected by thy arm, Gods, demons,
Men shall have no power to harm me.
With thee I'll live contentedly
On roots and fruits. Sweet or not sweet
If given by thy hand, they will
To me be like the food of life,
Roaming with thee *in desert wastes,*
A thousand *years will be a day;*
Dwelling with thee, *e'en hell itself*
Would be to me a heaven of bliss.*

REPLY OF SÎTÂ TO HER HUSBAND RÂMA.

The wife alone, whate'er await,
Must share on earth her husband's fate.
So now the King's command which sends
Thee to the wild, to me extends.
The wife can find no refuge, none,
In father, mother, self, or son:
Both here, and when they vanish hence,
Her husband is her sole defence.
If, Raghu's son, thy steps are led
Where Dandakâ's pathless wilds are spread,

* *Sitâ's pleading for permission to accompany her husband Râma — Râmâyana—from Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

My feet before thine own shall pass
Through tangled thorn and matted grass.
Dismiss thine anger, and thy doubt,
Like refuse water cast them out,
And lead me, O my hero, hence—
I know not sin—with confidence.
Whate'er his lot, 'tis far more sweet
To follow still a husband's feet
Than in rich palaces to lie,
Or roam at pleasure through the sky.
My mother and my sire have taught
What duty bids, and trained each thought,
Nor have I now mine ear to turn
The duties of a wife to learn.*

SÂVITRÎ.

A king, named Ashwapati, sighed for offspring, and after praying in vain for eighteen years, the gods of heaven sent him a daughter, who grew up so "bright in her beauty," that she appeared like a child of the Immortals; and the princes around were so dazzled, that none dared to ask for her as a bride. This distressed her father, and he said that she must go now and make choice herself.

"Meekly bowed the modest maiden,
With her eyes upon the ground,
And departed, as he bade her,
With attendants troop'd,
Many a hermitage she traversed,
Riding in a gold-bright car,
Many a wilderness and forest,
Holy places near and far."

* *From the Râmâyana, translated by Griffith.*

When she came back she told of a blind old king, driven from his throne by a ruthless kinsman, living with his beloved wife in a grove; and his brave son, Satyavat, her heart has chosen. "Satyavat," she says, "has all my love."

At the announcement a Rishi, who happened to be present, exclaims, in distress, that she would choose care and grief in choosing Satyavat. He is

"Learned as the gods' own teacher,—
Glorious as the sun is he:
With the earth's untiring patience,
And great Indra's bravery."

He is noble,

"True and great of soul,
Bountiful is he, and modest—
Every sense does he control.
Gentle, brave, all creatures love him,—
Keeping in the righteous way,
Number'd with the holy hermits,—
Pure and virtuous as they."

"But alas! in a year, counting from this day, Satyavat will die." On hearing this, the king considers a marriage out of the question, and says: "Go, then, my dearest child, and choose again." But his daughter (Sâvitrî) replies:

"Be he virtuous or worthless,—
Many be his days or few,—
Once for all I choose my husband;
To that choice will I be true."

The sage and her father give way to her decided wishes; and in due time the young couple are married, and live in great happiness with the hermits in the grove. Sâvitrî, the bride, put aside her jewels, and wore the coarse raiment usually adopted by hermits;

and by her meekness and affection, won the hearts of all with whom she dwelt.

"False was the fear, the parents felt,
Sâvitrî liked her new life much;
Though in a lowly home she dwelt,
Her conduct as a wife was such,
As to illumine all the place;
She sickened not, nor sighed, nor pined;
But with simplicity and grace,
Discharged each household duty kind:
Strong in all manual work,—and strong
To comfort, cherish, help, and pray,
The hours past peacefully along
And rippling bright, day followed day."*

—Toru Dutt.

"Sadly, sadly as she counted,
Day by day flew swiftly by,
And the fated time came nearer
When her Satyavat must die.
Yet three days and he must perish,
Sadly thought the loving wife;
And she vowed to fast, unresting,
For his last three days of life."

Her husband's father feared that the trial would be too great for her, but she answered: "Firm resolve has made me vow it: firm resolve will give me strength." She kept her vow, and maintained her fast; and when the third day dawned, and the fire of worship was kindled, and the morning rites performed, she earnestly saluted the aged Brâhmanas and her husband's honoured parents, but still refused food. Presently, her husband takes his axe upon his shoulder to perform his daily task of fell-

* *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.*

ing trees. She begs him to let her go also. * * Sâvitrî has always kept her sad secret from her husband; and he has, therefore, no idea of her real reason for wishing to accompany him. He, however, consents, and calls her attention to the lovely woods, stately peacocks, and flowers of brilliant hue; but she can look only upon him, and mourn for him as one about to die. She gathers cooling fruits, and he makes the wood resound with the strokes of his hatchet. But soon a thrilling agony shoots through his temple. * * * She sits down upon the ground, and he rests his head upon her breast, and sleeps But,—

"Sudden lo! before Sâvitrî stood
A great and awful One;
Red as blood was his apparel,
Bright and glowing as the sun.
In his hand a noose was hanging;
He to Satyavat stood nigh,
And upon the very sleeper fix'd
His fearful, glittering eye."

This awful apparition was Yama, god of Death, come to bind and take the spirit of Satyavat. Having done this, he moved towards the south, Sâvitrî closely following. Yama tries to persuade her to go back; but she says, no: wherever her husband goes, there she will go also. Yama praises her sweet speech, and offers her any boon except the life of Satyavat; and she begs that the blind king, her father-in-law, may be restored to sight, but without relinquishing her first request. Yama tries again and again to get rid of her, and says she will faint. * * * Nothing can induce her to return without Satyavat; and at length "love conquers death." Yama relents; the happy wife hastens to where her husband's dead body lay, and, leaning upon her faithful

bosom he awakes again to sense and life. * * * They return to the hermitage, when Satyavat finds his father no longer blind; and every kind of happiness awaits them.

—"EPISODE OF THE MAHÂBHÂRATA."*

THE EMPEROR CONRAD AND THE MARRIED WOMEN.

In the year 1141 during the civil war in Germany it happened that the Emperor Conrad besieged the Guelph Count of Bavaria in the castle of Weinsberg. After a long and obstinate defence, the garrison was obliged at length to surrender, when the Emperor, annnoyed that they had held out so long and defied him, vowed that he would destroy the place with fire, and put all to the sword except women, whom he gallantly promised to let go free, and pass out unmolested. The Guelph countess, when she heard of this, begged as a further favour that the women might be allowed to bear forth as much of their valuables as they could severally manage to carry. The emperor having pledged his word and honour that he would grant this request, on the morrow at day-break, as the castle-gates were opened, he saw, to his amazement, the women file out one by one, every married woman carrying her husband with their young ones upon her back, and the others each the friend or relation nearest or dearest to her. At sight of this the emperor was tenderly moved, and could not help according to the action the homage of his admiration. The result was that not only were life and liberty extended to the Guelphs, but the place itself was spared and restored in perpetuity to its heroic defenders. The Count

* *From Mrs. Manning's Ancient and Mediæval India.*

and his Countess were henceforth treated by the emperor with honour and affection, and the town itself was long after popularly known by the name of "Weibert reue," *i. e.* the Abode of Womanly Fidelity.*

THE HUSBAND DESIRING TO BE DIVORCED FROM HIS LOVING WIFE.

A certain man brought his wife before Rabbi Simon, stating his desire to be divorced from her, since he had been married over ten years without being blessed with children. The rabbi at first endeavoured to dissuade the man from his purpose, but finding him resolute, he gravely addressed the pair thus:—"My children, when you were married, did ye not make a feast, and entertain your friends? Well, since you are determined, to be divorced, do likewise; go home, make a feast, entertain your friends, and on the following day come to me and I will comply with your wishes." They returned home, and, in accordance with the reverend father's advice, the husband caused a splendid feast to be prepared, to which were invited their friends and relations. In the course of the entertainment, the husband, being gladdened with wine, said to his wife, "My beloved, we have lived many happy years together, it is only the want of children that makes me wish for a separation. To convince thee, however, that I still love thee, I give thee leave to take with thee out of my house whatever thou likest best." "Be it so," said his wife. The wine-cup was freely plied among the guests, and all became merry, until at length many had fallen asleep, and amongst these was the master of the feast, which his wife perceiving, she caused him to be carried to her father's house and put

* *From Clouston's Popular Tales and Fictions.*

to bed. Having slept off the effects of his carouse, he awoke, and finding himself in a strange house, he exclaimed, "Where am I? How came I here?" His wife who had placed herself behind a curtain to await the issue of her little stratagem, came up to him, and told him that he had no cause for alarm, since he was in her father's house. "In thy father's house?" echoed the astonished husband. "How should I come hither?" "I will soon explain, my dear husband," said she. "Didst thou not tell me last night that I might take out of thy house whatever I most valued? Now, my beloved, believe me, amongst all thy treasures there is none I value so much as I do thyself." The sequel may be easily imagined: overcome by such devotion, the man affectionately embraced his wife, was reconciled to her, and they lived happily together ever afterwards.*

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

Polyxenus, having joined in a conspiracy against his brother-in-law Dionysius, fled from Syracuse, in order to avoid falling into the tyrant's hands. Dionysius immediately sent for his sister Thesta, and reproached her very much for not apprizing him of her husband's intended flight, as she could not, he observed, be ignorant of it. She replied, without expressing the least surprise or fear, "Have I then appeared so bad a wife to you, and of so mean a soul, as to have abandoned my husband in his flight, and not have desired to share in his dangers and misfortunes? No! I knew nothing of it; for I should be much happier in being called the wife of Polyxenus in exile, in the most remote corner of the world, than, in Syracuse, the sister of the tyrant!" Dionysius

* *From Clouston's Popular Tales and Fictions.*

could not but admire an answer so full of spirit and generosity; and the Syracusans in general, were so charmed with the magnanimity of Thesta, that, after the tyranny was suppressed, the same honours, equipage, and train of a queen, which she had before, were continued to her during her life; and, upon her death, the people numerously attended her body to the tomb.*

* *From Noble Deeds of Women by Elizabeth Starling*

52. FASHION.

A mighty ruler is Fashion
Who sits on a gilded throne;
And a more exacting tyrant
The world has never known.
She issues her royal mandates
In a proud, imperious way;
And not one of her majesty's subjects
Her will would dare to gainsay.

The three conquerors of the world are, Fashion, Love and Death.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Silk and satins put out the fire in the chimney.

—PROVERB.

What is the reason—can you guess—
Why men are poor and women thinner?
So much do they for dinner dress,
That nothing's left to dress for dinner.

Who with vain fancies do themselves possess,
Are never bless'd, or can never bless;
Their life perplex'd, and fretful to no end—
The truly wise on Providence depend.*

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* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

Dr. Franklin says, "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should neither want a fine house nor a fine furniture."

I have often wondered how every man loves himself more than all the rest of men, yet sets less value on his own opinion of himself than on the opinion of others.

—MARCUS ANTONINUS.

Our likings and dislikes are founded rather upon humour and fancy than upon reason.

—L' ESTRANGE.

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.

—COLTON.

They who by imitations covet fame,
Oft incur dangers, and solicit shame;
For though the bright original we prize,
His abject imitator all despise.*

Men usually follow their wishes till suffering compels them to follow their judgment.

Who lives to nature rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy never can be rich.

—YOUNG.

THE TWO BRACELETS.

A Farmer General, one Monsieur B—
Who dwelt in France when Louis held the throne,
Lived like a Prince, from every trouble free,
Except a wife,—(th' exception's large, I own),

* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

For she was fat as any Marchioness,
And given to extravagance in dress.

One day she brought a pair of bracelets—such
As few but Royal damsels would bespeak;
They cost—I cannot recollect how much,
But they were quite magnificent—unique,—
And having clasp'd them on, away she flies
Off to the Opera to show her prize.

It happen'd that the Queen was there that night,
Just opposite the box that Madam took,
And on the bracelets with intense delight
Frequently look'd—or else appear'd to look;
For she took special care to have them seen,
As if on purpose to outvie the Queen.

Soon to the box-door came a Page, attired
In the Queen's proper liv'ry, all in style.
And in the name of Majesty required
One of the bracelets for a little while;
That by her eye she might the pattern take,
And order some of the exact same make.

Off went the sparkling bauble in a trice,
While her rouged cheeks with exultation burn,
As, bowing to the Royal party thrice,
She patiently expected its return;
But when the Queen retired, and none was sent,
Our dame began to wonder what it meant.

A Lord in waiting soon confirm'd her fears:
"Oh, that pretended Page I've often seen,—
A noted sharper,—has been such for years.
Madam, you 're robbed,—he came not from the
Queen:

I knew the Rogue, and should have had him taken,
But that he slipp'd away, and saved his bacon."

Boiling with anger, Madam call'd her coach,
And drove to the Bureau de la Justice,
Where with loud tongue, and many a keen reproach
About the shameful state of the Police,
She call'd upon the Provost for relief,
And bade him send his men to catch the thief.

Early next morn she heard the knocker's din;
Her heart beat high, with expectation big,
When lo! the Provost's clerk was usher'd in,—
A former consequential little prig,
Who, with a mighty magisterial air,
Hem'd! and began his business to declare.

"Madam, a man is brought to our Bureau,
On whom was found a bracelet of great cost,
And we are all anxiety to know
Whether or not it is the one you lost;
Wherefore I'll take the other, if you please,
Just to compare, and see if it agrees."

"Dear Sir, I'm overjoy'd—'tis mine, I'm sure;
Such a police as our's how few can boast!
Here, take the Bracelet—keep the rogue secure.
I'll follow you in half an hour at most;
Ten thousand thanks—I hope you will trounce the spark,
Open the door, there, for the Provost's clerk."

O! how she chuckled as she drove along,
Settling what pangs the pilferer should feel;
No punishment appear'd to her so strong,
E'en should the wretch be broken on the wheel;

For what infliction could be reckon'd cruel,
To one who would purloin so rich a jewel?

Arrived at the Bureau, her joy finds vent:
"Well, Mr. Provost, where 's the guilty knave?
The other bracelet by your clerk I sent,
Doubtless it matches with the one you have;
Why, then, outstretch your mouth with such surprise,
And goggle on me thus with all your eyes?"

"La! bless me, Ma'am you 're finely hoax'd—good lack!
I sent no clerk, no thief have we found out,
And the important little prig in black
Was the accomplice of the page no doubt;—
Methinks the rascals might have left you one,
But both your Bracelets now are fairly gone!"*

* *From Gaieties and Gravities.*

53. FAULT-FINDING, CHARITY, &c.

Among the folks who're extra good
It's quite a solemn task to-day
To watch their neighbours lest these should
Occasionally go astray.
It may be beautiful—but still
The man who's so extremely prone
To mend the faults of others, will
Most probably neglect his own.

—"PICK-ME-UP."

First think of yourself and then find fault with others.

—DAYÂRÂM.*

Remember your faults, and don't be too hard upon others.

An evil-minded man is quick to see
His neighbour's faults, though small as mustard seed;
But when he turns his eyes towards his own,
Though large as Bilva fruit, he none descries.†

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

Many find fault without an end, yet do nothing at all to mend.

Improve rather by other men's errors, than find fault with them.

—OLD SPANISH PROVERB.

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* *A Gujarâti poet.*

† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

Every thing thou reprovest in another, thou must above all take care that thou art not thyself guilty of.

—CICERO.

In speaking of a brother's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.

He whose house is tiled with glass must not throw stones at his neighbours.

—OLD SPANISH PROVERB.

Avoid that which you blame in others.

—MORAL MAXIM.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

—"BIBLE—ST. MATTHEW 7."

The fault of others is easily perceived, but that of oneself is difficult to perceive; a man winnows his neighbour's faults like chaff, but his own faults he hides as a cheat hides the bad die from the gambler. If a man looks after the faults of others, and is always inclined to be offended, his own passions will grow, and he is far from the destruction of passions.

—"DHAMMAPADA."

Never yield to that temptation which, to most young men, is very strong, of exposing other people's weaknesses and infirmities for the sake either of diverting company, or of showing your own superiority. You may get the laugh on your side by it, for the present; but you will make enemies by it for ever; and even

those who laugh with you then will, upon reflection, fear and consequently hate you; besides that, it is ill-natured; and that a good heart desires rather to conceal, than expose, other people's weaknesses or misfortunes.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man and fix our attention on his infirmities? to observe his imperfections more than his virtues? and to make use of him for the sport of others rather than our own improvement?

—ADDISON.

It were well indeed for mankind if ridicule could confine itself to the frailties and imperfections of human nature, and not extend its baneful influence over the few good qualities and perfections of it: but there is not perhaps a virtue to be named, which may not, by the medium through which it is seen, be distorted into a vice. The glass of ridicule reflects things not only darkly but falsely also: it always discolours the objects before it ventures to represent them to us. The purest metal by the mixture of a base alloy, shall seem changed to the meanest. Ridicule, in the same manner, will clothe prudence in the garb of avarice, call courage rashness, and brand good nature with the name of prodigality; will laugh at the compassionate man for his

weakness, the serious man for his preciseness, and the pious man for his hypocrisy.*

—T. SMOLLETT.

Better to be blind than to see ill.

—MORAL MAXIM.

Every man's censure is first moulded in his own nature.

—PROVERB.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

—SWIFT.

The conception which one frames of another's mind is inevitably more or less after the pattern of his own mind—is automorphic, and in proportion as the mind of which he has to frame a conception differs from his own, his automorphic interpretation is likely to be wide of the truth.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

We are apt to judge of the rest of mankind, not so much by what we see in them, as by what we feel in ourselves.†

The distance between the ear and the eye is very small, but the difference between hearing and seeing is very great.

—AN EASTERN SAYING.

Believe not all that you hear.

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* *From Readings in English Prose Literature.*

† *From William Danby's Ideas and Realities.*

In things that a man would not be seen in himself, it is a point of *cunning* to borrow the name of the world, as to say, The *World* says, *They* say, or, *There is a speech abroad.*

—BACON.

He who comes to thee enumerating the faults of others, will assuredly carry thy faults to others.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

Never show that you suspect, nor accuse, till you have found that your suspicions were well-founded.

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

Find fault, when you must find fault, in private if possible, and sometime after the offence rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it

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Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother.

—"BIBLE—ST. MATTHEW 18."

Never reprove in the presence of a third person; it repels rather than inclines.†

—DR. W. W. HALL.

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* *Translated by Platts.*

† *From How to Live Long.*

A famous critic having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to do this, he set before him a sack of wheat, as it had been just thrashed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The critic applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and, after having made the due separation, was presented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains.*

—STORY OUT OF BOCCALINI.

A knowledge of our weakness creates in us charity for others.

How little we know of each other!
Of ourselves, too, how little we know!
We are all weak when under temptation,
All subject to error and woe.
Then let blessed charity rule us,
Let us put away envy and spite.

Charity guards the mind and secures it from several great and dangerous vices, as first from envy. Secondly it keeps down pride and haughtiness. Thirdly it casts out censoriousness and rash judging. Fourthly it casts out dissembling and feigned kindness. Fifthly it casts out all mercenariness, and self-seeking: it is of so noble and generous a temper, that it despises all protectings for gain or advantage. Lastly it turns out of the heart all

* *From Readings in English Prose Literature.*

malice and desire of revenge. This charity is to be extended even to enemies.

—"THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.'

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth,

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth.

—"BIBLE—1 CORINTHIANS 13."

And still another fact that should make us most charitable toward and slow to judge, or rather refuse to judge, a fellow-man and a brother—the fact that we cannot know the intense strugglings and fightings he or she may be subjected to, though accompanied, it is true, by numerous stumblings and fallings, though the latter we see, while the former we fail to recognise. Did we, however, know the truth of the matter, it may be that *in the case of ourselves,* who are so quick to judge, had we the same temptations and fightings, the battle would not be half so nobly, so manfully fought, and our stumblings and fallings might be many times the number of his or of hers. Had we infinite knowledge and wisdom, our judgments would be correct; though, had we infinite knowledge and wisdom, we would be spared the task, though perhaps pleasure would seem to be the truer word to use, of our own self-imposed judgments.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

Be not too rigidly censorious,
A string may jar in the best master's hand.
—ROSCOMMON.

Before we censure a man for seeming what he is not, we should be sure that we know what he is.
—T. CARLYLE.

The longer I live and learn experience, the more I am convinced that individual actions prove nothing either for or against men; the whole life must be taken into account, for there is no other measure of character than the relation of the will to the conscience or the feeling of right and wrong, good and evil. In individual cases the feeling may appear very different from that which it is in general.
—GEORGE FORSTER.

There is an ancient saying, famed among men, that thou canst not judge fully of the life of men, till death hath closed the scene, whether it should be called blesst or wretched.
—SOPHOCLES.

One of the consequences of good breeding is a disinclination, positively a distate, to pry into the private affairs of others.

Whatever you do, never set up for a critic in private life, in the domestic circle, in society.

Meddle not with that which concerns you not.
—MAXIM.

It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's.

He who troubles not himself with other men's business, gets peace and ease thereby.

—Old Italian Proverb.

Every man hath in his own life sins enough, in his own mind trouble enough, in his own fortune evils enough, and in performance of his offices failings more than enough, to entertain his own inquiry: so that curiosity after the affairs of others cannot be without envy and an evil mind. What is it to me, if my neighbour's grandfather were a syrian, or his grandmother illegitimate; or that another is indebted five thousand pounds, or whether his wife be expensive? But commonly curious persons, or (as the apostle's phrase is) "busy bodies," are not solicitous or inquisitive into the beauty and order of a well-governed family, or after the virtues of an excellent person; but if there be anything for which men keep locks and bars, and porters, things that blush to see the light, and either are shameful in manners, or private in nature, these things are their care and business.

—Jeremy Taylor.

We go through life misunderstanding
And misunderstood,
We are too prone to see in others
Evil instead of good,
We cannot read each other's hearts
There is a hidden history
In every life; we are to each other
All a mystery.

If none were to reprove the vicious, excepting those who sincerely hate vice, there would be much less censoriousness in the world.

—COLTON.

The less business a man has the more he meddles with that of his neighbours.

To find fault, some one may say, is easy, and in every man's power; but to point out the proper course to be pursued in the present circumstances, that is the proof of a wise counsellor.

—DEMOSTHENES.

The wise man is he who, when he desires to rid a room of darkness or gloom, does not attempt to drive it out directly, but who throws open the doors and the windows, that the room may be flooded with the golden sunlight; for in its presence darkness and gloom cannot remain. So the way to help a fellow-man and a brother to the higher and better life is not by ever prating upon and holding up to view his errors, his faults, his shortcomings, any more than in the case of children, but by recognising and ever calling forth the higher, the nobler, the divine, the God-like, by opening the doors and the windows of his own soul, and thus bringing about a spiritual perception, that he may the more carefully listen to the inner voice, that he may the more carefully follow the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world! For in the exact proportion that the interior perception comes will the outer life and conduct accord with it—so far, and no further.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

54. FEAR.

Fear anticipates and hightens future evils.

Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears.

—Sir Philip Sidney.

But blind fear not only causes evil to the coward himself: it makes him a source of evil to others; for it is the cruellest of all human states.

* * * * *

When a man dreads he knows not what, he will do he cares not what. When he dreads desperately, he will act desperately. When he dreads beyond all reason, he will behave beyond all reason. He has no law of guidance left, save the lowest selfishness. No law of guidance: and yet his intellect, left unguided, may be rapid and acute enough to lead him into terrible follies. Infinitely more imaginative than the lowest animals, he is for that very reason capable of being infinitely more foolish, more cowardly, more superstitious.*

—Charles Kingsley.

Apprehension of evil is ofttimes worse than the evil itself.

Much of the fear that exists is the offspring of imagination, which creates the images of evils, which may happen, but perhaps rarely do. Thus many persons who are capable of summoning up courage enough to

* *From Historical Lectures and Essays.*

grapple with and overcome real dangers, are paralysed or thrown into consternation by those which are imaginary. Unless the imagination be held under strict discipline, we are prone to meet evils more than half-way —to suffer them by forestalment, and to assume the burdens, which we ourselves create.

—SMILES.

An old French verse runs,

Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived!*

Be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone.
Ne yet of present perill be affraid:
For needless feare did never vantage none:
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.

—SPENSER.

Only those evils which are sure to come at a definite date have any right to disturb us; and how few there are which fulfil this description. For evils are of two kinds; either they are possible only, at most probable; or they are inevitable. Even in the case of evils, which are sure to happen, the time at which they will happen is uncertain. A man who is always preparing for either class of evil will not have a moment of peace left him. So, if we are not to lose all comfort in life through the fear of evils, some of which are uncertain in themselves, and others, in the time at which they will occur, we should look upon the one kind as

* *From Conduct of Life by R. W. Emerson.*

never likely to happen, and the other as not likely to happen very soon.*

—SCHOPENHAUER.

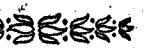
Is there an evil worse than fear itself?
And what avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present; nor with heedless cares
Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,
Appal the surest hour that life bestows:
Serene and master of yourself prepare
For what may come, and leave the rest to Heaven.

—ARMSTRONG.

Fear is a most expensive guest to entertain, the same as worry is: so expensive are they that no one can afford to entertain them. We invite what we fear, the same as, by a different attitude of mind, we invite and attract the influences and conditions we desire. The mind dominated by fear opens the door for the entrance of the very things, for the actualization of the very conditions it fears.

"Where are you going?" asked an Eastern pilgrim on meeting the plague one day. "I am going to Bagdad to kill five thousand people," was the reply. A few days later the same pilgrim met the plague returning. "You told me you were going to Bagdad to kill five thousand people," said he, "but instead, you killed fifty thousand." "No," said the plague, "I killed only five thousand, as I told you I would; the others died of fright."

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.



* *From Counsels and Maxims, translated by T. B. Saunders.*

55. FIRE (AGNI).

Mighty Agni we invite,
Him that perfecteth the rite;
O thou messenger divine,
Agni! boundless wealth is thine.

Agni! Agni! with this gift,
Lo! to thee the voice we lift—
Loved, O Lord of men, art thou,
God that bearest up the vow.

Thou to whom the wood gives birth
Thou that callest gods to earth!
Call them, that we may adore them,
Sacred grass is ready for them.

Messenger of gods art thou—
Call them, Agni, call them now;
Fain our offerings would they taste:
Agni, bid them come in haste.

Brilliant Agni! lo, to thee
Pour we offerings of ghee;
O for this consume our foes,
Who on demons' aid repose.*

—"RIG-VEDA."

* *Hymn translated by Griffith, from Mrs. Manning's Ancient and Mediæval India.*

56. FLATTERY.

Flattery is compounded of the most sordid, hateful qualities incident to mankind—namely, lying, servility and treachery.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

People flatter us, because they can depend upon our credulity.

Did we not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could never hurt us.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

He that is much flattered soon learns to flatter himself.

A flatterer is a most dangerous enemy.

—MAXIM.

Diogenes being asked "the being of which beast is the most dangerous?" answered, "if you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderer, if tame ones, the flatterer."

Know that flatterers are the worst kind of traitors; for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow and paint all thy vices and follies, as thou shalt never, by their will, discern evil from good or vice from virtue.

A flatterer is said to be a beast that biteth smiling.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

He that goeth about as a tale-bearer revealeth secrets: therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS."

Oh, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

—SHAKESPEARE.

Of smooth and flattering speech,
Remember to take heed,
For truth in plain words may be told,
But craft a lie doth need.

—JOHN STOW.

Beware! never listen to the adulation of the flatterer,
Who has a trifling source of gain in thee.
Some day, if thou shouldst not fulfil his desire,
He will recount two hundred times as many faults of thine.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

The praises of others may be of use in teaching us not what we are, but we ought to be.

Daub yourself with honey, and you will have plenty of flies.

Where honey is, the bees will congregate.

—PROVERB.

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* *Translated by Platts.*

Praise not the unworthy, though they roll in riches.

Praise nothing but what you know to be worthy of praise.

—MAXIM.

Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.

—POPE.

"The worst thing that you can do to a nation is to flatter it," said the late Mr. Gladstone. The best thing is to help it.

REPLY OF LUKSHAMANA TO HIS BROTHER RÂMA.

When Shrî Râma expressed his surprise at the great honour which certain people were bent upon doing him, when he was on his way home from the deserts, for the purpose of receiving the crown and governing the country—while a short time previously, the very same people had treated him with the utmost indifference; his physical body being the same all the while;—his brother Lukshamana remarked, "Râma, it is the position and not the body that is honored. Then you were a helpless wanderer in the deserts, and now you are an absolute sovereign."*

—"RÂMÂYANA."

LOUIS XIV AND THE PRIEST.

King Louis XIV found only himself and the priest of Fenelon at the service in the chapel. On inquiring of this, as the chapel was usually full, the priest said,

* *From Light on the Path, with commentary and annotations by P. Shrinivâs Row, F. T. S.*

"It was given out, sire, that your Majesty did not attend chapel to-day, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the king."

CANUTE, THE MONARCH, AND HIS COURTIERS.

Canute, the greatest and most powerful monarch of his time, sovereign of Denmark and Norway as well as of England, could not fail of meeting with adulation from his courtiers; a tribute which is liberally paid even to the meanest and weakest princes. Some of his flatterers, breaking out one day in admiration of his grandeur, exclaimed that everything was possible for him: upon which the monarch ordered his chair to be set on the seashore while the tide was rising: and as the waters approached, he commanded them to retire, and to obey the voice of him, who was lord of the ocean. He feigned to sit sometime in expectation of their submission. But when the sea still advanced towards him, and began to wash him with his billows, he turned to his courtiers, and remarked to them, that every creature in the universe was feeble and impotent, and that power resided with one Being alone, in whose hands were all the elements of Nature; who could say to the ocean, Thus far shalt thou go and no farther; and who could level with His nod the most towering piles of human pride and ambition.

57. FORBEARANCE, FORGIVENESS, &c.

The indulgence of revenge tends to make men more savage and cruel.

—KAMES.

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a Prince's part to pardon. And Solomon saith, 'It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence.'

When scorners scorn, or foes revile,
Or friends look dark and shy,
We 'll neither give them scorn for scorn,
Nor pass them coldly by;
We 'll check the storm of rising pride,
And keep a temper fair,—
Warn'd by the Angel at our side,
That whispers to forbear.

—C. MACKAY.

Revenge not injuries but forgive them.

—MAXIM.

What will the wicked do to the man who has forgiveness for his weapon?
The fire will extinguish of itself when fallen on a place where there is no grass.
Tukâ says forgiveness is the happiness of all.
Keep it safely and wholly.

—TUKÂRÂM.*

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*A Marâthi poet.

The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions, cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave: it is not in his nature: the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.*

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

—Lord Herbert.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

—Dryden.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.

—"Bible—St. Matthew 6."

The man of forgiveness is a host in himself, and the most powerful are unable to injure a single hair of his head, do whatever they may. This virtue carries with it hand in hand the Divine law of compassion to all living creatures, down to the humblest sentient life that lives and breathes.†

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* *From The Book of Humour, Wit, and Wisdom.*

† *From a Paper read by Manmohandas D. Shroff, F.T.S.*

The Prophet (Muhammed) said, "There is no man who is wounded, and pardons the giver of the wound but God will exalt his dignity, and diminish his faults."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASABIH."*

To have the power to forgive
Is empire and prerogative,
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn.

—BUTLER.

To err is human, to forgive divine.

Pardon others but not thyself.

—OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

Be generous and others will be generous to you.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

That ye may be the children of your Father, which is in Heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

—"BIBLE—ST. MATTHEW 5.'

Expect from another what you do to another.

—SENECA.

In order to judge of another's feelings, remember your own.

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* *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,
And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe.
Free, like yon rock, from base vindictive pride,
Imblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side.
Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower,
With fruit nectareous or the balmy flower.
All nature calls aloud, shall man do less
Than heal the smiter and the railer bless?*

—HAFIZ.

Repel evil with good, thus the latter will overcome the former; who repels evil with evil, it will return to him.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

It is a common practice with people to do good in return for good;
But to return good for evil is a rare and unique quality.

—SÂMAL.†

Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time, hatred ceases by love: this is its nature.

—GAUTAMA.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

There's a magic in kindness,
That springs from above;
'Tis the type of forgiveness,
And herald of love.

* *From The Works of Sir William Jones.*

† *A Gujarâti poet.*

If a neighbour offend thee,
Revenge not, but yet
Remember the motto
"Forgive and forget."

There's a magic in kindness,
Its home is the heart;
And existence must cease
Ere its power depart.
It calmeth our passions
And sorrows—then let
Us remember the motto
"Forgive and forget."

Thus friendship will flourish
And fellowship spread,
And for strife and contention
Peace prosper instead;
And the wise world will find
That it owes a deep debt
To that sweet little motto—
"Forgive and forget."

THE CHINESE EMPEROR AND HIS OFFICER.

A Chinese emperor once heard that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces. "Come, my friends," said he to those about him, "follow me, and I promise you, that we shall destroy our enemies." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted on his approach. All now thought that he would take the most dreadful revenge. Instead of this, however, they were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "What!" cried one of his officers, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word

was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and, behold, you have pardoned them all, and even showed special favour to some of them!"

"I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air "to destroy my *enemies*. This I have done. For see, they are enemies no longer; I have made them my friends."*

HISTORY OF KING LONG-GRIEF.

On one occasion when a dispute arises in the band of his disciples, Buddha narrates to the discontented the history of King Long-grief, whom his powerful neighbour Brahmadatta had driven from his kingdom and deprived of all his possessions. Disguised as a mendicant monk the vanquished king fled with his wife from his home and sought safety in concealment at Benares, the capital of his enemy. There the Queen bore him a son, whom he named Long-life: who became a clever boy, proficient in all arts. One day Long-grief was recognised by one of his quondam courtiers and his place of concealment betrayed to the King Brahmadatta; thereupon the King ordered him and his wife to be led bound through all the streets of the town, and then hewn into four pieces outside the town. But Long-life saw how his father and mother were being led in chains through the town. And he went up to his father, who said to him: "My son Long-life, look not too far, and not too near. For enmity comes not to an end by enmity, my son Long-life; by non-enmity, my son Long-life, enmity comes to an end."

Thereupon king Long-grief and his wife were put to death. But Long-life made the guards who were placed over the drunk, and when they had fallen asleep, he burn the dead and walked with folded hands three times the funeral pile. Then he went into the

* *From The Anna Library, Madras.*

and wept and wailed to his heart's content, then washed away his tears, went into the town, and took service in the king's elephant-stalls. By his beautiful singing he won the favour of Brahmadatta, who made him his trusted friend. One day he accompanied the king out hunting. They two were alone: Long-life had so managed that the retinue took another road. The king became tired, laid his head in Long-life's lap, and soon fell asleep. Thereupon thought the youth Long-life: "This king Brahmadatta of Benares has done us much evil. He has taken away our army and baggage, and land, and treasure, and stores, and has killed my father and mother. Now is the time come for me to satisfy my enmity." And he drew his sword from the scabbard. But just then this thought occurred to the youth Long-life: "My father has said to me, when he was being led away to execution: 'My son Long-life, look not too far and not too near. For enmity comes not to an end by enmity, my son Long-life; by non-enmity, my son Long-life, enmity comes to an end.' It would not be right for me to transgress my father's words." So he put his sword back in the scabbard again. The desire for revenge comes over him three times; three times the recollection of his father's last words overcomes his hatred. Then the king starts up from sleep: an evil dream has awakened him; he has dreamed about Long-life, that he is taking his life with the sword. "Then the youth Long-life seized with his left hand the head of king Brahmadatta of Benares, and with his right hand he drew his sword, and he said to Brahmadatta, the king of Benares: 'I am the boy Long-life, O king, the son of king Long-grief of Kosala. Thou hast done us much evil; thou hast taken away our army, and baggage, and land, and treasure, and stores, and hast killed my father and mother.

Now is the time come for me to satisfy my enmity.' Then the king Brahmadatta of Benares fell at the feet of the youth Long-life, and said to the youth Long-life, 'Grant me my life, my son Long-life: grant me my life my son Long-life.' 'How can I grant thee thy life, O king? It is thou, O king, who must grant me life.' 'Then grant thou me life, my son Long-life, and I will also grant thee life.' Then the king Brahmadatta of Benares and the boy Long-life granted each other life, gave each other their hands, and swore to do each other no harm. And king Brahmadatta of Benares said to the youth Long-life: 'My son Long-life, what thy father said to thee before his death,——"Look not too far, and not too near. For enmity comes not to an end by enmity: by non-enmity enmity comes to an end."——What did thy father mean by that?' 'What my father, O king, said to me before his death: *Look not too far*, signifies: *Let not enmity long continue;* that was what my father meant when he said before his death: *Look not too far*. And what my father, O king, said to me before his death: *Not too near*, signifies: *Fall not out too readily with thy friends:* that was what my father meant when he said to me before his death: *Not too near*. And what my father, O king, said to me before his death: *For enmity comes not to an end by enmity; by non-enmity enmity comes to an end*, signifies this: Thou O king, hast killed my father and my mother. Were I now, O king, to seek to take thy life, then those who are attached to thee, O king, would take my life, and those who are attached to me would take their lives; thus our enmity would not come to an end by enmity. But now, O king, thou hast granted to me life, and I, O king, have granted thee life: thus by non-enmity has our enmity come to an end. This is what my father meant

when he said to me before his death: *For enmity comes not to an end by enmity; by non-enmity enmity comes to an end.*' Then king Brahmadatta of Benares reflected: 'Wonderful! Astonishing! What a clever youth is this Long Life that he can expound in such detail the meaning of what his father has so briefly said.' And he gave him all that had belonged to his father, army and baggage, and land, and treasure, and store, and gave him his daughter to wife."*

* *From Buddha, by Dr. H. Oldenberg, translated from German by William Hoey.*

58. FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetner of life! and soldier of society!

—ROBERT BLAIR.

Friendship often originates in companionship between men who for some time have indulged their Tastes, and prosecuted their pleasures in company. It is perfectly obvious how the idea of such men will occur to one another, not simply as the idea of man, but so enveloped by the trains of pleasurable ideas associated with the man, that the idea of *him* is upon the whole a highly pleasurable idea. When to this is added, the expectation of future pleasures, not merely the continuation of the companionship, but services of importance; when the wisdom of the man promises light and guidance from his counsels; when his fidelity makes it safe to trust him; when his benevolence towards us makes us count upon his services, whenever they are required, and his reputation and influence in the world are such as to give weight to his endeavours, there is a sufficient accumulation of pleasurable ideas with that of the individual to account for the affection denominated Friendship.

—JAMES MILL.

Friends—those relations that one makes for one's self.

It is chance that gives us relations, but we give friends to ourselves.

Those who in close society are join'd,
In manners equal, you will ever find.

Wherever there is reciprocity, there is no complaint.

—PERSIAN PROVERB.

Have friends. 'Tis a second existence.*

A true friend is like a second self.

A friend is another himself, for a friend is more than himself.

Friends are two souls in one body.

—TURKISH PROVERB.

If you trust before you try,
You shall repent before you die.

Two friends will in a needle's eye repose,
But the whole world is narrow for two foes.

—R. C. TRENCH.

'Tis thus that on the choice of friends,
Our good or evil name depends.

—GAY.

Purity, liberality, heroism, participation in joy and sorrow, rectitude, attachment and truthfulness are the qualities of a friend.

—"HITOPADESHA."†

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice.

—BEN JOHNSON.

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* *From Gracian's Art of Worldly Wisdom, translated from the Spanish by J. Jacobs.*

† *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

—COLTON.

The worth of a thing is best known by the want of it

For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Procure not friends in haste, nor hastily part with them, when procured.

Deliberate on all things with thy friend:
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core,
First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift, not eager in the choice;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death;
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

—YOUNG.

Who seeks a friend without a fault, remains without one.

—TURKISH PROVERB.

Make no friendship with an angry man, and with a furious man thou shalt not go.

—SOLOMON.

One should not form a friendship or even acquaintance with one of evil character. Charcoal if hot, burns: if cold, blackens the hand.

—"HITOPADESHA."*

Friendship with a fool is the embrace of a bear.

—AFGHAN PROVERB.

A foolish friend does more harm than a wise enemy.

All matches, friendships and societies are dangerously inconvenient, where the contractors are not equal.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce.

Those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. This communicating of a man's self to his friend redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in halfes.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding; it maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. The third fruit of friendship is aid, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions.

—BACON.

Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart: so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel.

—"BIBLE—PROVERBS."

Friendship multiplies joys and divides griefs.

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* *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

He (a friend) is the comfort of miseries, the guide of difficulties, the joy of life, the treasure of earth, and no other than a good angel clothed in flesh.

—JOSEPH HALL.

What better guest than trusty friend, in sickness and in health?

—TUSSER.

The mind is rarely so disturbed, but that the company of a friend will restore it to some degree of tranquility and sedateness. The breast is, in some measure, calmed and composed the moment we come into his presence. We are immediately put in mind of the light in which he will view our situation, and we begin to view it ourselves in the same light, for the effect of sympathy is instantaneous.

—ADAM SMITH.

The mind never unbinds itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing in life that is in any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, sooths and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

—ADDISON.

A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he that hath found such a one hath found a treasure: a faithful friend is the medicine of life. Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him; a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

There is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer: for there is no such flatterer as is a manself, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend.

—BACON.

Diogenes said, that in order to become perfect, a man had need either of faithful friends or great enemies; because the one by their good advice, and the other by their sharp reproaches, made him sensible of his faults.

Hast thou a friend?—thou hast indeed
A rich and large supply—
Treasure to serve your every need,
Well-managed, till you die.

Of all the heavenly gifts, that mortal men command,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend?

—NICHOLAS GRIMOALD.

Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship new
Is neither strong nor pure.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

There is no better looking-glass than an old true friend.

—OLD SPANISH PROVERB.

Old times are sweetest,
And old friends are surest.

A friend the sight of whom is to the eyes
A balm—who is the heart's delight—who shares
Our joys and sorrows—is a treasure rare.
But other friendly persons who are ready
To share in our prosperity, abound.
Friendship's true touch-stone is adversity.

—"HITOPADESHA."*

True friend is he who comes thy hand to press
In time of trouble and of deep distress.

—"ANWÂR-I-SUHAILI."†

He is not a friend in reality, who forgets his friend in calamity.

—"ODES OF SÂDI."‡

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

—PROVERB.

Do not count him a friend, who in prosperity sounds
The praises of his friendship, and profession of brotherly affection.
He is a friend who holds the hand of a friend
In distress and in affliction.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.§

O summer friendship,
Whose flatt'ring leaves that shadow'd us in our
Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity.

—MASSINGER.

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* *Prof. Johnson's edition.*
† *Translated by Eastwick.*
‡ *Translated by Mr. D. F. Mulla.*
§ *Translated by Platts.*

There are three sorts of friends, the one loving thee with his tongue, one loving thee for thy substance, and one loving thy soul. Never call to thy house the man fond of pleasing thee by talking: to him who loves thee for thy substance give bread, and bid him farewell; but care for the lover of thy soul with all thy heart; spend for his sake thy possessions and property.*

—M. C. MUNSOOKH.

A full purse never lacks friends.

I lost my spirits and my health,
But kept my friends—so did not wince;
Until one day I lost my wealth,
And never heard of friendship since.

False friends are worse than open enemies.

One cannot be your friend and flatterer too.

Those who wish well towards their friends disdain,
To please them by fair words which are not true.†

—BHÂRAVI.

A good sure friend is a better help at a pinch, than all the stratagems of a man's own wit.

—BACON.

Suspicion and distrust are the greatest enemies to friendship.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.

—PROVERB.

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* *Translated by W. H. Hamilton.*

† *From Indian Wisdom, by Monier Williams.*

Never colour a story for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite a laughter of a few companions, at the expense of a friend.

Displeasure between bosom friends is (like) the separation between the body and soul.

—"ODES OF SÂDI."*

Friendship once injured is for ever lost.

Lend your money, and lose your friend.

Absence destroys trifling intimacies, but invigorates strong ones.

If you venture to decide in a difference between two friends, be assured you will lose one of them: it is better to be an umpire in a dispute betwixt our enemies; for in that case, he in whose favour your decision is given may possibly become your friend.

If you want to guess what your friends say of you when absent, listen to what they say of others in your presence.

—TIT-BITS.

How to learn all your defects?

Ans. Quarrel with your best friend.

At threescore the "troops of friends" of early life have dwindled to "few and far between." Most have died; many moved away; some have risen and dropped

* *Translated by Mr. D. F. Mulla.*

us; others have fallen and we have dropped them estrangements from a great variety of causes have come in between us, and it is only here and there that the loves of our youth remain unimpaired.*

—Dr. W. W. Hall.

May I through life's uncertain tide
Be still from pain exempt;
May all my wants be still supplied;
My state too low t' admit of pride,
And yet above contempt.

But, should Thy Providence divine
A greater bliss intend,
May all these blessings you design,
If e'er those blessings shall be mine,
Be centred in a friend.

—Merrick.

THE TWO FRIENDS AND KING DIONYSIUS.

Dionysius, the cruel king of Syracuse, had passed sentence of death upon a philosopher, named Damon; and the day for his execution was fixed. The poor man requested but one favour from the tyrant, which was, that he might be permitted to visit his wife and children, who were at that time a considerable distance from him, promising faithfully to return on the day appointed.

This Dionysius refused unless some person could be found who would consent to suffer death in his stead, if he did not perform his promise. The thing appeared so improbable that Damon gave up all hopes of ever seeing his family again.

* *From How to Live Long.*

It so happened that Pythias, the friend of Damon, heard of the King's proposal; and, unknown to Damon, offered himself as a surety for his friend. Dionysius accepted him; Damon was liberated, and Pythias was put in prison in his stead.

Various unfavourable circumstances occurred to prevent the return of Damon at the appointed time. The very morning of the day of the proposed execution had dawned upon Syracuse before his arrival.

Dionysius had the curiosity to visit Pythias in the prison, as the day of the intended execution drew near, that he might learn from him what he now thought of his folly in becoming surety for a man who had already broken his promise. He found the generous man full of joy at the prospect of death, that he might thereby save a life far more valuable than his own. At the same time, he expressed his hopes, that unfavourable winds might prevent his friend's return.

When the hour arrived, Pythias was led forth to the place of execution. Dionysius was present to feast his eyes with the sight. In a short speech he told the surrounding multitude that his dear friend Damon would soon arrive; but he hoped not before his death had saved a life so valuable as Damon's was to his family, his friends, and his country. He begged them to consider, that from contrary winds which had blown from one point for many days past, it was impossible for his friend to have returned. But since yesterday he observed, "the wind has changed, and Damon will soon be here. Make haste," therefore said he to the executioner, "and do your office."

At that moment a voice was heard from among the crowd, "Stop, stop the execution!"

The people joined in the cry, and it was soon echoed from all quarters. It was Damon. He was mounted on a horse, covered with foam, from the rapidity with which he had ridden. He leaped from his horse, and was on the scaffold in a moment. He could say no more, but "you are safe; you are safe, my friend, and I am happy." Pythias, on the other hand, said, "Oh! fatal haste, that has brought you here too soon."

Dionysius saw with astonishment what passed between these two friends, and for the first time in his life, he felt the power of goodness. He descended from his throne of state, mounted the platform, and cried out: 'Live, live, ye incomparable pair! and form my mind by such an example of friendship, to imitate a virtue so truly noble."*

* *From The Anna Library, Madras.*

59. GÂYATRÎ.

(THE HOLIEST VERSE OF THE RIG-VEDA.)

Let us adore the supremacy of that divine sun, the godhead, who illuminates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return, whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress towards his holy seat.*

* *Sir W. Jone's translation of a paraphrastic interpretation.*

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